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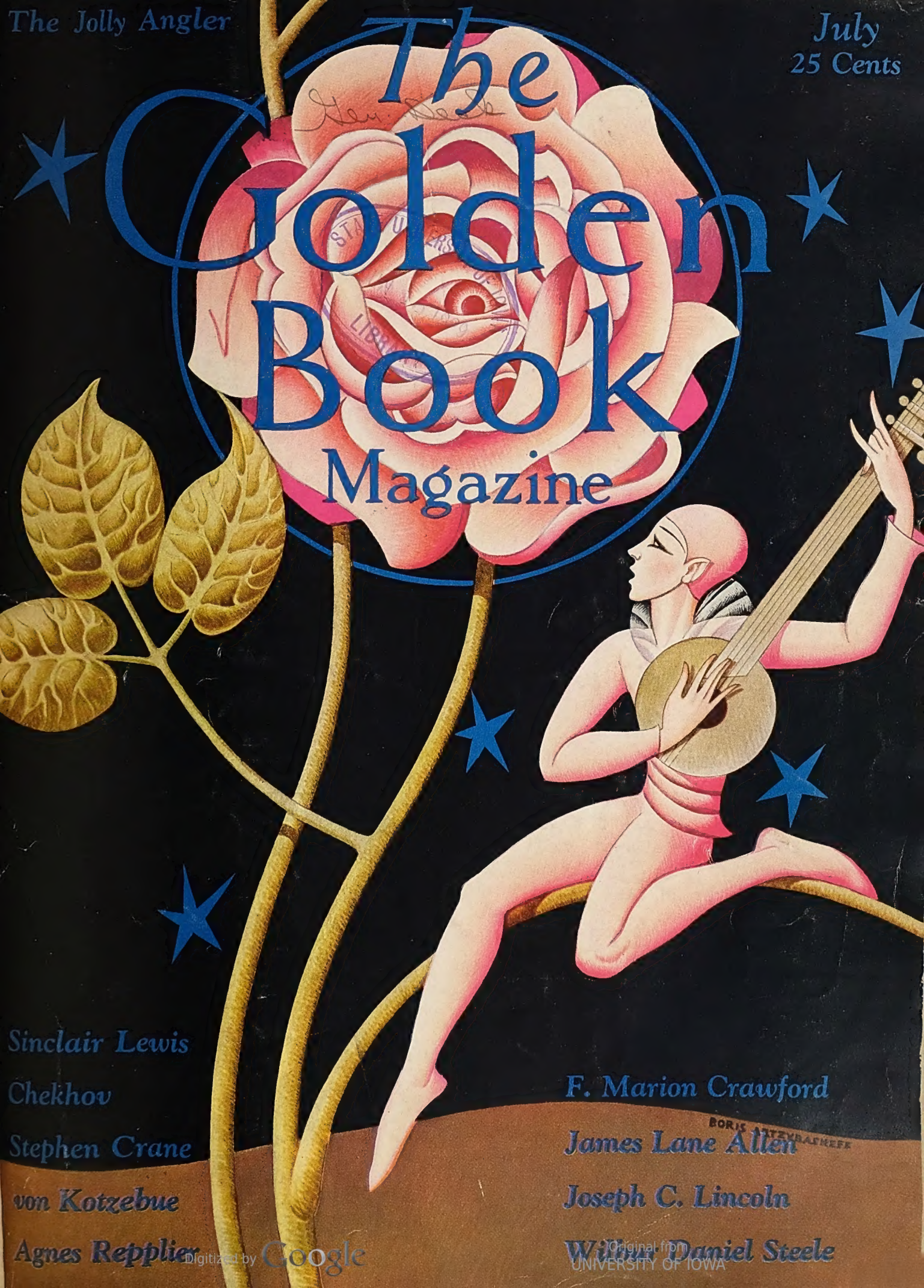

Sinclair Lewis
Chekhov
Stephen Crane
von Kotzebue
Agnes Repplier

F. Marion Crawford
James Lane Allen
Joseph C. Lincoln
Daniel Steele

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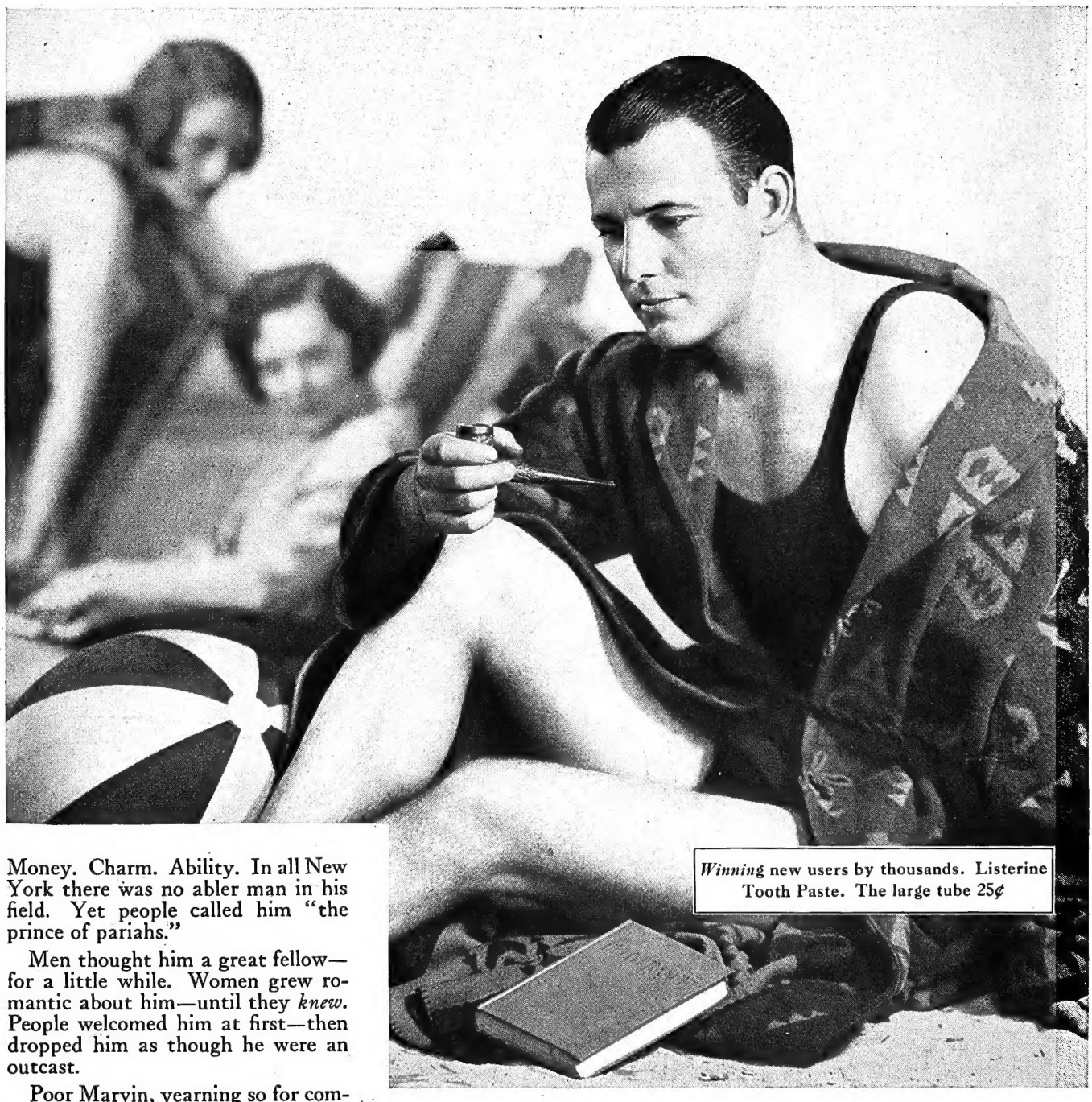
You wouldn't care to meet Marvin



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THE GOLDEN BOOK* MAGAZINE

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Who's Who *in the* Golden Book

SINCLAIR LEWIS is universally thought of as a novelist, and yet he has written a number of short stories. In fact, in the early days of his free-lancing as a writer—before *Main Street* brought sudden recognition—Mr. Lewis supported himself almost entirely by writing short stories, and good ones, too.

Those were not easy days for the lean, red-headed youth from Sauk Center, Minnesota. While still an undergraduate at Yale he had determined to become a novelist. Life around him had already crystallized into enough plots to keep him busy writing all the rest of his life. The trouble was, he discovered, that he did not know how to write. All during the time that he stoked a furnace and ran a washing machine in Upton Sinclair's utopian colony in New Jersey, fed steers on cattle boats, tramped the Canal Zone, ventured into journalism, edited a magazine for the deaf, he was writing, rejecting his work, rewriting. Then a short story of his was accepted. He abandoned his job-at-the-moment and traveled by day coach to Carmel, California, where for six months he lived in a portable bungalow with William Rose Benét—writing, sending off manuscripts to editors, receiving them back again.

He came back to New York and made himself into an excellent business man. His first novel was written at night, while he was working all day as advertising manager of a large publishing house. His second he wrote on a commuters' train, for by now he was married and living in the country. By 1915 he had achieved a fairly regular market for the short stories he somehow found time to write, and he abandoned editorial work for good. These short stories continued to please thousands of readers, to feed the Lewises, to make possible three novels: *The Job,* a study of business women in New York; *Free Air,* the romance of a garageman; and, in 1920, *Main Street,* which had been growing and developing in his mind for fifteen years. A dozen enthusiasts immediately titled him "the most important novelist in America." It was no small title to live up to. From then on he could no longer content himself with slowly growing recognition, an occasional failure. He must live continually on the heights; each novel had to be not only as good, but better than *Main Street,* which he suspected was over-praised. Then came *Babbitt,* a better novel than Main Street; *Arrowsmith,* in which brilliant reportorial sense ran away with Mr. Lewis the novelist; then the electric *Elmer Gantry,* denunciation pure and simple; then very recently *Dodsworth,* of Babbitt finding himself, and of Babbitt's wife.

What Henry Seidel Canby said, in part, of this latest book applies almost equally, though with different sets of facts, to Mr. Lewis as a short story writer—as the writer of "A Matter of Business," for example. "Let him cross on a liner," says Mr. Canby, "stay at an English country house, haunt the de luxe hotels of the Continent, meet the driftage of expatriated Americans, enter only a little way into the civilized Europe of the cultivated who live, not merely work or visit there, then give him a typewriter and watch the panorama roll with its full backgrounds, its lightning flashes of comment, its dialogue of an incredible verisimilitude, its character types which, if seldom characters, are always symbolic, its vivid note-takings of a restless spirit, uneasy, unrooted, never anywhere quite happy, or at home, and hence always sensitive, mordant, awake, and aware."

Do you want my biography? Here it is. I was born in Taganrog (Russia) in 1860. I finished the course at Taganrog High School in 1879. In 1884 I took my degree in medicine at the University of Moscow. In 1888 I received the Pushkin Prize. In 1890 I made a journey to Sakhalin across Siberia and back by sea. In 1891 I made a tour of Europe, where I drank excellent wine and ate oysters . . . . I began writing in 1879. The published collections of my works are: *Motley Tales, In the Twilight, Stories, Surly People,* and a novel, *The Duel.* I have sinned in the dramatic line, too, though with moderation. I have been translated into all the languages with the exception of the foreign ones, though I have indeed long ago been translated by the Germans. The Czechs and the Serbs approve of me, also, and the French are not indifferent. The mysteries of love I fathomed at the age of thirteen. . . . . I am a bachelor. ANTON CHEKHOV.

WHEN HE WROTE THIS in 1892, Chekhov, the grandson of a Russian serf, was already the most popular short story writer in Russia, and his profound influence on the English short story and drama was beginning to make itself felt. And he was to write much more, before his death in 1904, to strengthen that popularity and to deepen that influence.

Chekhov wrote rapidly, though with great pains. "I do not write very much," he once said in a letter to a friend, "not more than two or three stories each week." And again: "I write with pleasure, finding enjoyment in the very process of writing, though that process is slow and plodding. When my head aches and they talk nonsense around me, I write with gnashing of teeth. My head often aches, and I hear nonsense still more often." "I shall finish my story tomorrow . . . . I have wasted a pound of nerves over

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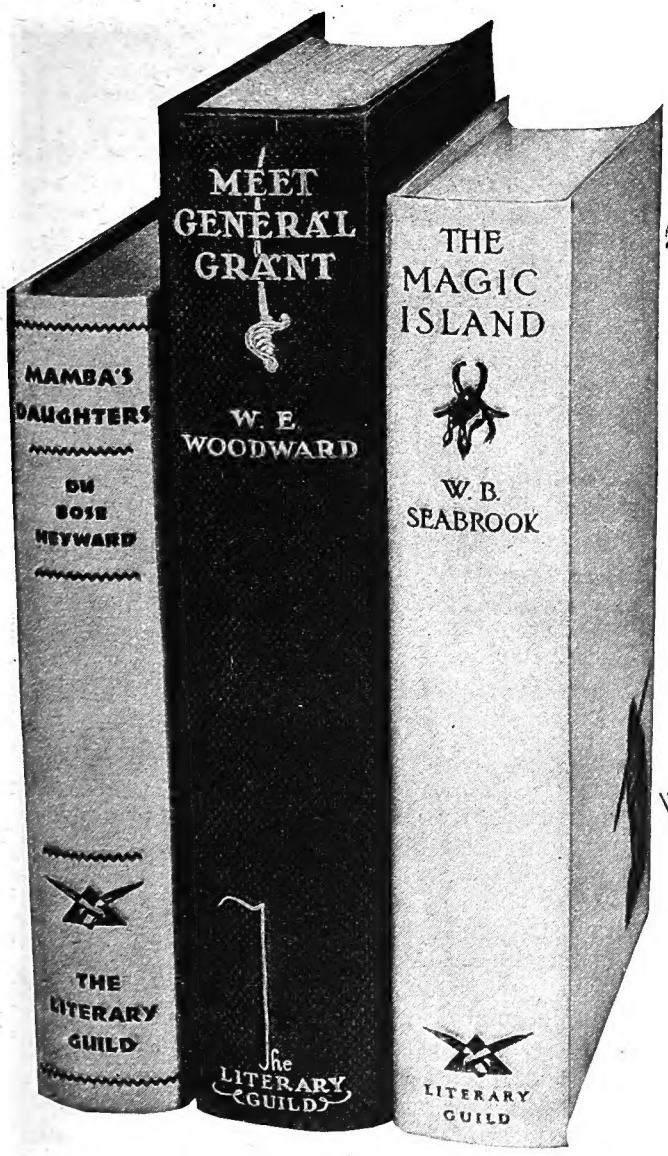

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it. . . . I got into difficulties and often tore up what I had written, and for days at a time was dissatisfied with my work." In another letter, he sums up: "It is not much fun to be a great writer. To begin with, it's a dreary life. Work from morning until night, and very little show for it. Money is as scarce as cat's tears. I don't know how it is with Zola and Shchedrin, but in my flat it is cold and smoky . . . . Nevertheless, authorship has its good points. First, according to the latest reports, my book is going well; second, in October I shall have money; thirdly, I am beginning little by little to reap laurels: I am pointed out in the refreshment rooms. . . . The tailor Bielousov bought my book, is reading it aloud at home, and is prophesying a great future for me. My colleagues, the physicians, sigh when they meet me, begin to talk of literature, and assure me they are tired of medicine . . . ."

His stories are impersonal, yet sympathetic. As in "The Kiss," they are most often utterly simple histories of a mood, a state of mind, a relationship being played upon by the unbearable stress of the little things of life. He has no use for melodrama or flourishes. He offers no solutions. He presents facts without bias, and you may sympathize or condemn as you like. But whichever you do, you will have seen a little more deeply into life.

Joseph Crosby Lincoln was born on Cape Cod. His father and his father's father, his mother's father and her father's father all were sea captains. To this any faithful reader of Lincoln's books, even though he know nothing about Mr. Lincoln's personal life, will reply: "Of course." For Mr. Lincoln's writing is flavoured with a homey, salty tang of the Cape and its seafarin' folk which cannot be counterfeited. It is as much a part of Mr. Lincoln's being as his humour is real Cape Cod humour—genial, rollicking, optimistic.

Joseph Lincoln began to earn his living, not very successfully, in 1899 by writing verse, humorous prose, and short stories. He first tried a novel in 1902. *Cap'n Eri* was such a success that he has since written little else but novels. He has averaged even better than a novel a year, and now, says Grant Overton, the sight of his Colonial mansion in Hackensack, N. J., "is not good for less successful writers."

But if Mr. Lincoln's novels have made him comfortably wealthy, they have also made him one of America's best-loved authors. There are thousands of his readers who feel about him as Hamlin Garland does:

> Joseph Lincoln is not only a novelist of wide reputation, says Mr. Garland, he is a public benefactor. His success has in it something heartening and corrective. In the midst of work which appeals to the base and cynical in human life (American city life), his clean, wholesome Cape Cod stories of Cape Cod sea captains and their neighbours give fact that there is a huge public for decent and homely fiction . . . They make no pretense of being profound, or new, or "smart." They are filled with the characters and the humour which are native to the Cape . . . . His plots are sometimes negligible, but his characters, even when they seem a bit repetitious, are a joy. His prosperity is well earned.

The rich adventure, the warmth of emotion, the atmosphere of the Northwoods in "S. Carleton's" stories have won her an enthusiastic audience among Golden Book readers which "The Frenchwoman's Son" will do nothing to destroy.

We do not know very much about Susan Morrow, who called herself "S. Carleton," except that she was a Nova Scotian, the wife of a distinguished British soldier, Maj.-Gen. Guy Carleton Jones, who was for a dozen years director of the Canadian Medical Service. We had thought that she wrote only a handful of stories before her death in 1926. Now comes a letter from the authoress' sister to tell us that in addition to short stories published in the *Atlantic*, the London *Sketch* and elsewhere, Mrs. Jones wrote three books: *Out of Drowning Valley*, *The La Chance Mine Mystery*, and *The Forest Runner*.

> Deep down in the heart of man there abides an ineradicable belief in the power of the dead to walk upon the earth and scare the living into fits. Wise philosophers, versed in the sciences and fortified in mind against faith in aught that savours of the supernatural, laugh ideas of this kind to scorn; yet hardly one of them will dare to walk alone through a graveyard at night. Or if one be found sufficiently bold, he will surely hasten his footsteps, unable wholly to subdue his fear of sheeted spectres which may arise from the grass-grown graves, or emerge from moonlit tombs and follow on.
>
> Carolyn Wells.

Certainly they are hard-headed folk who will not start up at least once to look to their porthole fastenings if they read "The Upper Berth" just before bedtime on shipboard. F. Marion Crawford prided himself on telling a good story, and he has done it here with a vengeance.

Francis Marion Crawford was born in Italy in 1854, and spent most of his life there. His literary career began in India, however, where he edited the Allahabad *Indian Gazette*, and wrote his first novel, *Mr. Isaacs*. The unfamiliar Indian setting of this novel—Kipling had not yet begun to write his eastern stories—delighted Americans and Europeans alike, and his popularity grew steadily as one after another of his fifty books appeared. These books have India, Persia, Arabia, Turkey, Madrid, Italy, England, and America for their backgrounds, and with the exception of one or two travel books, a drama, and a book of criticism, are all highly romantic fiction. His literary creed was to amuse and to entertain, to occupy himself with what he had to tell about life rather than with what he had to say about it. The results were beguiling plots, careful characterizations, colourful description, and charm in the manner of telling, which have earned him a deserved place among the upper rank of American writers. He died in 1909.

Mr. Isaacs was published in 1882, and *Dr. Claudius* a year later; then came *Zoroaster* and the famous *Saracinesca Series*; *A Cigarette Maker's Romance* and *The Witch of Prague* appeared in 1890 and 1891; *Via Crucis* in 1899; *In the Palace of the King* in 1900 and *Arethusa* in 1907. These are far from all of Mr. Crawford's books, but they include his most famous.

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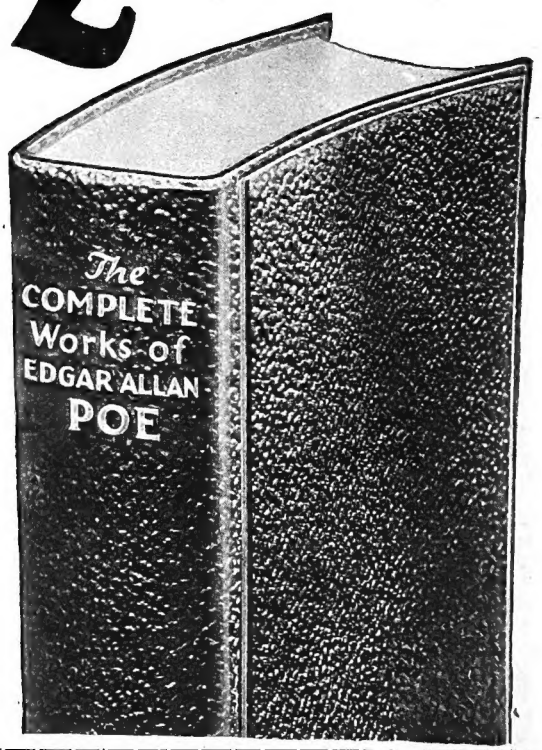

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There is a lightness of humour and a swiftness of dialogue about "The House by the Road" which might lead one to think it had been dashed off just the other day by some sparkling young Viennese playwright—for nothing suffers more at the hand of time than humour. But as a matter of fact, August Friedrich Ferdinand von Kotzebue was born in 1761, and died by the hand of an assassin after a brilliant but stormy career, in 1819.

Von Kotzebue was hardly more than twenty-five when he began to write the plays which were to make him famous, but those were the days of Catherine the Great, when a well-turned phrase and a well-turned calf spelled rapid promotion, and the handsome and brilliant young Von Kotzebue had already served in the courts of St. Petersburg, as president of the magistracy of Esthonia, had married an heiress, been ennobled, and, after the death of his wife, settled on his estate in Reval.

But Von Kotzebue was apparently not a tactful young man. From now on, trouble kept up with the honours which continued to be heaped upon him from time to time. Appointed dramatist to the court theatre in Vienna, he quarreled with all the actors and had to resign. He attacked the romantic school in Germany at the zenith of its power, and was promptly ostracized by the literary world. Once again in Russia, he was arrested and sent to Siberia, and was saved only because he had flattered Emperor Paul in one of his plays. Again while in favour, and director of the German Theatre in St. Petersburg, the Emperor died, and Von Kotzebue was ousted. He returned to Germany only to be accused as a Russian spy and assassinated by a fanatic.

Several of Von Kotzebue's two hundred plays have appeared in our magazine—translated, like this one, for the first time into English for us. Von Kotzebue's influence on the playwrights who succeeded him was marked. He cannot be called a great writer, but he is an entertaining one, and his mastery of stage technique and of dialogue is superb.

HIGH ON THE LIST of America's distinguished women writers comes Agnes Repplier, essayist. For nearly forty years she has been producing essays on every sort of subject—from books to the American incapacity to enjoy leisure, from politics to cats. And in spite of their soundness they are readable. Or perhaps it would be better to say that in spite of their readability they are sound—for they are, above all, readable. Miss Repplier has a lively style, a vigorous irony, and a rich literary background which she draws upon gracefully.

Miss Repplier was born in 1858 in Philadelphia, which has been her headquarters until lately, when she has spent much time in Europe. Educated at a convent in Pennsylvania, she has received the honorary degree of Doctor of Literature from the Universities of Pennsylvania, Yale, and Columbia. *Books and Men* was published in 1888, *Points of View* in 1891; *Essays in Miniature* in 1892; *Essays in Idleness* in 1893; *In the Dozy Hours* in 1894; *Varia* in 1897; *The Fireside Sphinx* in 1901; *Compromises* in 1904; *Americans and Others* and *The Cat* in 1912; *Counter Currents* in 1915; *Points of Friction* in 1920, and *Under Dispute* in 1924. Many of her essays have appeared first in magazines, and she is today a distinguished contributor to the *Atlantic*, the *Yale Review*, and other periodicals.

A NAME WHICH POPS early into your head if you are asked to think of writers in America who are definitely contributing to the art of the short story—broadening and deepening it, making the actuality of life a part of it—is Wilbur Daniel Steele. His place is unique. We believe, for example, that he has won more prizes for his work during the past ten years than any other American short-story writer. He has won the first prize of the O. Henry Memorial Award repeatedly; he has been awarded a prize by them for maintaining for several years the highest level of story-writing. Certainly his stories have the grip of life, and the careful craftsmanship of a work of art.

Mr. Steele is a North Carolinian who has spent much time, and now lives, on the New England coast. He started out to become an artist, after graduating from the University of Denver in 1907, and studied in Boston, Paris, and New York. But by 1910 he had begun to write short stories, and he must soon have realized that here his greatest talents lay. His first collection of tales, *Storm*, appeared in 1914. Then came *Land's End* (1918), *Shame Dance* (1923), *Isles of the Blest* (1924), *The Terrible Woman* (1925),

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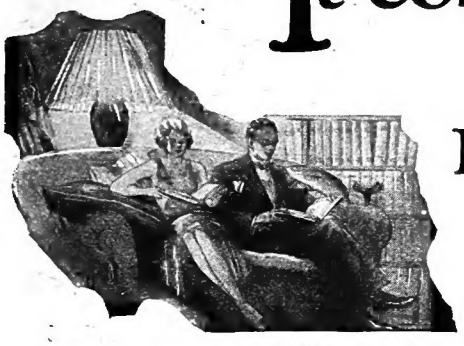

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Taboo (1925), *Urkey Island* (1926), *The Man Who Saw Through Heaven* (1927), and *Meat* (1928). Several of these books are novels, in which field Mr. Steele is increasingly powerful.

THE NICEST PERSON in Henry Cuyler Bunner's "Nice People" is Henry Cuyler Bunner himself. In nearly all his stories, poetry, humour, you laugh at the entertaining situations, the adroit characterizations, the little jokes, not only because they are funny, but because you like the author. His charming personality rubbed off onto everything he wrote.

The humorous magazine *Puck* was a perfect example of this. Under Bunner's editorship the magazine became America's leading funny paper, and rapidly declined after his death in 1896. Bunner was *Puck.* His vigorous, commonsense editorials gave it distinct political and social power; his own verse and stories set the high mark for its humour; his personality was everywhere through it.

Bunner was born in Oswego, New York, but soon came to New York City, where he was educated, wrote, edited, and died at the age of forty-one. His output, for such a brief span of years as his, was large. Perhaps his best known books are *The Midge, Short Sixes,* and *More Short Sixes.* Others are *Love in Old Cloathes, The Story of a New York House, Zadoc Pine and Other Stories, Made in France, Jersey Street and Jersey Lane,* and verse: *Airs from Arcady and Elsewhere, Rowen,* and *Poems.*

JAMES LANE ALLEN did for Kentucky what George W. Cable did for New Orleans, and Hamlin Garland for the middle west. All writing at the end of the nineteenth century, they not only caught the beauty and the soul of the places they loved, but they embodied the spirit of their period in their writing. It is perhaps most true of Allen: his charming wholesome stories with their fine sentiment and gentle humour represent a school of writing, now almost disappeared, which it is a joy to rediscover among harsher, hastier modern writing.

A number of the readers who met or re-met *The Kentucky Cardinal* in our pages have been insistently begging us to publish its companion volume, *Aftermath.* Here it is, to run in three instalments. *Aftermath* is a sequel to *The Kentucky Cardinal,* but one of those sequels which can stand entirely on its own feet. In it is the same Kentucky, however—prodigally beautiful; the same delightful pair of lovers—humorously, humanly dealt with; the same prose, as fresh and delicate as Spring flowers.

The Index for Volume IX is now ready, and may be had, free of charge, upon application addressed to the Back Number Department.

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Authors and Books

WHILE WE WERE still talking about *Dodsworth* and *Henry the Eighth,* and the guns of the Joan Lowell battle were still booming in the distance, a whole new shelf-full of books sneaked onto our desk. . . . Among them are eight or nine we like particularly: two collections of short stories, Walter Lippmann's philosophizings, a scrap book, biographies, a novel or so. . . .

NORA HOULT'S *Poor Women* and Louis Bromfield's *Awake and Rehearse* are our two pet short-story collections. . . . *Poor Women* took us unaware. We had never heard of Nora Hoult before, and the book arrived with its paper jacket plastered all over with the praises of a lot of other persons who had never heard of her before. . . . They all prophesied great things for her literary future, and after we read the book, we saw why. . . . There are seven stories in it; seven women turned utterly inside out and shown in one or another phase of pitiable and sordid dependence upon man. . . . The stories flame into living stuff continually at some flash of insight or uncanny observation. . . . Their pattern is simple, even a little monotonous; the style of the writing is good, although it is nothing special. . . . But the real stuff is there. . . .

From Eleanor Mercein Kelly's *The Book of Bette*

LOUIS BROMFIELD'S book is quite another story—or, rather, collection of stories. . . . Louis Bromfield became one of America's leading young novelists without ever bothering much about honours in the short-story field. . . . Now he is turning around and cleaning up there too. *Awake and Rehearse* (Stokes), his first book of short stories, is polished, devastatingly convincing. . . . Some of these stories have already won prizes, some of them are new, all but two or three of them are superb. . . . "The Cat that Lived at the Ritz," "Justice," "Aunty Milly Crosses the Bar," for example, are experiments in astonishingly different types and techniques, and doing very well, thank you. . . .

ANYONE WHO HAS speculated about or felt the spiritual bewilderment, the moral lack of adjustment of modern man to his environment, will find in Walter Lippmann's *Preface to Morals* a clear and dispassionate statement of problems, a careful weighing of effects, couched in simple and beautiful prose. . . . Never have we come across a more brilliant analysis and commentary on modern discontentment. . . . The overthrow of the old gods, the consequent growth of unbelief and loss of purpose, the breakdown of authority; modern man's relation to business, government, art, love, ethics—are all discussed more clear-headedly, we shout abroad, than they have ever been before. . . .

THE HUSBAND-HUNT of a Basque débutante provides Eleanor Mercein Kelly with the plot and colour for a new novel about the delightful Urruty family of the Spanish Pyrenees. . . . The reasonably frivolous-minded reader can find no better way to spend a part of his vacation than *The Book of Bette* (Harper). . . . There is the Basque country, different from all other countries, and more colourful. . . . There is grandmother Urruty, a most indomitable and lovable old lady. . . . There is the American and original Emily, and handsome Estaban, her husband. . . . There is Bette, the grave and charming child, who watches bull-fights, flirts with dukes, breaks her heart a little and then has it mended. . . .

IT IS A RARE BOOK for children that is both as delightful and as worthwhile as May McNeer's and Lynd Ward's *Prince Bantam* (Macmillan). . . . The story is a famous old hero-tale of Japan, speeded up and simplified into quite as exciting adventure as that of any Occidental youngest-son-seeking-his-fortune. . . . The many illustrations add to the Japanese flavour of the story, and are really beautiful. . . .

From Mary Hastings Bradley's *Trailing the Tiger*

"IT WAS MY AMBITION to write some tales full of the wisdom of life that children between the ages of four and eight will like," said Dhan Gopal Mukerji. So he did it, and the title of the book is *Hindu Fables for Little Children.* . . . It is published by Dutton, with fascinating jungle drawings by Kurt Wiese. . . . The book tells you, for example, that a tiger challenged is a tiger astonished. . . . That a crocodile is more to be pitied than scorned. . . . This book, like *Prince Bantam,* is of the pleasant variety which charms the grown-up reader-aloud as well as the listener. . . .

AND WHILE WE ARE TALKING about tigers. . . . Mary Hastings Bradley has all sorts of Indo-Chinese True Stories for Grown-Ups in her latest book, *Trailing the Tiger,* a record of a hunt in Sumatra with her husband, her nine-year-old daughter, and two Chicago professors. . . . Mrs. Bradley, who accompanied Carl Akeley to Africa in his gorilla hunts for the American Museum of Natural History, writes a good travel book, packed

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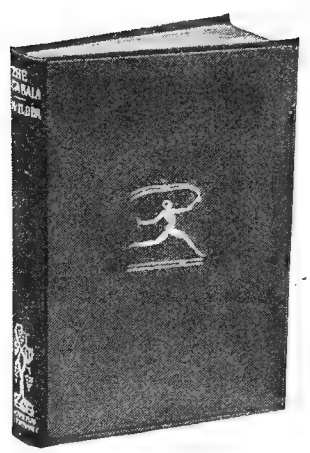

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with adventure, customs, folklore, sunrises and what you will. . . .

"We have monkeys, young goats, dogs, parrakeets, etc., for pets. The aquariums are filled full of squid and octopus. A four-foot barracuda came in last night after we had gone to bed," writes William Beebe from Nonsuch Island, Bermuda. Came in where, Mr. Beebe? . . . Mr. Beebe is off again on deep-sea explorations which will result we suspect (and hope) in a sequel to *Beneath Tropic Seas*. . . .

Something very new and fine in the way of classics at a dollar each is being done by Houghton Mifflin and Company. . . . They have issued a dozen or more famous books in distinguished octavo format (none of your old pocket-sizes) meant for a permanent place on library shelves. . . . And each for ten dimes: one dollar. . . . The books of this "Riverside Library Series" include Thoreau's *Walden,* Willa Cather's *O Pioneers!,* Hawthorne's *Scarlet Letter*, Bret Harte's *The Luck of Roaring Camp,* Sarah Orne Jewett's *Country of the Pointed Firs,* Havelock Ellis's *Dance of Life,* Emerson's *Essays,* and Dana's *Two Years Before the Mast*. . . .

O ye with a complete set of Herman Melville's books had better tell less fortunate souls that *Pierre,* the novel which followed *Moby Dick,* has been reissued in pleasant and inexpensive format by Duttons. . . . Yes, we admit this is propaganda for a favourite author. . . . Though not unfair propaganda, because *Pierre* is pretty stiff going, and anyone who is led into it with his eyes open is probably a born Melvillian anyway. . . .

Sherwood Anderson, drawn by Eva Herrmann for her book, *On Parade*

Hello Towns! (Horace Liveright) is the first visible product of Sherwood Anderson's venture as owner and editor of two country newspapers, *The Smyth County News* (Republican)—and *The Marion Democrat,* both of Marion, Va. When you have finished you have Marion, Va. You also have Mr. Anderson. . . . You know Nellie, the office cat; Gil, the old typesetter; Buck Fever, the staff reporter; the financing of Marion's band; the sheriff raiding "moon" stills; Henry Mencken Park; the fire department. . . . Best of all we like Anderson's earnestness, his simplicity that isn't simplicity at all. . . . It is astonishing how this abrupt, disconnected book holds you. . . .

And about short stories again, there is Viña Delmar's *Loose Ladies* (Harcourt). . . . The author of best-selling *Bad Girl* has found a number of bad girls to portray with her almost photographic exactness. . . . The stories are faster moving and more interesting than *Bad Girl,* for which we had little use, but in contriving ends for them, Miss Delmar exposes a pretty broad streak of sentimentality. . . . At least, we don't like our shop girls quite so noble. . . .

Harlem transplanted to Marseilles is the scene of Claude McKay's *Banjo,* published by Harpers. . . . Here are negroes of all shades and kinds —vagabonds, labourers, prostitutes, intellectuals, all living lustily and utterly naturally. . . . As in *Home to Harlem,* Mr. McKay has done his characterizations brilliantly; as in *Home to Harlem,* he has not quite made a novel of his material. . . . It is too repetitious, too formless. . . . Frankly, we had all we wanted about half-way through, colourful and racy though it was with a vengeance. . . .

Jacket design for *Banjo,* by Claude McKay

An author whom we suggest is likely to be found in school-books some day is Mary Webb. . . . You have only to happen on one of her five novels to start in immediately on the other four. . . . Mary Webb's life was as interesting as her books. She earned a poor living raising vegetables and flowers and taking them to market in the quaint old English town of Shrewsbury. . . . Then, coming home, she would sit down to her writing. . . . She was a frail person, and this strenuous existence was one cause of her premature death in 1927. . . . Mrs. Webb wrote almost always about the world that she knew . . . the English countryside itself; the commonplaces, the sordidness, the humour, the tragedy of her neighbours' lives. . . . Her theme was love; her own love for nature, which makes a reader of her books feel that he has stepped into a sunny summer field fragrant with grass and flowers; the love of farmers' daughters and shepherd lads, striving against forces within and without. . . . In addition to *Armour Wherein He Trusted,* an unfinished novel, recently published by them, Duttons has also reissued *Seven for a Secret* and *The House in Dormer Forest*. . . .

Hint for budding authors: An illuminated manuscript from Alberta, Canada, with a snapshot of its six-foot-four range rider author, recently arrived at the offices of Payson and Clarke, publishers, and was accepted. . . .

The briefest book on any publisher's fall list ought certainly to be Calvin Coolidge's *Autobiography,* to be brought out by the Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. . . . Its last page is all written, and Calvin Coolidge, lawyer, himself drew up the contract with the publishers. . . . The volume is described as "a model of pithiness." . . .

Heat, bags of gold, the swish of a knife through the air, a dark-eyed young woman with a rapier and a fan—such is the young American hero's and the reader's introduction to Venezuela in T. S. Stribling's *Strange Moon* (Doubleday, Doran). . . . Competitors for oil fields, smouldering hate in a wronged peon, a Spanish dancer for heroine—what more do you need to make an adventure story when you write as well as does Mr. Stribling? . . . Mr. Stribling has written far better books than this one—*Teeftallow,* for example. . . . But none that read more swiftly. . . .

Probably thousands of persons would like to be told about Charles Moore's *The Mental Side of Golf* (Liveright). . . . We haven't read it, but Gene Sarazen says it is grand, and who are we, etc., etc. . . .

Chink! Chink! Chink! No crown of thorns for labour's brow!
Chink! Chink Chink! No cross of gold for mankind now!
Chink! Chink! Chink! We'll not to single standard bow!
Chink! Chink! Chink! We'll vote for freedom now!

Mr. R. Werner, whose *Barnum* was a pioneer in best-seller biographies, has pictured another great showman in *Bryan* (Harcourt, Brace). . . . To his adoring followers in the west, Bryan was "the Black Eagle of Nebraska" and "The Silver Knight of the West." . . . To eastern scoffers he was "The Boy Orator of the Platte," and, as some one said, the Platte River was "six inches deep and six miles wide at the mouth." . . . Bryan was perhaps happiest on the platform at Chautauqua. . . . We are shown him appearing in a black alpaca coat, followed by a small negro boy bearing a huge cake of ice. While he lectured, Mr. Bryan from time to time spread his hand upon the ice and then passed it over his brow. . . . "At the end of an hour and a half, Bryan and the ice disappear, and the orchestra resumes with *Madame Sherry.*" . . . Mr. Werner takes us to the last undignified battle at the Scopes trial. . . . It is a brilliant study of a man whose astonishing inconsistencies epitomize American public opinion, and it fascinated—and exasperated—us more than anything we've read in many a long day. . . . F. F.

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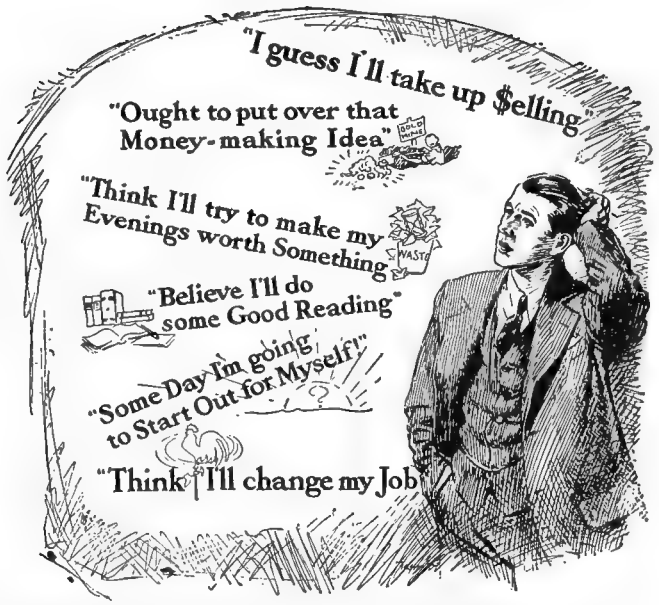
The Man with the "Grasshopper Mind"


"I guess I'll take up $elling"
"Ought to put over that Money-making Idea"
"Think I'll try to make my Evenings worth Something"
"Believe I'll do some Good Reading"
"Some Day I'm going to Start Out for Myself!"
"Think I'll change my Job"

YOU know this man as well as you know **YOURSELF**. His mind nibbles at **EVERYTHING** and masters **NOTHING**.

At home in the evening he tunes in the radio—gets tired of it—then glances through a **MAGAZINE**—can't get interested. Finally, unable to **CONCENTRATE** on anything, he either goes to the **MOVIES** or **FALLS ASLEEP** in his chair.

At the **OFFICE** he always takes up the **EASIEST** thing first, puts it down when it gets **HARD**, and starts something else. **JUMPS** from **ONE THING TO ANOTHER** all the time!

There are thousands of these **PEOPLE WITH GRASSHOPPER MINDS** in the world. In fact they are the very people who do the world's **MOST TIRESOME TASKS**—and get but a **PITTANCE** for their work.

They do the world's **CLERICAL WORK**, and routine drudgery. Day after day, week after week, month after month, year after year—**ENDLESSLY**—they **HANG ON** to the jobs that are smallest-salaried, longest-houred, least interesting, and poorest-futured!

If **YOU** have a "grasshopper mind" you know that this is **TRUE**. And you know **WHY** it is true. Even the **BLAZING SUN** can't burn a hole in a little piece of **TISSUE PAPER** unless its rays are focussed and concentrated **ON ONE SPOT**!

A BRAIN THAT BALKS at sticking to **ONE THING FOR MORE THAN A FEW MINUTES** surely cannot be depended upon to get you anywhere in your **YEARS** of life!

The **TRAGEDY** of it all is this: you know that **RIGHT NOW** you are merely jumping **HERE AND THERE**. Yet you also know that you have **WITHIN YOU** the intelligence, the earnestness, and the ability that can take you right to the high place you want to reach in life!

What is **WRONG**? **WHAT'S** holding you back?

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Fiction

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RHINESTONES, by Margaret Widdemer. Harcourt, Brace. $2. A small-town girl, bewitched by the glamour of bright lights, goes to the city and finds romance. For those who like their literature innocent.

WOLF SOLENT, by John Cowper Powys. Simon & Schuster. $5. (Two volumes.) In the heart of lovely English countryside all of the human forces of good and evil wage their war on a small group of people. Among them one lone, puzzled, questing character stands forth.

FATHER WILLIAM, by Donald Ogden Stewart. Harper. $2. A well brought-up father suddenly steps out in the pursuit of pleasure. The humour rollicks—and his son disapproves.

THE WILD OAT, by J. S. Fletcher. Doubleday, Doran. $2. A book that's fresh and healthy with the scent of English country. A young gentlewoman, orphaned, and managing alone her large estate, falls suddenly and recklessly in love. Disillusioned, she sows a wild oat—and reaps a quick and unexpected harvest.

LITTLE CÆSAR, by W. R. Burnett. Lincoln MacVeagh (The Dial Press). $2. A dispassionate and presumably faithful picture of the Chicago underworld that operates under cover of tawdry cabarets.

THE COMING OF THE LORD, by Sarah Gertrude Millin. Horace Liveright. $2.50. Of race conflict in South Africa and the life of white colonists in the Transvaal. By the author of *God's Stepchildren*.

TIDES, by Count Edouard von Keyserling. Macaulay. $2.50. The beautiful pampered wife of a nobleman thirty years her senior elopes with a peasant-born artist.

General

AN ANTHOLOGY OF RECENT PHILOSOPHY, by Daniel Sommer Robinson. Crowell. $4. Dr. Robinson clarifies foremost modern philosophies so that the average reader can grasp their teachings.

MID-CHANNEL, by Ludwig Lewisohn. Harper. $3.50. Since the war Mr. Lewisohn has made sundry journeys into his soul and emerged with illuminating discoveries and convictions. These adventures he has set forth in beautiful, easy prose.

THE MANSIONS OF PHILOSOPHY, by Will Durant. Simon & Schuster. $5. A celebrated philosopher conducts us on a "tour of the infinite" and attempts to outline a satisfactory philosophy of life.

DOLLARS FOR BULLETS, by Harold Norman Denny. Lincoln MacVeagh (The Dial Press). $4. An impartial exposition of the Nicaraguan situation, and an answer to the question of American interference in Nicaragua. Mr. Denny spent six months in that unruly South American country as a correspondent for the *New York Times*.

PENNY WISE AND BOOK FOOLISH, by Vincent Starrett. Covici, Friede. $3. An incurable collector of rare books talks of first editions and his adventures in finding them. It is a humorous and illuminating book.

JOURNEY'S END, by R. C. Sherriff. Brentano. $2. A play. The six scenes are laid in a dug-out in the British trenches before St. Quentin. Employing a minimum of action, and practically no "plot," the author has produced an unforgettable picture of the bitterness and tragedy of war.

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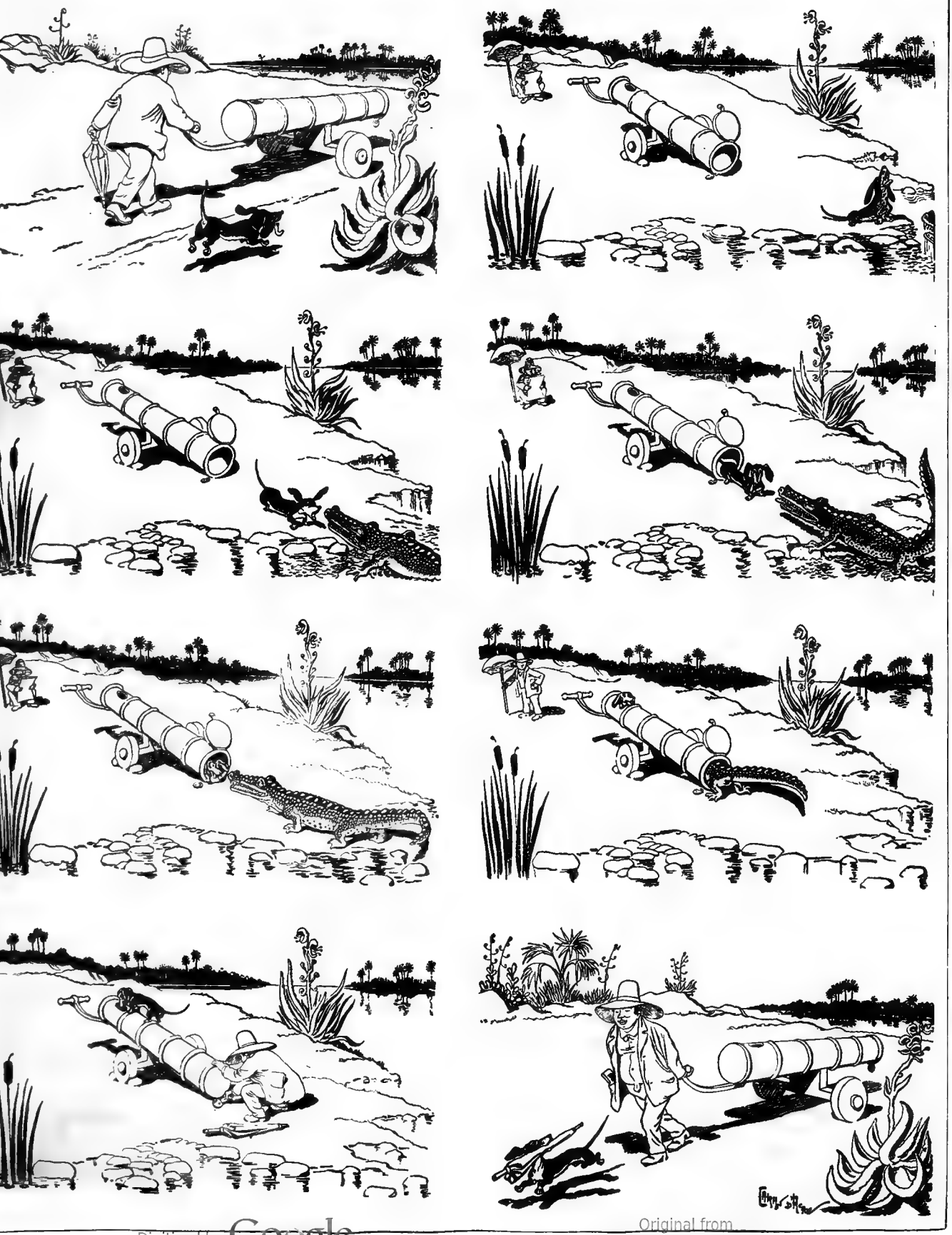
Fishing for Alligators

By CARAN D'ACHE



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Drawings by Charles B. Falls

OH THE BRAVE Fisher's life,
It is the best of any,
'Tis full of pleasure, void of strife,
And 'tis belov'd of many:
Other joyes
are but toyes,
only this
lawful is,
for our skil
breeds no ill,
but content and pleasure.

In a morning up we rise
Ere Aurora's peeping,
Drink a cup to wash our eyes,
Leave the sluggard sleeping;
Then we go
too and fro,
with our knacks
at our backs,
to such streams
as the Thames
if we have the leisure.

When we please to walk abroad
For our recreation,
In the fields is our abode,
Full of delectation:
Where in a brook
with a hook,
or a Lake
fish we take,
there we sit
for a bit,
till we fish intangle. . . .

Or we sometimes pass an hour,
Under a green willow,
That defends us from a showr,
Making earth our pillow,
There we may
think and pray
before death
stops our breath;
other joyes
are but toyes
and to be lamented.

From *The Compleat Angler.*
IZAAK WALTON. (1653.)

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The Golden Book Magazine

VOLUME X JULY, 1929 NUMBER 55

Drawings by Wallace Morgan

A Matter of Business

By SINCLAIR LEWIS

Sinclair Lewis

CANDEE'S sleeping porch faced the east. At sunrise every morning he startled awake and became a poet.

He yawned, pulled up the gray camping blanket which proved that he had once gone hunting in Canada, poked both hands behind his neck, settled down with a wriggling motion, and was exceedingly melancholy and happy.

He resolved, seriously and all at once, to study music, to wear a rose down to business, to tell the truth in his advertisements, and to start a campaign for a municipal auditorium. He longed to leap out of bed and go change the entire world immediately. But always, as sunrise blurred into russet, he plunged his arms under the blanket, sighed, "Funny what stuff a fellow will think of at six G.M.," yawned horridly, and was asleep. Two hours afterward, when he sat on the edge of the bed, rubbing his jaw in the hope that he could sneak out of shaving this morning, letting his feet ramble around independently in search of his slippers, he was not a poet. He was Mr. Candee of the Novelty Stationery Shop, Vernon.

He sold writing paper, Easter cards, bronze book-ends, framed colour prints. He was a salesman born. To him it was exhilaration to herd a hesitating customer; it was pride to see his clerks, Miss Cogerty and the new girl, imitate his courtesy, his quickness. He was conscious of beauty. Ten times a week he stopped to gloat over a print in which a hilltop and a flare of daisies expressed all the indolence of August. But—and this was equally a part of him—he was delighted by "putting things over." He was as likely to speculate in a broken lot of china dogs as to select a stock of chaste brass knockers. It was he who had popularized Whistler in Vernon, and he who had brought out the "Oh My! Bathing Girl" pictures.

He was a soldier of fortune, was Candee; he fought under any flag which gave him the excuse. He was as much an adventurer as though he sat on a rampart wearing a steel corselet instead of sitting at a golden-oak desk wearing a blue-serge suit.

EVERY SUNDAY AFTERNOON the Candees drove out to the golf club. They came home by a new route this Sunday.

"I feel powerful. Let's do some exploring," said Candee.

He turned the car off the Boulevard, down one of the nameless hilly roads which twist along the edge of every city. He came into a straggly country of market gardens, jungles of dead weeds, unpruned crab-apple trees, and tall, thin houses which started as artificial-stone mansions and ended as unpainted frame shacks. In front of a tar-paper shanty there

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was a wild-grape arbour of thick vines draped upon second-hand scantlings and cracked pieces of moulding. The yard had probably never been raked, but it displayed petunias in a tub salvaged from a patent washing machine. On a shelf beside the gate was a glass case with a sign:

ToYs for thee chilrun.

Candee stopped the car.

In the case were half a dozen wooden dolls with pegged joints—an old-man doll with pointed hat, jutting black beard, and lumpy, out-thrust hands; a Pierrot with a prim wooden cockade; a princess fantastically tall and lean.

"Huh! Hand made! Arts-and-grafts stuff!" said Candee, righteously.

"That's so," said Mrs. Candee.

He drove on.

"Freak stuff. Abs'lutely grotesque. Not like anything I ever saw!"

"That's so," said Mrs. Candee.

He was silent. He irritably worked the air-choke, and when he found that it was loose he said, "Damn!" As for Mrs. Candee, she said nothing at all. She merely looked like a wife.

He turned toward her argumentatively. "Strikes me those dolls were darn ugly. Some old nut of a hermit must have made 'em. They were—they were ugly! Eh?"

"That's so," said Mrs. Candee.

"Don't you think they were ugly?"

"Yes, I think that's so," said Mrs. Candee, as she settled down to meditate upon the new laundress who was coming tomorrow.

Next morning Candee rushed into his shop, omitted the report on his Sunday golf and the progress of his game which he usually gave to Miss Cogerty, and dashed at the shelf of toys. He had never thought about toys as he had about personal Christmas cards or diaries. His only specialty for children was expensive juveniles.

He glowered at the shelf. It was disordered. It was characterless. There were one rabbit of gray Canton flannel, two rabbits of *papier-mâché*, and nine tubercular rabbits of white fur. There were sixteen dolls which simpered and looked unintelligent. There were one train, one fire engine, and a device for hoisting thimblefuls of sand upon a trestle. Not that you did anything with it when you had hoisted it.

"Huh!" said Candee.

"Yes, Mr. Candee?" said Miss Cogerty.

"Looks like a side-street notions store. Looks like a racket shop. Looks like a—looks like—Aah!" said Candee.

He stormed his desk like a battalion of marines. He was stern. "Got to take up that bum shipment with the Fressen Paper Company. I'll write 'em a letter that'll take their hides off. I won't type it. Make it stronger if I turn the ol' pen loose."

He vigorously cleared away a pile of fancy pen-wipers—stopping only to read the advertisement on an insurance blotter, to draw one or two pictures on an envelope, and to rub the enticing pale-blue back of a box of safety matches with a soft pencil till it looked silvery in a cross-light. He snatched his fountain pen out of his vest pocket. He looked at it unrelentingly. He sharpened the end of a match and scraped a clot of ink off the pen cap. He tried the ink supply by making a line of O's on his thumb-nail. He straightened up, looked reprovingly at Miss Cogerty's back, slapped a sheet of paper on the desk—then stopped again and read his mail.

It did not take him more than an hour to begin to write the letter he was writing. In grim jet letters he scrawled:

Fressen Company:
Gentlemen,—I want you to thoroughly understand—

Twenty minutes later he had added nothing to the letter but a curlicue on the tail of the "d" in "understand." He was drawing the picture of a wooden doll with a pointed hat and a flaring black beard. His eyes were abstracted and his lips moved furiously:

"Makes me sick. Not such a whale of a big shop, but it's distinctive. Not all this commonplace junk—souvenirs and bum valentines. And yet our toys—Ordinary! Common! Hate to think what people must have been saying about 'em! But those wooden dolls out there in the country—they were ugly, just like Nelly said, but somehow they kind of stirred up the imagination."

He shook his head, rubbed his temples, looked up wearily. He saw that the morning rush had begun. He went out into the shop slowly, but as he crooned at Mrs. Harry McPherson, "I have some new lightweight English envelopes—crossbar lavender with a stunning purple lining," he was imperturbable. He went out to lunch with Harry Jason and told a really new flivver story. He did not cease his bustling again till four, when the shop was for a moment still. Then he leaned against the counter and brooded:

"Those wooden dolls remind me of— Darn it! I don't know what they do remind me of! Like something— Castles. Gypsies. Oh, rats! Brother Candee, I thought you'd grown up! Hey, Miss Cogerty, what trying do? Don't put those Honey Bunny books there!"

At home he hurried through dinner.

"Shall we play a little auction with the Darbins?" Mrs. Candee yawned.

"No. I— Got to mull over some business plans. Think I'll take a drive by myself, unless you or the girls have to use the machine," ventured Candee.

"No. I think I might catch up on my sleep. Oh, Jimmy, the new laundress drinks just as much coffee as the last one did!"

"Yes?" said Candee, looking fixedly at a candle shade and meditating. "I don't know. Funny, all the wild crazy plans I used to have when I was a kid. Suppose those dolls remind me of that."

He dashed out from dinner, hastily started the car. He drove rapidly past the lakes, through dwindling lines of speculative houses, into a world of hazelnut brush and small boys with furtive dogs. His destina-

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tion was the tar-paper shack in front of which he had seen the wooden dolls.

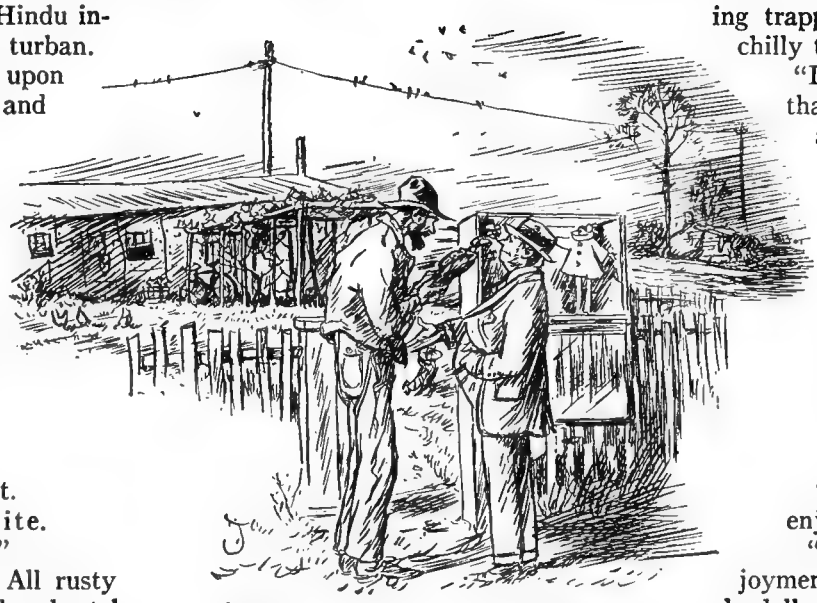
He stopped with a squawk of brakes, bustled up the path to the wild-grape arbour. In the dimness beneath it, squatting on his heels beside a bicycle, was a man all ivory and ebony, ghost-white and outlandish black. His cheeks and veined forehead were pale, his beard was black and thin and square. Only his hands were ruddy. They were brick-red and thick, yet cunning was in them, and the fingers tapered to square ends. He was a medieval monk in overalls, a Hindu indecently without his turban. As Candee charged upon him he looked up and mourned:

"The chain, she rusty."

Now Candee was the friendliest soul in all the Boosters' Club. Squatting, he sympathized:

"Rusty, eh? Ol' chain kind of rusty! Hard luck, I'll say. Ought to use graphite on it. That's it—graphite. When I was a kid—"

"I use graphite. All rusty before I get him," the ghost lamented. His was a deep voice, and humourless and grave.



"Jumas, I'm going to put you across!"

Candee was impressed. "Hard luck! How about boric acid? No, that isn't it—chloric acid. No, oxalic acid. That's it—oxalic! That'll take off the rust."

"Os-all-ic," murmured the ghost.

"Well, cheer up, old man. Some day you'll be driving your own boat."

"Oh! Say!"—the ghost was childishly proud—"I got a phonograph!"

"Have you? Slick!" Candee became cautious and inquisitive. He rose and, though actually he had not touched the bicycle, he dusted off his hands. Craftily: "Well, I guess you make pretty good money, at that. I was noticing—

"Reason I turned in, I noticed you had some toys out front. Thought I might get one for the kids. What do you charge?" He was resolving belligerently, "I won't pay more than a dollar per."

"I sharge fifty cent."

Candee felt cheated. He had been ready to battle for his rights, and it was disconcerting to waste all this energy. The ghost rose, in sections, and ambled toward the glass case of dolls. He was tall, fantastically tall as his own toy emperors, and his blue-denim jacket was thick with garden soil. Beside him Candee was rosy and stubby and distressingly neat. He was also uneasy. Here was a person to whom he couldn't talk naturally.

"So you make dolls, eh? Didn't know there was a toy maker in Vernon."

"No, I am nod a toy maker, I am a sculptor." The ghost was profoundly sad. "But nod de kin' you t'ink. I do not make chudges in plog hats to put on courthouses. I would lige to. I would make fine plog hats. But I am not recognize. I make epitaphs in de monooment works. Huh!" The ghost sounded human now, and full of guile. "I am de only man in dose monooment works dat know what 'R.I.P.' mean in de orizhinal Greek!"

He leaned against the gate and chuckled. Candee recovered from his feeling of being trapped in a particularly chilly tomb. He crowed:

"I'll bet you are, at that. But you must have a good time making these dolls."

"You lak dem?"

"You bet! I certainly do. I—" His enthusiasm stumbled. In a slightly astonished tone, in a low voice, he marveled, "And I do, too, by golly!" Then: "You— I guess you enjoy making—"

"No, no! It is not enjoyment. Dey are my art, de dolls. Dey are how I get even wit' de monooment works. I should wish I could make him for a living, but nobody want him. One year now—always dey stand by de gate, waiting, and nobody buy one. Oh, well, I can't help dat! I know what I do, even if nobody else don't. I try to make him primitive, like what a child would make if he was a fine craftsman like me. Dey are all dream dolls. And me, I make him right. See! Nobody can break him!"

He snatched the Gothic princess from the case and banged her on the fence.

Candee came out of a trance of embarrassed unreality and shouted: "Sure are the real stuff. Now, uh, the—uh— May I ask your name?"

"Émile Jumas my name."

Candee snapped his fingers. "Got it, by golly!"

"Pardon?"

"The Papa Jumas dolls! That's their name. Look here! Have you got any more of these in the house?"

"Maybe fifty." Jumas had been roused out of his ghostliness.

"Great! Could you make five or six a day, if you didn't do anything else and maybe had a boy to help you?"

"Oh yez. No. Well, maybe four."

"See here. I could— I have a little place where I think maybe I could sell a few. Course, you understand, I don't know for sure. Taking a chance. But I think maybe I could. I'm J. T. Candee. Probably you know my stationery shop. I don't want to boast, but I will say there's no place in town that touches it for class. But I don't mean I could afford to pay any

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fortune. But"—all his caution collapsed—"Jumas, I'm going to put you across!"

The two men shook hands a number of times and made sounds of enthusiasm, sounds like the rubbing of clothes on a washboard. But Jumas was stately in his invitation:

"Will you be so good and step in to have a leetle home-made wine?"

It was one room, his house, with a loft above, but it contained a harp, a double bed, a stove, a hen that was doubtful of strangers, a substantial Mamma Jumas, six children, and forty-two wooden dolls.

"Would you like to give up the monument works and stick to making these?" glowed Candee, as he handled the dolls.

Jumas mooned at him. "Oh yez."

Ten minutes later, at the gate, Candee sputtered: "By golly! by golly! Certainly am pitching wild tonight. Not safe to be out alone. For first time in my life forgot to mention prices. Crazy as a kid—and I like it!" But he tried to sound managerial as he returned. "What do you think I ought to pay you apiece?"

Craftily Papa Jumas piped: "I t'ink you sell him for more than fifty cent. I t'ink maybe I ought to get fifty."

Then, while the proprietor of the Novelty Stationery Shop wrung spiritual hands and begged him to be careful, Candee the adventurer cried: "Do you know what I'm going to do? I'm going to sell 'em at three dollars, and I'm going to make every swell on the Boulevard buy one, and I'm going to make 'em pay their three bones, and I'm going to make 'em like it! Yes, sir! And you get two dollars apiece!"

It was not till he was on the sleeping porch, with the virile gray blanket patted down about his neck, that Candee groaned: "What have I let myself in for? And are they ugly or not?" He desired to go in, wake his wife, and ask her opinion. He lay and worried, and when he awoke at dawn and discovered that he hadn't been tragically awake all night, he was rather indignant. But he was exhilarated at breakfast and let Junior talk all through his oatmeal.

He came into the shop with a roar. "Miss Cogerty! Get the porter and have him take all those toys down to that racket shop on Jerusalem Alley that bought our candlestick remainders. Go down and get what you can for 'em. We're going to have—Miss Cogerty, we're going to display in this shop a line of arts-and-crafts dolls that for artistic execution and delightful quaintness— Say, that's good stuff for an ad. I'll put a ten-inch announcement in the *Courier*. I'll give this town one jolt. You wait!" . . .

Candee did not forever retain his enthusiasm for Papa Jumas dolls. Nor did they revolutionize the nurseries of Vernon. To be exact, some people liked them and some people did not like them. Enough were sold to keep Jumas occupied, and not enough so that at the great annual crisis of the summer motor trip to Michigan, Candee could afford a nickle-plated spotlight as well as slip covers. There was a reasonable holiday sale through the autumn following, and always Candee liked to see them on the shelf at the back of the shop—the medieval dolls like cathedral grotesques, the Greek warrior Demetrios, and the modern dolls—the agitated traffic policeman and the aviator whose arms were wings. Candee and Junior played explorer with them on the sleeping porch, and with them populated a castle made of chairs.

But in the spring he discovered Miss Arnold's batik lamp shades.

Miss Arnold was young, Miss Arnold was pretty, and her lamp shades had many "talking points" for a salesman with enthusiasm. They were terra-cotta and crocus and leaf green; they had flowers, fruit, panels, fish, and whirligigs upon them, and a few original decorations which may have been nothing but spots. Candee knew that they were either artistic or insane; he was excited, and in the first week he sold forty of them and forgot the Papa Jumas dolls.

In late April a new road salesman came in from the Mammoth Doll Corporation. He took Candee out to lunch and was secretive and oozed hints about making a great deal of money. He admitted at last that the Mammoth people were going to put on the market a doll that "had everything else beat four ways from the ace." He produced a Skillyoolly doll. She was a simpering, star-eyed, fluffy, chiffon-clothed lady doll, and, though she was cheaply made, she was not cheaply priced.

"We want you to handle the Skillyoolly exclusively."

"The Skillyoolly drive is going to be the peppiest campaign you ever saw. There's a double market—not only the kids, but all these Janes that like to stick a doll up on the piano, to make the room look dressy when Bill comes calling. And it's got the snap, eh?"

"Why don't you—? The department stores can sell more of these than I can," Candee fenced.

"That's just what we don't want to do. There's several of these fluff dolls on the market—not that any of them have the zip of our goods, of course. What we want is exclusive shops, that don't handle

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any other dolls whatever, so we won't have any inside competition, and so we can charge a class price."

"But I'm already handling some dolls—"

"If I can show you where you can triple your doll turnover, I guess we can take care of that, eh? For one thing, we're willing to make the most generous on-sale proposition you ever hit."

The salesman left with Candee samples of the Skillyoolly dolls, and a blank contract. He would be back in this territory next month, he indicated, and he hoped to close the deal. He gave Candee two cigars and crooned:

"Absolutely all we want is to have you handle the Skillyoolly exclusively and give us a chance to show what we can do. 'You tell 'em, pencil, you got the point!'"

Candee took the dolls home to his wife, and now she was not merely wifely and plump and compliant. She squealed.

"I think they're perfectly darling! So huggable—just sweet. I know you could sell thousands of them a year. You must take them. I always thought the Jumas dolls were hideous."

"They aren't so darn hideous. Just kind of different," Candee said, uncomfortably.

Next morning he had decided to take the Skillyoolly agency—and he was as lonely and unhappy about it as a boy who has determined to run away from home.

Papa Jumas came in that day and Candee tried to be jolly and superior.

"Ah there, old monsieur! Say, I may fix up an arrangement to switch your dolls from my place to the Toy and China Bazaar."

Jumas lamented: "De Bazaar iss a cheap place. I do not t'ink they lige my t'ings."

"Well, we'll see, we'll see. Excuse me now. Got to speak to Miss Cogerty about—about morocco card cases—card cases."

He consulted Miss Cogerty and the lovely Miss Arnold of the batik lamp shades about the Skillyoolly dolls. Both of them squeaked ecstatically. Yet Candee scowled at a Skillyoolly standing on his desk and addressed her:

"Doll, you're a bunch of fluff. You may put it over these sentimental females for a while, but you're no good. You're a rotten fake, and to charge two plunks for you is the darndest nerve I ever heard of. And yet I might make a thousand a year clear out of you. A thousand a year. Buy quite a few cord tires, curse it!"

At five Miss Sorrell bought some correspondence cards.

Candee was afraid of Miss Sorrell. She was the principal of a private school. He never remembered what she wore, but he had an impression that she was clad entirely in well-starched four-ply linen collars. She was not a person to whom you could sell things. She looked at you sarcastically and told you what she wanted. But the girls in her school were fervid customers, and, though he grumbled, "Here's the old grouch," he concentrated upon her across the showcase.

When she had ordered the correspondence cards and fished the copper address plate out of a relentless seal purse, Miss Sorrell blurted: "I want to tell you how very, very much I appreciate the Papa Jumas dolls. They are the only toys sold in Vernon that have imagination and solidity."

"Folks don't care much for them, mostly. They think I ought to carry some of these fluffy dolls."

"Parents may not appreciate them, and I suppose they're so original that children take a little time getting used to them. But my nephew loves his Jumas dolls dearly; he takes them to bed with him. We are your debtors for having introduced them."

As she dotted out, Candee was vowing: "I'm not going to have any of those Skillyoolly hussies in my place! I'm—I'll fight for the Jumas dolls! I'll make people like 'em, if it takes a leg. I don't care if I lose a thousand a year on them, or ten thousand, or ten thousand million tillion!"

IT WAS TOO LOFTY TO LAST. He reflected that he didn't like Miss Sorrell. She had a nerve to try to patronize him! He hastened to his desk. He made computations for half an hour. Candee was an irregular and temperamental cost accountant. If his general profit was sufficient he rarely tracked down the share produced by items. Now he found that, allowing for rent, overhead, and interest, his profit on Papa Jumas dolls in the last four months had been four dollars. He gasped:

"Probably could make 'em popular if I took time enough. But—four dollars! And losing a thousand a year by not handling Skillyoollys. I can't afford luxuries like that. I'm not in business for my health. I've got a wife and kids to look out for. Still, I'm making enough to keep fat and cheery on, entirely aside from the dolls. Family don't seem to be starving. I guess I can afford one luxury. I— Oh, rats!"

He reached, in fact, a sure, clear, ringing resolution that he would stock Skillyoolly dolls; that he'd be hanged if he'd stock Skillyoolly dolls; and that he would give nine dollars and forty cents if he knew whether he was going to stock them or not.

After the girls had gone out that evening he hinted to his wife: "I don't really believe I want to give up the Jumas dolls. May cost me a little profit for a while yet, but I kind of feel obligated to the poor old Frenchie, and the really wise birds—you take this Miss Sorrell, for instance—they appreciate—"

"Then you can't handle the Skillyoolly dolls?"

"Don't use that word! Skillyoolly! Ugh! Sounds like an old maid tickling a baby!"

"Now, that's all very well, to be so superior and all—and if you mean that I was an old maid when we were married—"

"Why, Nelly, such a thought nev' entered my head!"

"Well, how could I tell? You're so bound and determined to be arbitrary tonight. It's all very well to be charitable and to think about that Jumas—and I never did like him, horrid skinny old man!—and about your dolls that you're so proud of, and I still insist they're ugly; but I do think there's some folks a little nearer home that you got to show consideration for, and us going without things we need—"

"Now I guess you've got about as many clothes as anybody—"

"See here, Jimmy Candee! I'm not complaining

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about myself. I like pretty clothes, but I never was one to demand things for myself, and you know it!"

"Yes, that's true. You're sensible—"

"Well, I try to be, anyway, and I detest these wives that simply drive their husbands like they were pack-horses, but— It's the girls. Not that they're bad off. But you're like all these other men. You think because a girl has a new dancing frock once a year that she's got everything in the world. And here's Mamie crying her eyes out because she hasn't got anything to wear to the Black Bass dance, and that horrible Jason girl will show up in silver brocade or something, and Mamie thinks Win Morgan won't even look at her. Not but what she can get along. I'm not going to let you work and slave for things to put on Mamie's back. But if you're going to waste a lot of money I certainly don't see why it should go to a perfect stranger—a horrid old Frenchman that digs graves, or whatever it is—when we could use it right here at home!"

He stared at the two dolls.

"Well, of course, looking at it that way—" sighed Candee.

"Do you see?"

"Yes, but—there's a principle involved. Don't know that I can make it clear to you, but I wouldn't feel as if I was doing my job honestly if I sold a lot of rubbish."

"Rubbish? Rubbish? If there's any rubbish it isn't those darling Skilloolly dolls; but those wretched, angular Jumas things! But if you've made up your mind to be stubborn— And of course I'm not supposed to know anything about business! I merely scrimp and save and economize and do the marketing!"

She flapped the pages of her magazine and ignored him. All evening she was patient. It was hard to endure patience, and Candee was shaken. He was fond of his wife. Her refusal to support his shaky desire to "do his job honestly" left him forlorn, outside the door of her comfortable affection.

"Oh, I suppose I better be sensible," he said to himself, seventy or eighty times.

He was taking the Skillyoolly contract out of his desk as a cyclone entered the shop, a cyclone in brown velvet, white hair, and the best hat in Vernon—Mrs. Gerard Randall. Candee went rejoicing to the battle. He was a salesman. He was an artist, a scientist, and the harder the problem the better. Mechanically handing out quires of notepaper to customers who took whatever he suggested bored Candee as it would bore an exhibition aviator to drive a tractor. But selling to Mrs. Randall was not a bore. She was the eternal dowager, the dictator of Vernon society, rich and penurious and overwhelming.

He beamed upon her. He treacherously looked mild. He seemed edified by her snort:

"I want a penholder for my desk that won't look like a beastly schoolroom pen."

"Then you want a quill pen in mauve or a sea-foam green." Mrs. Randall was going to buy a quill pen, or she was going to die—or he was.

"I certainly do not want a quill pen, either mauve or pea-green or sky-blue beige! Quill pens are an abomination, and they wiggle when you're writing, and they're disgustingly common."

"My pens don't wiggle. They have patent grips—"

"Nonsense!"

"Well, shall we look at some other kinds?"

He placidly laid out an atrocious penholder of mother-of-pearl and streaky brass which had infested the shop for years.

"Horrible! Victorian! Certainly not!"

He displayed a nickel penholder stamped, "Souvenir of Vernon," a brittle, red wooden holder with a cork grip.

"They're terrible!" wailed Mrs. Randall.

She sounded defenseless. He flashed before her eyes the best quill in the shop, crisp, firm, tinted a faint rose.

"Well," she said, feebly. She held it, wabbled it, wrote a sentence in the agitated air. "But it wouldn't go with my desk set," she attempted.

He brought out a desk set of seal-brown enamel, and in the bowl of shot he thrust the rose quill.

"How did you remember what my desk set was like?"

"Ah! Could one forget?" He did not look meek now; he looked insulting and cheerful.

"Oh, drat the man! I'll take it. But I don't want you to think for one moment that I'd stand being bullied this way if I weren't in a hurry."

He grinned. He resolved, "I'm going to make the ol' dragon buy three Jumas dolls—no, six! Mrs. Randall, I know you're in a rush, but I want you to look at something that will interest you."

"I suppose you're going to tell me that 'we're finding this line very popular,' whatever it is. I don't want it."

"Quite the contrary. I want you to see these because they haven't gone well at all."

"Then why should I be interested?"

"Ah, Mrs. Randall, if Mrs. Randall were interested, everybody else would have to be."

"Stop being sarcastic, if you don't mind. That's my own province." She was glaring at him, but she was following him to the back of the shop.

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He chirped: "I believe you buy your toys for your grandchildren at the Bazaar. But I want to show you something they'll really like." He was holding up a Gothic princess, turning her lanky magnificence round and round. As Mrs. Randall made an "aah" sound in her throat, he protested. "Wait! You're wrong. They're not ugly; they're a new kind of beauty."

"Beauty! Arty! Tea-roomy!"

"Not at all. Children love 'em. I'm so dead sure of it that I want— Let's see. You have three grandchildren. I want to send each of them two Papa Jumas dolls. I'll guarantee— No. Wait! I'll guarantee the children won't care for them at first. Don't say anything about the dolls, but just leave 'em around the nursery and watch. Inside of two weeks you'll find the children so crazy about 'em they won't go to bed without 'em. I'll send 'em up to your daughter's house, and when you get around to it you can decide whether you want to pay me or not."

"Humph! You are very eloquent. But I can't stand here all day. Ask one of your young women to wrap up four or five of these things and put them in my car. And put them on my bill. I can't be bothered with trying to remember to pay you. Good day!"

While he sat basking at his desk he remembered the words of the severe schoolmistress, Miss Sorrell, "Only toys in Vernon that have imagination and solidity."

"People like that, with brains, they're the kind. I'm not going to be a popcorn-and-lemonade seller. Skillyoolly dolls! Any ten-year-old boy could introduce those to a lot of sentimental females. Takes a real salesman to talk Jumas dolls. And— If I could only get Nelly to understand!"

Alternately triumphant and melancholy, he put on his hat, trying the effect in the little crooked mirror over the water cooler, and went out to the Boosters' Club weekly lunch.

"How do we know the Skillyoollys would sell?"

Sometimes the Boosters' lunches were given over to speeches; sometimes they were merry and noisy; and when they were noisy Candee was the noisiest. But he was silent today. He sat at the long table beside Darbin, the ice-cream manufacturer, and when Darbin chuckled invitingly, "Well, you old Bolshevik, what's the latest junk you're robbing folks for?" Candee's answer was feeble.

"That's all right, now! 'S good stuff."

He looked down the line of the Boosters—men engaged in electrotyping and roofing, real estate and cigar making; certified accountants and teachers and city officials. He noted Oscar Sunderquist, the young surgeon.

He considered: "I suppose they're all going through the same thing—quick turnover on junk *versus* building up something permanent, and maybe taking a loss; anyway, taking a chance. Huh! Sounds so darn ridiculously easy when you put it that way. Of course a regular fellow would build up the long-time trade and kick out cheap stuff. Only—not so easy to chase away a thousand or ten thousand dollars when it comes right up and tags you. Oh, gee! I dunno! I wish you'd quit fussing like a schoolgirl, Brother Candee. I'm going to cut it out." By way of illustrating which he turned to his friend Darbin. "Frank, I'm worried. I want some advice. Will it bother you if I weep on your shoulder?"

"Go to it! Shoot! Anything I can do—"

He tried to make clear to Darbin how involved was a choice between Papa Jumas and the scent pots of the Skillyoolly. Darbin interrupted.

"Is that all that ails you? Cat's sake! What the deuce difference does it make which kind of dolls you handle? Of course you'll pick the kind that brings in the most money. I certainly wouldn't worry about the old Frenchman. I always did think those Jumas biznai were kind of freakish."

"Then you don't think it matters?"

"Why, certainly not! Jimmy, you're a good business man some ways. You're a hustler. But you always were erratic. Business isn't any jazz-band dance. You got to look at these things in a practical way. Say, come on; the president's going to make a spiel. Kid him along and get him going."

"Don't feel much like kidding."

"I'll tell you what I think's the matter with you, Jimmy; your liver's on the bum."

"Maybe you're right," croaked Candee. He did not hear the president's announcement of the coming clambake. He was muttering, in an injured way: "Damn it! Damn it! Damn it!"

He was walking back to the shop. He didn't want to go back; he didn't care whether Miss Cogerty was selling any of the *écrasé* sewing baskets or not. He was repeating Darbin's disgusted: "What difference does it make? Why all the fuss?"

"At most I'd lose a thousand a year. I wouldn't starve. This little decision—nobody cares a hang. I was a fool to speak to Nelly and Darbin. Now they'll be watching me. Well, I'm not going to let 'em think I'm an erratic fool. Ten words of approval from a crank like that Sorrell woman is a pretty thin return for years of work. Yes, I'll—I'll be sensible."

He spent the late afternoon in furiously re-arranging the table of vases and candlesticks. "Exercise, that's what I need, not all this grousing around," he said. But when he went home he had, without ever officially

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admitting it to himself that he was doing it, thrust a Jumas doll and a Skillyoolly into his pocket, and these, in the absence of his wife, he hid beneath his bed on the sleeping porch. With his wife he had a strenuous and entirely imaginary conversation:

"Why did I bring them home? Because I wanted to. I don't see any need of explaining my motives. I don't intend to argue about this in any way, shape, manner, or form!" He looked at himself in the mirror, with admiration for the firmness, strength of character, iron will, and numerous other virtues revealed in his broad nose and square—also plump—chin. It is true that his wife came in and caught him at it, and that he pretended to be examining his bald spot. It is true that he listened mildly to her reminder that for two weeks now he hadn't rubbed any of the sulphur stuff on his head. But he marched downstairs—behind her—with an imperial tread. He had solved his worry! Somehow, he was going to work it all out.

Just how he was going to work it out he did not state. That detail might be left till after dinner.

He did not again think of the dolls hidden beneath his bed till he had dived under the blanket. Cursing a little, he crawled out and set them on the rail of the sleeping porch.

He awoke, suddenly and sharply, at sun-up. He heard a voice—surely not his own—snarling: "Nobody is going to help you. If you want to go on looking for a magic way out—go right on looking. You won't find it!"

He stared at the two dolls. The first sunlight was on the Skillyoolly object, and in that intolerant glare he saw that her fluffy dress was sewed on with cheap thread which would break at the first rough handling. Suddenly he was out of bed, pounding the unfortunate Skillyoolly on the rail, smashing her simpering face, wrenching apart her ill-jointed limbs, tearing her gay chiffon. He was dashing into the bedroom, waking his bewildered wife with:

"Nelly! Nelly! Get up! No, it's all right. But it's time for breakfast."

She foggily looked at her wrist watch on the bedside table, and complained, "Why, it isn't but six o'clock!"

"I know it, but we're going to do a stunt. D'you realize we haven't had breakfast just by ourselves and had a chance to really talk since last summer? Come on! You fry an egg and I'll start the percolator!"

"Well," patiently, reaching for her dressing gown.

While Candee, his shrunken bathrobe flapping about his shins, excitedly put the percolator together and attached it to the baseboard plug, leaving out nothing but the coffee, he chattered of the Boosters' Club.

As they sat down he crowed: "Nelly, we're going to throw some gas in the ol' car and run down to Chicago and back, next week. How's that?"

"That would be very nice," agreed Mrs. Candee.

"And we're going to start reading aloud again, evenings, instead of all this doggone double solitaire."

"That would be fine."

"Oh, and by the way, I've finally made up my mind. I'm not going to mess up my store with that Skillyoolly stuff. Going to keep on with the Jumas dolls, but push 'em harder."

"Well, if you really think—"

"And, uh— Gee! I certainly feel great this morning. Feel like a million dollars. What say we have another fried egg?"

"I think that might be nice," said Mrs. Candee, who had been married for nineteen years.

"Sure you don't mind about the Skillyoolly dolls?"

"Why, no, not if you know what you want. And that reminds me! How terrible of me to forget! When you ran over to the Jasons' last evening, the Skillyoolly salesman telephoned the house—he'd just come to town. He asked me if you were going to take the agency, and I told him no. Of course I've known all along that you weren't. But hasn't it been interesting, thinking it all out? I'm so glad you've been firm."

"Well, when I've gone into a thing thoroughly I like to smash it right through. . . . Now you take Frank Darbin; makes me tired the way he's fussing and stewing, trying to find out whether he wants to buy a house in Rosebank or not. So you—you told the Skillyoolly salesman no? I just wonder— Gee! I kind of hate to give up the chance of the Skillyoolly market! What do you think?"

"But it's all settled now."

"Then I suppose there's no use fussing— I tell you; I mean a fellow wants to look at a business deal from all sides. See how I mean?"

"That's so," said Mrs. Candee, admiringly. As with a commanding step he went to the kitchen to procure another fried egg she sighed to herself, "Such a dear boy—and yet such a forceful man."

Candee ran in from the kitchen. In one hand was an egg, in the other the small frying-pan. "Besides," he shouted, "how do we know the Skillyoollys would necessarily sell so darn well? You got to take everything like that into consideration, and then decide and stick to it. See how I mean?"

"That's so," said Mrs. Candee.

Check

THE NIGHT was creeping on the ground;
She crept and did not make a sound
Until she reached the tree, and then
She covered it, and stole again
Along the grass beside the wall.
I heard the rustle of her shawl
As she threw blackness everywhere
Upon the sky and ground and air,
And in the room where I was hid:
But no matter what she did
To everything that was without,
She could not put my candle out.
So I stared at the night, and she
Stared back solemnly at me.

JAMES STEPHENS.

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By ANTON P. CHEKHOV

Translated by Constance Garnett

The Kiss

Woodcuts by
Charles R. Gardner

AT EIGHT O'CLOCK on the evening of the twentieth of May all the six batteries of the N——— Reserve Artillery Brigade halted for the night in the village of Myestetchki on their way to camp. When the general commotion was at its height, while some officers were busily occupied around the guns, while others, gathered together in the square near the church enclosure, were listening to the quartermasters, a man in civilian dress, riding a strange horse, came into sight round the church. The little dun-coloured horse with a good neck and a short tail came, moving not straight forward, but as it were sideways, with a sort of dance step, as though it were being lashed about the legs. When he reached the officers, the man on the horse took off his hat and said:

"His Excellency Lieutenant-General von Rabbek invites the gentlemen to drink tea with him this minute. . . ."

The horse turned, danced, and retired sideways; the messenger raised his hat once more, and in an instant disappeared with his strange horse behind the church.

"What the devil does it mean?" grumbled some of the officers, dispersing to their quarters. "One is sleepy, and here this Von Rabbek with his tea! We know what tea means."

The officers of all the six batteries remembered vividly an incident of the previous year, when during maneuvers they, together with the officer of a Cossack regiment, were in the same way invited to tea by a count who had an estate in the neighbourhood and was a retired army officer: the hospitable and genial count made much of them, fed them, and gave them drink, refused to let them go to their quarters in the village and made them stay the night. All that, of course, was very nice—nothing better could be desired, but the worst of it was, the old army officer was so carried away by the pleasure of the young men's company that till sunrise he was telling the officers anecdotes of his glorious past, taking them over the house, showing them expensive pictures, old engravings, rare guns, reading them autograph letters from great people, while the weary and exhausted officers looked and listened, longing for their beds and yawning in their sleeves; when at last their host let them go, it was too late for sleep.

Might not this Von Rabbek be just such another? Whether he were or not, there was no help for it. The officers changed their uniforms, brushed themselves, and went all together in search of the gentleman's house. In the square by the church they were told they could get to His Excellency's by the lower path—going down behind the church to the river, going along the bank to the garden, and there an avenue would take them to the house; or by the upper way—straight from the church by the road which, half a mile from the village, led right up to His Excellency's granaries. The officers decided to go by the upper way.

"What Von Rabbek is it?" they wondered on the way. "Surely not the one who was in command of the N—— cavalry division at Plevna?"

"No, that was not Von Rabbek, but simply Rabbe and no 'von.'"

"What lovely weather!"

At the first of the granaries the road divided in two: one branch went straight on and vanished in the evening darkness, the other led to the owner's house on the right. The officers turned to the right and began to speak more softly. . . . On both sides of the road stretched stone granaries with red roofs, heavy and sullen-looking, very much like barracks of a district town. Ahead of them gleamed the windows of the manor-house.

"A good omen, gentlemen," said one of the officers. "Our setter is the foremost of all; no doubt he scents game ahead of us! . . ."

Lieutenant Lobytko, who was walking in front, a tall and stalwart fellow, though entirely without mustache (he was over five-and-twenty, yet for some reason there was no sign of hair on his round, well-fed face), renowned in the brigade for his peculiar faculty for divining the presence of women at a distance, turned round and said:

"Yes, there must be women here; I feel that by instinct."

On the threshold the officers were met by Von Rabbek himself, a comely looking man of sixty in civilian dress. Shaking hands with his guests, he said that he was very glad and happy to see them, but begged them earnestly for God's sake to excuse him for not asking them to stay the night; two sisters with their children, some brothers, and some neighbours had come on a visit to him, so that he had not one spare room left.

The General shook hands with everyone, made his apologies, and smiled, but it was evident by his face that he was by no means so delighted as their last year's count, and that he had invited the officers simply because, in his opinion, it was a social obligation to do so. And the officers themselves, as they walked up the softly carpeted stairs, as they listened to him, felt that they had been invited to this house simply because it would have been awkward not to invite them; and at the sight of the footmen, who

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hastened to light the lamps in the entrance below and in the anteroom above, they began to feel as though they had brought uneasiness and discomfort into the house with them. In a house in which two sisters and their children, brothers, and neighbours were gathered together, probably on account of some family festivity, or event, how could the presence of nineteen unknown officers possibly be welcome?

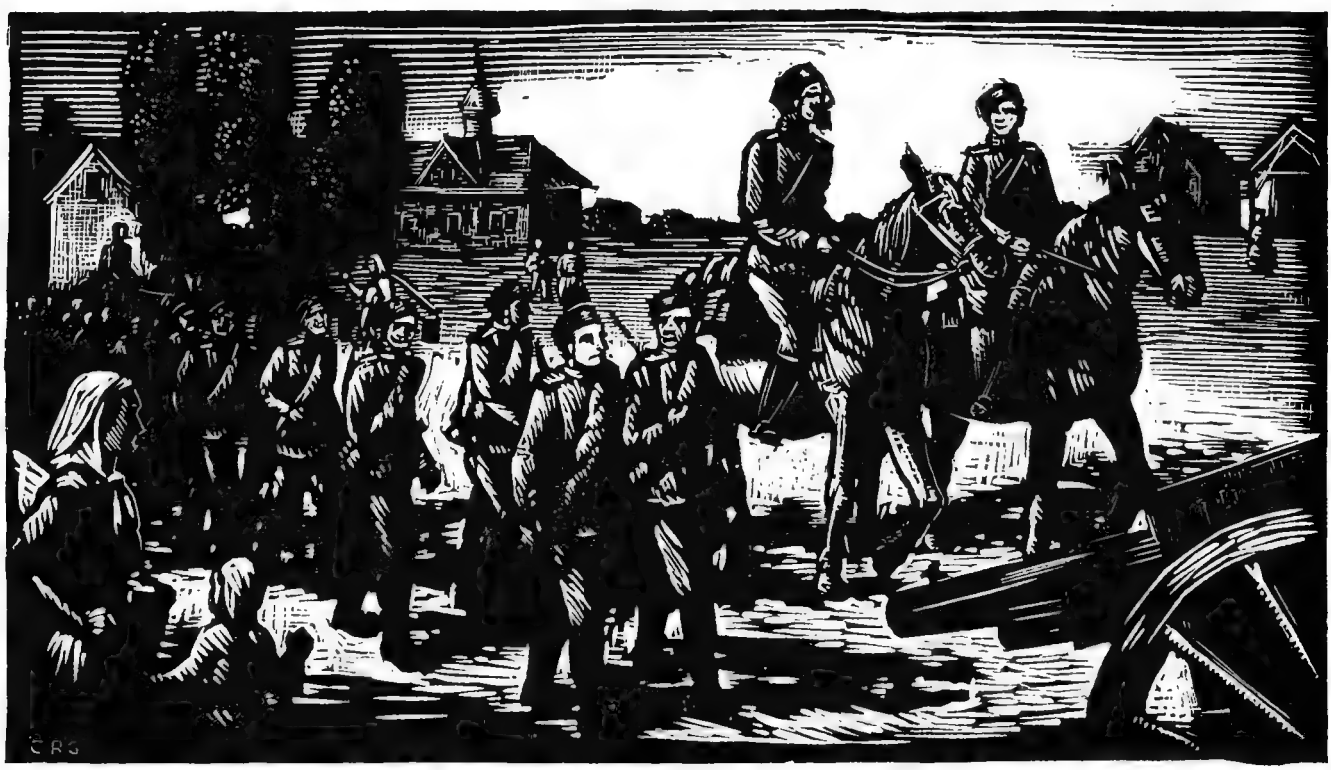
At the entrance to the drawing-room the officers were met by a tall, graceful old lady with black eyebrows and a long face, very much like the Empress Eugénie. Smiling graciously and majestically, she said she was glad and happy to see her guests, and apologized that her husband and she were on this occasion unable to invite *messieurs les officiers* to stay the night. From her beautiful, majestic smile, which instantly vanished from her face every time she turned away from her guests, it was evident that she had seen numbers of officers in her day, that she was in no humour for them now, and if she invited them to her house and apologized for not doing more, it was only because her breeding and position in society required it of her.

When the officers went into the big dining-room, there were about a dozen people, men and ladies, young and old, sitting at tea at the end of a long table. A group of men was dimly visible behind their chairs, wrapped in a haze of cigar smoke; and in the midst of them stood a lanky young man with red whiskers, talking loudly, with a lisp, in English. Through a door beyond the group could be seen a light room with pale blue furniture.

"Gentlemen, there are so many of you that it is impossible to introduce you all!" said the General in a loud voice, trying to sound very cheerful. "Make each other's acquaintance, please, without ceremony!"

The officers—some with very serious and even stern faces, others with forced smiles, and all feeling extremely awkward—somehow made their bows and sat down to tea.

The most ill at ease of them all was Ryabovitch—a little officer in spectacles, with sloping shoulders, and whiskers like a lynx's. While some of his comrades assumed a serious expression, while others wore forced smiles, his face, his lynx-like whiskers, and spectacles seemed to say: "I am the shyest, most modest, and most undistinguished officer in the whole brigade!" At first, on going into the room and sitting down to the table, he could not fix his attention on any one face or object. The faces, the dresses, the cut-glass decanters of brandy, the steam from the glasses, the moulded cornices—all blended in one general impression that inspired in Ryabovitch alarm and a desire to hide his head. Like a lecturer making his first appearance before the public, he saw everything that was before his eyes, but apparently had only a dim understanding of it (among physiologists this condition, when the subject sees but does not understand, is called psychical blindness). After a little while, growing accustomed to his surroundings, Ryabovitch saw clearly and began to observe. As a shy man, unused to society, what struck him first was that in which he had always been deficient—namely, the extraordinary boldness of his new acquaintances. Von Rabbek, his wife, two elderly ladies, a young lady in a lilac dress, and the young man with the red whiskers, who was, it appeared, a younger son of Von Rabbek, very cleverly, as though they had rehearsed it beforehand, took seats between the officers, and at once got up a heated discussion in which the visitors could not help taking part. The lilac young lady hotly asserted that the artillery had a much better time than the cavalry and the infantry, while Von



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Rabbek and the elderly ladies maintained the opposite. A brisk interchange of talk followed. Ryabovitch watched the lilac young lady who argued so hotly about what was unfamiliar and utterly uninteresting to her, and watched artificial smiles come and go on her face.

Von Rabbek and his family skilfully drew the officers into the discussion, and meanwhile kept a sharp lookout over their glasses and mouths, to see whether all of them were drinking, whether all had enough sugar, why some one was not eating cakes or not drinking brandy. And the longer Ryabovitch watched and listened, the more he was attracted by this insincere but splendidly disciplined family.

After tea the officers went into the drawing-room. Lieutenant Lobytko's instinct had not deceived him. There were a great number of girls and young married ladies. The "setter" lieutenant was soon standing by a very young, fair girl in a black dress, and, bending down to her jauntily, as though leaning on an unseen sword, smiled and shrugged his shoulders coquettishly. He probably talked very interesting nonsense, for the fair girl looked at his well-fed face condescendingly and asked indifferently, "Really?" And from that uninterested "Really?" the setter, had he been intelligent, might have concluded that she would never call him to heel.

The piano struck up; the melancholy strains of a *valse* floated out of the wide-open windows, and everyone, for some reason, remembered that it was spring, a May evening. Everyone was conscious of the fragrance of roses, of lilac, and of the young leaves of the poplar. Ryabovitch, in whom the brandy he had drunk made itself felt, under the influence of the music stole a glance towards the window, smiled, and began watching the movements of the women, and it seemed to him that the smell of roses, of poplars, and lilac came not from the garden, but from the ladies' faces and dresses.

Von Rabbek's son invited a scraggy-looking young lady to dance, and waltzed round the room twice with her. Lobytko, gliding over the parquet floor, flew up to the lilac young lady and whirled her away. Dancing began.... Ryabovitch stood near the door among those who were not dancing, and looked on. He had never once danced in his whole life, and he had never once in his life put his arm round the waist of a respectable woman. He was highly delighted that a man should, in the sight of all, take a girl he did not know round the waist and offer her his shoulder to put her hand on, but he could not imagine himself in the position of such a man. There were times when he envied the boldness and swagger of his companions and was inwardly wretched; the consciousness that he was timid, that he was round-shouldered and uninteresting, that he had a long waist and lynx-like whiskers, had deeply mortified him, but with years he had grown used to this feeling, and now, looking at his comrades dancing or loudly talking, he no longer envied them, but only felt touched and mournful.

When the quadrille began, young Von Rabbek came up to those who were not dancing and invited two officers to have a game at billiards. The officers accepted and went with him out of the drawing-room. Ryabovitch, having nothing to do and wishing to take part in the general movement, slouched after them. From the big drawing-room they went into the little drawing-room, then into a narrow corridor with a glass roof, and thence into a room in which on their entrance three sleepy-looking footmen jumped up quickly from the sofa. At last, after passing through a long succession of rooms, young Von Rabbek and the officers came into a small room where there was a billiard-table. They began to play.

Ryabovitch, who had never played any game but cards, stood near the billiard-table and looked indifferently at the players, while they in unbuttoned coats, with cues in their hands, stepped about, made puns, and kept shouting out unintelligible words.

The players took no notice of him, and only now and then one of them, shoving him with his elbow or accidentally touching him with the end of his cue, would turn round and say "Pardon!" Before the first game was over he was weary of it, and began to feel he was not wanted and in the way.... He felt disposed to return to the drawing-room, and he went out.

On his way back he met with a little adventure. When he had gone half-way he noticed he had taken a wrong turning. He distinctly remembered that he ought to meet three sleepy footmen on his way, but he had passed five or six rooms, and those sleepy figures seemed to have vanished into the earth. Noticing his mistake, he walked back a little way and turned to the right; he found himself in a little dark room which he had not seen on his way to the billiard-room. After standing there a little while, he resolutely opened the first door that met his eyes and walked into an absolutely dark room. Straight in front could be seen the crack in the doorway through which there was a gleam of vivid light; from the other side of the door came the muffled sound of a melancholy mazurka. Here, too, as in the drawing-room, the windows were wide open and there was a smell of poplars, lilac, and roses...

Ryabovitch stood still in hesitation.... At that moment, to his surprise, he heard hurried footsteps and the rustling of a dress, a breathless feminine voice whispered "At last!" And two soft, fragrant, unmistakably feminine arms were clasped about his neck; a warm cheek was pressed to his cheek, and simultaneously there was the sound of a kiss. But at once the bestower of the kiss uttered a faint shriek and skipped back from him, as it seemed to Ryabovitch, with aversion. He, too, almost shrieked, and rushed towards the gleam of light at the door....

When he went back into the drawing-room his heart was beating and his hands were trembling so noticeably that he made haste to hide them behind his back. At first he was tormented by shame and dread that the whole drawing-room knew he had just been kissed and embraced by a woman. He shrank into himself and looked uneasily about him, but as he became convinced that people were dancing and talking as calmly as ever, he gave himself up entirely to the new sensation which he had never experienced before in his life. Something strange was happening to him.... His neck, round which soft, fragrant arms had so lately

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been clasped, seemed to him to be anointed with oil; on his left cheek near his mustache where the unknown had kissed him there was a faint chilly tingling sensation as from peppermint drops, and the more he rubbed the place the more distinct was the chilly sensation; all over, from head to foot, he was full of a strange new feeling which grew stronger and stronger. . . . He wanted to dance, to talk, to run into the garden, to laugh aloud. . . . He quite forgot that he was round-shouldered and uninteresting, that he had lynx-like whiskers and an "undistinguished appearance" (that was how his appearance had been described by some ladies whose conversation he had accidentally overheard). When Von Rabbek's wife happened to pass by him, he gave her such a broad and friendly smile that she stood still and looked at him inquiringly.

"I like your house immensely!" he said, setting his spectacles straight.

The General's wife smiled and said that the house had belonged to her father; then she asked whether his parents were living, whether he had long been in the army, why he was so thin, and so on. . . . After receiving answers to her questions, she went on, and after his conversation with her his smiles were more friendly than ever, and he thought he was surrounded by splendid people. . . .

At supper Ryabovitch ate mechanically everything offered him, drank, and without listening to anything, tried to understand what had just happened to him. . . . The adventure was of a mysterious and romantic character, but it was not difficult to explain it. No doubt some girl or young married lady had arranged a tryst with some one in the dark room; had waited a long time, and being nervous and excited had taken Ryabovitch for her hero; this was the more probable as Ryabovitch had stood still hesitating in the dark room, so that he, too, had seemed like a person expecting something. . . . This was how Ryabovitch explained to himself the kiss he had received.

"And who is she?" he wondered, looking round at the women's faces. "She must be young, for elderly ladies don't give rendezvous. That she was a lady, one could tell by the rustle of her dress, her perfume, her voice. . . ."

His eyes rested on the lilac young lady, and he thought her very attractive; she had beautiful shoulders and arms, a clever face, and a delightful voice. Ryabovitch, looking at her, hoped that she and no one else was his unknown. . . . But she laughed somehow artificially and wrinkled up her long nose, which seemed to him to make her look old. Then he turned his eyes upon the fair girl in a black dress. She was younger, simpler, and more genuine, had a charming brow, and drank very daintily out of her wineglass. Ryabovitch now hoped that it was she. But soon he began to think her face flat, and fixed his eyes upon the one next her.

"It's difficult to guess," he thought, musing. "If one takes the shoulders and arms of the lilac one only, adds the brow of the fair one and the eyes of the one on the left of Lobytko, then . . ."

He made a combination of these things in his mind and so formed the image of the girl who had kissed him, the image that he wanted her to have, but could not find at the table. . . .

After supper, replete and exhilarated, the officers began to take leave and say "thank you." Von Rabbek and his wife again began apologizing that they could not ask them to stay the night.

"Very, very glad to have met you, gentlemen," said Von Rabbek, and this time sincerely (probably because people are far more sincere and good-humoured at speeding their parting guests than on meeting them). "Delighted. I hope you will come on your way back! Don't stand on ceremony! Where are you going? Do you want to go by the upper way? No, go across the garden; it's nearer here by the lower way."

The officers went out into the garden. After the bright light and the noise the garden seemed very dark and quiet. They walked in silence all the way to the gate. They were a little drunk, pleased, and in good spirits, but the darkness and silence made them thoughtful for a minute. Probably the same idea occurred to each one of them as to Ryabovitch: would there ever come a time for them when, like Von Rabbek, they would have a large house, a family, a garden—when they, too, would be able to welcome people, even though insincerely, feed them, make them drunk and contented?

Going out of the garden gate, they all began talking at once and laughing loudly about nothing. They were walking now along the little path that led down to the river, and then ran along the water's edge, winding round the bushes on the bank, the pools, and the willows that overhung the water. The bank and the path were scarcely visible, and the other bank was entirely plunged in darkness. Stars were reflected here and there on the dark water; they quivered and were broken up on the surface—and from that alone it could be seen that the river was flowing rapidly. It was still. Drowsy curlews cried plaintively on the farther bank, and in one of the bushes on the nearest side a nightingale was trilling loudly, taking no notice of the crowd of officers. The officers stood round the bush, touched it, but the nightingale went on singing.

"What a fellow!" they exclaimed approvingly. "We stand beside him and he takes not a bit of notice! What a rascal!"

At the end of the way the path went uphill, and, skirting the church enclosure, turned into the road. Here the officers, tired with walking uphill, sat down and lighted their cigarettes. On the other side of the river a murky red fire came into sight, and having nothing better to do, they spent a long time in discussing whether it was a camp fire or a light in a window, or something else. . . . Ryabovitch, too, looked at the light, and he fancied that the light looked and winked at him, as though it knew about the kiss.

On reaching his quarters, Ryabovitch undressed as quickly as possible and got into bed. Lobytko and Lieutenant Merzlyakov—a peaceable, silent fellow, who was considered in his own circle a highly educated officer, and was always, whenever it was possible, reading the *Vyestnik Evropi*, which he carried

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"Make each other's acquaintance, please, without ceremony."

about with him everywhere—were quartered in the same hut with Ryabovitch. Lobytko undressed, walked up and down the room for a long while with the air of a man who has not been satisfied, and sent his orderly for beer. Merzlyakov got into bed, put a candle by his pillow and plunged into reading the *Vyestnik Evropi.*

"Who was she?" Ryabovitch wondered, looking at the smoky ceiling.

His neck still felt as though it had been anointed with oil, and there was still the chilly sensation near his mouth as though from peppermint drops. The shoulders and arms of the young lady in lilac, the brow and the truthful eyes of the fair girl in black, waists, dresses, and brooches, floated through his imagination. He tried to fix his attention on these images, but they danced about, broke up and flickered. When these images vanished altogether from the broad dark background which every man sees when he closes his eyes, he began to hear hurried footsteps, the rustle of skirts, the sound of a kiss, and—an intense groundless joy took possession of him. . . . Abandoning himself to this joy, he heard the orderly return and announce that there was no beer. Lobytko was terribly indignant, and began pacing up and down again.

"Well, isn't he an idiot?" he kept saying, stopping first before Ryabovitch and then before Merzlyakov. "What a fool and a dummy a man must be not to get hold of any beer! Eh? Isn't he a scoundrel?"

"Of course, you can't get beer here," said Merzlyakov, not removing his eyes from the *Vyestnik Evropi.*

"Oh! Is that your opinion?" Lobytko persisted. "Lord have mercy upon us, if you dropped me on the moon I'd find you beer and women directly! I'll go and find some at once. . . . You may call me an impostor if I don't!"

He spent a long time in dressing and pulling on his high boots, then finished smoking his cigarette in silence and went out.

"Rabbek, Grabbek, Labbek," he muttered, stopping in the outer room. "I don't care to go alone, damn it all! Ryabovitch, wouldn't you like to go for a walk? Eh?"

Receiving no answer, he returned, slowly undressed and got into bed. Merzlyakov sighed, put the *Vyestnik Evropi* away, and put out the light.

"H'm! . . ." muttered Lobytko, lighting a cigarette in the dark.

Ryabovitch pulled the bedclothes over his head, curled himself up in bed, and tried to gather together the floating images in his mind and to combine them into one whole. But nothing came of it. He soon fell asleep, and his last thought was that some one had caressed him and made him happy—that something extraordinary, foolish, but joyful and delightful, had come into his life. The thought did not leave him even in his sleep.

When he woke up, the sensations of oil on his neck and the chill of peppermint about his lips had gone, but joy flooded his heart just as the day before. He looked enthusiastically at the window-frames, gilded by the light of the rising sun, and listened to the movement of the passers-by in the street. People were talking loudly close to the window. Lebedetsky, the commander of Ryabovitch's battery, who had only recently taken over the brigade, was talking to his sergeant at the top of his voice, being always accustomed to shout.

"What else?" shouted the commander.

"When they were shoeing yesterday, your high nobility, they drove a nail into Pigeon's hoof. The vet. put on clay and vinegar; they are leading him apart now. And also, your honour, Artemyev got drunk yesterday, and the lieutenant ordered him to be put in the limber of a spare gun-carriage."

The sergeant reported that Karpov had forgotten the new cords for the trumpets and the rings for the tents, and that their honours, the officers, had spent the previous evening visiting General von Rabbek. In the middle of this conversation the red-bearded face of Lebedetsky appeared in the window. He screwed up his short-sighted eyes, looking at the sleepy faces of the officers, and said good-morning to them.

"Is everything all right?" he asked.

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"One of the horses has a sore neck from the new collar," answered Lobytko, yawning.

The commander sighed, thought a moment, and said in a loud voice:

"I am thinking of going to see Alexandra Yevgrafovna. I must call on her. Well, good-by. I shall catch you up in the evening."

A QUARTER OF AN HOUR later the brigade set off on its way. When it was moving along the road by the granaries, Ryabovitch looked at the house on the right. The blinds were down in all the windows. Evidently the household was still asleep. The one who had kissed Ryabovitch the day before was asleep, too. He tried to imagine her asleep. The wide-open windows of the bedroom, the green branches peeping in, the morning freshness, the scent of the poplars, lilac, and roses, the bed, a chair, and on it the skirts that had rustled the day before, the little slippers, the little watch on the table—all this he pictured to himself clearly and distinctly, but the features of the face, the sweet sleepy smile, just what was characteristic and important, slipped through his imagination like quicksilver through the fingers. When he had ridden on half a mile, he looked back: the yellow church, the house, and the river, were all bathed in light; the river with its bright green banks, with the blue sky reflected in it and glints of silver in the sunshine here and there, was very beautiful. Ryabovitch gazed for the last time at Myestetchki, and he felt as sad as though he were parting with something near and dear to him.

And before him on the road lay nothing but long familiar, uninteresting pictures. . . . To right and to left, fields of young rye and buckwheat with rooks hopping about in them. If one looked ahead, one saw dust and the backs of men's heads; if one looked back, one saw the same dust and faces. . . . Foremost of all marched four men with sabers—this was the vanguard. Next, behind, the crowd of singers, and behind them the trumpeters on horseback. The vanguard and the chorus of singers, like torch-bearers in a funeral procession, often forgot to keep the regulation distance and pushed a long way ahead. . . . Ryabovitch was with the first cannon of the fifth battery. He could see all the four batteries moving in front of him. For anyone not a military man this long tedious procession of a moving brigade seems an intricate and unintelligible muddle; one cannot understand why there are so many people round one cannon, and why it is drawn by so many horses in such a strange network of harness, as though it really were so terrible and heavy. To Ryabovitch it was all perfectly comprehensible and therefore uninteresting. He had known for ever so long why at the head of each battery there rode a stalwart bombardier, and why he was called a bombardier; immediately behind this bombardier could be seen the horsemen of the first and then of the middle units. Ryabovitch knew that the horses on which they rode, those on the left, were called one name, with those on the right were called another—it was extremely uninteresting. Behind the horsemen came two shaft-horses. On one of them sat a rider with the dust of yesterday on his back and a clumsy and funny-looking piece of wood on his leg. Ryabovitch knew the object of this piece of wood, and did not think it funny. All the riders waved their whips mechanically and shouted from time to time. The cannon itself was ugly. On the fore part lay sacks of oats covered with canvas, and the cannon itself was hung all over with kettles, soldiers' knapsacks, bags, and looked like some small harmless animal surrounded for some unknown reason by men and horses. To the leeward of it marched six men, the gunners, swinging their arms. After the cannon there came again more bombardiers, riders, shaft-horses, and behind them another cannon, as ugly and unimpressive as the first. After the second followed a third, a fourth; near the fourth an officer, and so on. There were six batteries in all in the brigade, and four cannons in each battery. The procession covered half a mile; it ended in a string of wagons near which an extremely attractive creature—the ass, Magar, brought by a battery commander from Turkey—paced pensively with his long-eared head drooping.

Ryabovitch looked indifferently before and behind, at the backs of heads and at faces; at any other time he would have been half asleep, but now he was entirely absorbed in his new agreeable thoughts. At first when the brigade was setting off on the march he tried to persuade himself that the incident of the kiss could be interesting only as a mysterious little adventure, that it was in reality trivial, and to think of it seriously was stupid, to say the least; but now he bade farewell to logic and gave himself up to dreams. . . . At one moment he imagined himself in Von Rabbek's drawing-room beside a girl who was like the young lady in lilac and the fair girl in black; then he would close his eyes and see himself with another, entirely unknown girl, whose features were very vague. In his imagination he talked, caressed her, leaned on her shoulder, pictured war, separation, then meeting again, supper with his wife, children. . . .

"Brakes on!" the word of command rang out every time they went downhill.

He, too, shouted "Brakes on!" and was afraid this shout would disturb his reverie and bring him back to reality. . . .

AS THEY PASSED BY some landowner's estate Ryabovitch looked over the fence into the garden. A long avenue, straight as a ruler, strewn with yellow sand and bordered with young birch-trees, met his eyes. . . . With the eagerness of a man given up to dreaming, he pictured to himself little feminine feet tripping along yellow sand, and quite unexpectedly had a clear vision in his imagination of the girl who had kissed him and whom he had succeeded in picturing to himself the evening before at supper. This image remained in his brain and did not desert him again.

At midday there was a shout in the rear near the string of wagons:

"Easy! Eyes to the left! Officers!"

The general of the brigade drove by in a carriage with a pair of white horses. He stopped near the second battery, and shouted something which no one understood. Several officers, among them Ryabovitch, galloped up to them.

"Well?" asked the general; "Are there any sick?"

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Receiving an answer, the general, a little skinny man, chewed, thought for a moment and said, addressing one of the officers:

"One of your drivers of the third cannon has taken off his leg-guard and hung it on the fore part of the cannon, the rascal. Reprimand him."

He raised his eyes to Ryabovitch and went on:

"It seems to me your front strap is too long."

Making a few other tedious remarks, the general looked at Lobytko and grinned.

"You look very melancholy today, Lieutenant Lobytko," he said. "Are you pining for Madame Lopuhov? Eh? Gentlemen, he is pining for Madame Lopuhov."

The lady in question was a very stout and tall person who had long passed her fortieth year. The general, who had a predilection for solid ladies, whatever their ages, suspected a similar taste in his officers. The officers smiled respectfully. The general, delighted at having said something very amusing and biting, laughed loudly, touched his coachman's back, and saluted. The carriage rolled on. . . .

"All I am dreaming about now which seems to me so impossible and unearthly is really quite an ordinary thing," thought Ryabovitch, looking at the clouds of dust racing after the general's carriage. "It's all very ordinary, and everyone goes through it. . . . That general, for instance, has once been in love; now he is married and has children. Captain Vahter, too, is married and beloved, though the nape of his neck is very red and ugly and he has no waist. . . . Salmanov is coarse and very Tartar, but he has had a love affair that has ended in marriage. . . . I am the same as everyone else, and I, too, shall have the same experience as everyone else, sooner or later. . . ."

And the thought that he was an ordinary person, and that his life was ordinary, delighted him and gave him courage. He pictured *her* and his happiness as he pleased, and put no rein on his imagination. . . .

When the brigade reached their halting-place in the evening, and the officers were resting in their tents, Ryabovitch, Merzlyakov, and Lobytko were sitting round a box having supper. Merzlyakov ate without haste, and, as he munched deliberately, read the *Vyestnik Evropi,* which he held on his knees. Lobytko talked incessantly and kept filling up his glass with beer, and Ryabovitch, whose head was confused from dreaming all day long, drank and said nothing. After three glasses he got a little drunk, felt weak, and had an irresistible desire to impart his new sensations to his comrades.

"A strange thing happened to me at those Von Rabbeks'," he began, trying to assume an indifferent tone. "You know, I went into the billiard-room. . . ."

Images . . . the broad dark background . . . when he closed his eyes.

He began describing very minutely the incident of the kiss, and a moment later relapsed into silence. . . . In the course of that moment he had told everything, and it surprised him dreadfully to find how short a time it took him to tell it. He had imagined that he could have been telling the story of the kiss till next morning. Listening to him, Lobytko, who was a great liar and consequently believed no one, looked at him skeptically and laughed. Merzlyakov twitched his eyebrows and, without removing his eyes from the *Vyestnik Evropi,* said:

"THAT'S AN ODD THING! How strange! . . . throws herself on a man's neck, without addressing him by name. . . . She must be some sort of hysterical neurotic."

"Yes, she must," Ryabovitch agreed.

"A similar thing once happened to me," said Lobytko, assuming a scared expression. "I was going to Kovno last year. . . . I took a second-class ticket. The train was crammed, and it was impossible to sleep. I gave the guard half a rouble; he took my luggage and led me to another compartment. . . . I lay down and covered myself with a rug. . . . It was dark, you understand. Suddenly I felt some one touch me on the shoulder and breathe in my face. I made a movement with my hand and felt somebody's elbow. . . . I opened my eyes, and only imagine!—a woman. Black eyes, lips red as a prime salmon, nostrils breathing passionately—a bosom like a buffer. . . ."

"Excuse me," Merzlyakov interrupted calmly, "I understand about the bosom, but how could you see the lips if it was dark?"

Lobytko began trying to put himself right and laughing at Merzlyakov's unimaginativeness. It made Ryabovitch wince. He walked away from the box, got into bed, and vowed never to confide again.

Camp life began. . . . The days followed by, one very much like another. All those days Ryabovitch felt, thought, and behaved as though he were in love. Every morning when his orderly handed him water to wash with, and he sluiced his head with cold water, he thought there was something warm and delightful, something exhilarating in his life.

In the evenings, when his comrades began talking of love and women, he would listen, and draw up closer; and he wore the expression of a soldier when he hears the description of a battle in which he has taken part. And on the evenings when the officers, out on the spree with the setter—Lobytko—at their head, made Don Juan excursions to the "suburb," and Ryabovitch took part in such excursions, he always was sad, felt profoundly guilty, and inwardly begged her forgiveness. . . . In hours of leisure or on sleep-

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less nights, when he felt moved to recall his childhood, his father and mother—everything near and dear, in fact, he invariably thought of Myestetchki, the strange horse, Von Rabbek, his wife who was like the Empress Eugénie, the dark room, the crack of light at the door. . . .

ON THE THIRTY-FIRST of August he went back from the camp, not with the whole brigade, but with only two batteries of it. He was dreaming and excited all the way, as though he were going back to his native place. He had an intense longing to see again the strange horse, the church, the insincere family of the Von Rabbeks, the dark room. The "inner voice," which so often deceives lovers, whispered to him for some reason that he would be sure to see her . . . and he was tortured by the questions, How he should meet her? What he would talk to her about? Whether she had forgotten the kiss? If the worst came to the worst, he thought, even if he did not meet her, it would be a pleasure to him merely to go through the dark room and recall the past. . . .

Towards evening there appeared on the horizon the familiar church and white granaries. Ryabovitch's heart beat. . . . He did not hear the officer who was riding beside him and saying something to him, he forgot everything, and looked eagerly at the river shining in the distance, at the roof of the house, at the dovecote round which the pigeons were circling in the light of the setting sun.

When they reached the church and were listening to the billeting orders, he expected every second that a man on horseback would come round the church enclosure and invite the officers to tea, but . . . the billeting orders were read, the officers were in haste to go on to the village, and the man on horseback did not appear.

"Von Rabbek will hear at once from the peasants that we have come, and will send for us," thought Ryabovitch, as he went into the hut, unable to understand why a comrade was lighting a candle and why the orderlies were hurriedly setting samovars. . . .

A painful uneasiness took possession of him. He lay down, then got up and looked out of the window to see whether the messenger were coming. But there was no sign of him.

He lay down again, but half an hour later he got up, and, unable to restrain his uneasiness, went into the street and strode towards the church. It was dark and deserted in the square near the church. . . . Three soldiers were standing silent in a row where the road began to go downhill. Seeing Ryabovitch, they roused themselves and saluted. He returned the salute and began to go down the familiar path.

On the farther side of the river the whole sky was flooded with crimson: the moon was rising; two peasant women, talking loudly, were picking cabbage in the kitchen garden; behind the kitchen garden there were some dark huts. . . . And everything on the near side of the river was just as it had been in May: the path, the bushes, the willows overhanging the water . . . but there was no sound of the brave nightingale, and no scent of poplar and fresh grass.

Reaching the garden, Ryabovitch looked in at the gate. The garden was dark and still. . . . He could see nothing but the white stems of the nearest birch-trees and a little bit of the avenue; all the rest melted together into a dark blur. Ryabovitch looked and listened eagerly, but after waiting for a quarter of an hour without hearing a sound or catching a glimpse of a light, he trudged back. . . .

He went down to the river. The General's bath-house and the bath-sheets on the rail of the little bridge showed white before him. . . . He went on to the bridge, stood a little, and, quite unnecessarily, touched the sheets. They felt rough and cold. He looked down at the water. . . . The river ran rapidly and with a faintly audible gurgle round the piles of the bath-house. The red moon was reflected near the left bank; little ripples ran over the reflection, stretching it out, breaking it into bits, and seemed trying to carry it away. . . .

"How stupid, how stupid!" thought Ryabovitch, looking at the running water. "How unintelligent it all is!"

Now that he expected nothing, the incident of the kiss, his impatience, his vague hopes and disappointment, presented themselves in a clear light. It no longer seemed to him strange that he had not seen the General's messenger, and that he would never see the girl who had accidentally kissed him instead of some one else; on the contrary, it would have been strange if he had seen her. . . .

THE WATER was running, he knew not where or why, just as it did in May. In May it had flowed into the great river, from the great river into the sea; then it had risen in vapour, turned into rain, and perhaps the very same water was running now before Ryabovitch's eyes again. . . . What for? Why?

And the whole world, the whole of life, seemed to Ryabovitch an unintelligible, aimless jest. . . . And turning his eyes from the water and looking at the sky, he remembered again how fate in the person of an unknown woman had by chance caressed him, he remembered his summer dreams and fancies, and his life struck him as extraordinarily meager, poverty-stricken, and colourless. . . .

When he went back to his hut he did not find one of his comrades. The orderly informed him that they had all gone to "General von Rabbek's, who had sent a messenger on horseback to invite them. . . ."

For an instant there was a flash of joy in Ryabovitch's heart, but he quenched it at once, got into bed, and in his wrath with his fate, as though to spite it, did not go to the General's.

* * *

I UNDERSTAND YOU *perfectly," replied Artemidorus. "I have often felt what you express. The test of a women and her power is not the pleasure she bestows, but the way in which she knows how to fill the pauses in a honeymoon."* R. HAMERLING.

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So They Say

Ex-Premier Clemenceau:
of France, when asked to comment on a book about the late Marshal Foch

"I refuse to make polemics over a tomb."

Wall Street Broker:
to his assistant, who has just read from his paper, "Only five good days last month"

"Does that refer to the weather or the market?"

John H. Raskob:
discussing the details for a gigantic new-type corporation for the investment of wage-earners' funds in sound stocks, subscriptions to be on the instalment plan where necessary

"It has been my observation that one of the great developers of character and of humanity is the fact of being in debt. My experience with men has been that the man who is putting aside something, perhaps to meet an instalment payment, is happier and better off than the man who spends his all as he goes."

Dean Virginia Gildersleeve:
of Barnard College, New York

"Working your way through college is not a good thing in itself, but a bad thing, to be avoided if there is any other possible way of getting a good college education."

Armand Lotti, Jr.:
French aviator

"My own private efforts to break my neck are my own business."

Will Durant:
author of "The Story of Philosophy"

"Every vice was once a virtue, and may become respectable again, just as hatred becomes respectable in wartime."

Secretary Mellon:
definitely disposes of the rumour that he contemplates resigning from the Hoover cabinet

"My attitude as to the question of resignation is the same as Benjamin Franklin's was under similar circumstances, when he said: 'I am deficient, I am afraid, in the Christian virtue of resignation.'"

Dr. Charles W. Pabst:
chief dermatologist of the Greenpoint Hospital in Brooklyn, New York

"Some women apply mixtures to their faces that would take the paint off an automobile."

Dr. Albert P. Pinkevitch:
president of the Second State University of Moscow, Soviet Russia

"Taken as a whole, the education of adults is a new field. Formerly it was thought that the adult could not learn anything. . . . This, however, is not so. Our revolution proved that the very existence of a state rests on constant education of adults. . . . As a result our entire life is pedagogized."

Herr Hoeberth:
Vienna lawyer, fighting for "Equal Rights for Men"

"Under our laws a woman cannot lose in court. In these circumstances it is suicide for a man to marry."

Prof. Albert A. Michelson:
of the University of Chicago

"When the universe no longer holds any amusement for man, it is time for him to die."

Walter B. Pitkin:
motion picture editor of "Children," The Parents' Magazine

"We hereby file our official forecast on the moral effect of the talkies. We assert that the ear is more moral than the eye. And we predict that the talkies will uplift the movies more than all reformers ever can."

Rev. Dr. Albert E. Ribourg:
rector of St. Andrew's Episcopal Church, New York

"Being the richest country in the world we could well afford to give our busy lawmakers a sabbatical year on full salary, and then try to manage the affairs of the country on the Ten Commandments, the Golden Rule, and the wholesome laws enacted by the founders of this great land."

King George of England:
to one of his nurses

"You have learned as I have, Betsy, that a king is, after all, just a very ordinary kind of man, but one who has to live in a very extraordinary kind of way that sometimes seems to have so little sense to it."

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J. HERBERT:
of New York, owner of Fellow, the dog who was brought to Columbia University for an intelligence test

"A dog does not see very much except movement. If a woman and I stood side by side across the street from him he would not know which was which until we moved."

DR. JOSEPH JASTROW:
lecturer in the New School for Social Research, New York

"Children are much better haters than lovers."

SIR WILLIAM ARBUTHNOT LANE:
famous English surgeon

"The great development of the future in medicine, as I see it, will lie in scrapping present ideas and concentrating upon keeping people fit. . . . More and more, doctors are beginning to realize that it is archaic folly to treat only the sick. . . . In time there will be no need for doctors and surgeons as we now know them. . . . They will be health advisers."

DISTRICT ATTORNEY JOAB H. BANTON:
of New York, announcing his intention to return to private practice

"I have become irritated over my failure to make public office as efficient as I made my own office. Efficiency in public service is about 40 per cent. Honesty is high. Private efficiency is 90 per cent., and honesty is lower than in public office."

EDITH WHARTON:
American novelist

"The only novels that live are those whose characters the reader calls by name."

DR. HARRY ELMER BARNES:
Sociology Professor at Smith College

"From now on we must realize that human problems are the only valid concern of man, and that the increase of his earthly happiness is the only important issue that confronts him."

RONALD COLMAN:
screen star, invited by Mrs. Samuel Goldwyn to the theatre, is told to "bring a young lady"

"But I don't know any."

DR. DANIEL J. MCCARTHY:
of the University of Pennsylvania

"Nature is not interested in brains, or culture, or fine living. . . . Nature is interested in striking a perfect physical specimen. In a thousand years she may achieve that."

REV. DR. JOHN L. DAVIS:
Washington Square Methodist Episcopal Church, New York

"Modern young people are just as religious, serious-minded, and wholesome as any in the history of the United States, but they are ashamed of it."

LEE S. GUNTER:
musical critic and writer

"Boredom is as positive a sensation as toothache."

HAVELOCK ELLIS:
English poet, philosopher, and psychologist

"Motherhood is an art, a rarer art than is commonly supposed; and while every woman has sometimes wanted to be a mother, she may well think twice before she decides that she is fitted to become one, for she may be unfitted spiritually, even if she is physically suitable."

RABBI GABRIEL SCHULMAN:
Park Avenue Synagogue, New York

"Most human beings are in love with life. They cling to it in Arctic storms, they suffer in the burning tropics in order to have a sense of being."

"WILL" ROGERS:
popular actor, one-time cowboy, and daily contributor to the New York "Times"

"Beauty parlours are thicker than filling stations, but more power to the people that run 'em, for they earn it for having to listen to people with nothing on their minds but wanting to look better."

DR. BERNARD HOLLANDER:
to the South Place Ethical Society, London, England

"The toxin produced by fear, acting on the brain and sympathetic system, is one of the most powerful poisons introduced into the blood."

THE LONDON EVENING NEWS:
on the influence of American movies on the English language

"American film title slang is frankly and gloriously slang, not slipshod or vulgar, but full of vitality and humour."

FRANCIS DE CROISSET:
French writer, adds his plaint

"*La vie Parisienne* has disappeared, or at any rate, it is not Parisians who live it. Foreigners here are too numerous. We had them. Now they have us."

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Two Pairs of Shoes

By JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

Woodcuts by Charles R. Gardner

I DON'T EXACTLY KNOW why Cap'n Jonadab and me went to the post-office that night; we wa'n't expecting any mail, that's sartin. I guess likely we done it for the reason the feller that tumbled overboard went to the bottom—'twas the handiest place *to* go.

Anyway, we was there, and I was propping up the stove with my feet and holding down a chair with the rest of me, when Jonadab heaves alongside flying distress signals. He had an envelope in his starboard mitten, and, coming to anchor with a flop in the next chair, sets shifting the thing from one hand to the other as if 'twas red hot.

I watched this performance for a spell, waiting for him to say something, but he didn't, so I hailed, kind of sarcastic, and says: "What you doing—playing solitaire? Which hand's ahead?"

He kind of woke up then, and passes the envelope over to me.

"Barzilla," he says, "what in time do you s'pose that is?"

'Twas a queer-looking envelope, more'n the average length fore and aft, but kind of scant in the beam. There was a puddle of red sealing wax on the back of it with a "D" in the middle, and up in one corner was a kind of picture thing in colours, with some printing in a foreign language underneath it. I b'lieve 'twas what they call a "coat-of-arms," but it looked more like a patchwork comforter than it did like any coat ever *I* see. The envelope was addressed to "Captain Jonadab Wixon, Orham, Mass."

I took my turn at twisting the thing around, and then I hands it back to Jonadab.

"I pass," I says. "Where'd you get it?"

" 'Twas in my box," says he. "Must have come in tonight's mail."

I didn't know the mail was sorted, but when he says that I got up and went over and unlocked my box, just to show that I hadn't forgot how, and I swan to man if there wa'n't another envelope, just like Jonadab's, except that 'twas addressed to "Barzilla Wingate."

"Humph!" says I, coming back to the stove; "you ain't the only one that's heard from the Prince of Wales. Look here!"

He was the most surprised man, but one, on the Cape: I was the one. We couldn't make head nor tail of the business, and set there comparing the envelopes, and wondering who on earth had sent 'em. Pretty soon "Ily" Tucker heads over towards our moorings, and says he: "What's troubling the ancient mariners?" he says.

"Barzilla and me's got a couple of letters," says Cap'n Jonadab; "and we was wondering who they was from."

Tucker leaned away down—he's always suffering from a rush of funniness to the face—and he whispers, awful solemn: "For heaven's sake, whatever you do, don't open 'em. You might find out." Then he threw off his main-hatch and "haw-hawed" like a loon.

To tell you the truth, we hadn't thought of opening 'em—not yet—so that was kind of one on us, as you might say. But Jonadab ain't so slow but he can catch up with a hearse if the horses stop to drink, and he comes back quick.

"Ily," he says, looking troubled, "you ought to sew reef-points on your mouth. 'Tain't safe to open the whole of it on a windy night like this. First thing you know you'll carry away the top of your head."

Well, we felt consider'ble better after that—having held our own on the tack, so to speak—and we walked out of the post-office and up to my room in the Travelers' Rest, where we could be alone. Then we opened up the envelopes, both at the same time. Inside of each of 'em was another envelope, slick and smooth as a mack'rel's back, and inside of *that* was a letter, printed, but looking like the kind of writing that used to be in the copybook at school. It said that Ebenezer Dillaway begged the honour of our presence at the marriage of his daughter, Belle, to Peter Theodosius Brown, at Dillamead House, Cashmere-on-the-Hudson, February three, nineteen hundred and so forth.

WE WERE SURPRISED, of course, and pleased in one way, but in another we wa'n't real tickled to death. You see, 'twas a good while sence Jonadab and me had been to a wedding, and we know'd there'd be mostly young folks there and a good many big-bugs, we presumed likely, and 'twas going to cost consider'ble to get rigged—not to mention the price of passage, and one thing a' 'nother. But Ebenezer had took the trouble to write us, and so we felt 'twas our duty not to disappoint him, and especially Peter, who had done so much for us, managing the Old Home House.

The Old Home House was our summer hotel at Wellmouth Port. How me and Jonadab come to be in the summer boarding trade is another story, and it's too long to tell now. We never would have been in it, anyway, I cal'late, if it hadn't been for Peter. He made a howling success of our first season, and likewise helped himself along by getting engaged to the star boarder, rich old Dillaway's daughter—Ebenezer Dillaway, of the Consolidated Cash Stores.

Well, we see 'twas our duty to go, so we went. I had a new Sunday cutaway and light pants to go with

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it, so I figgered that I was pretty well found, but Cap'n Jonadab had to pry himself loose from considerable money, and every cent hurt as if 'twas nailed on. Then he had chilblains that winter, and all the way over in the Fall River boat he was fuming about them chilblains, and adding up on a piece of paper how much cash he'd spent.

We struck Cashmere-on-the-Hudson about three o'clock on the afternoon of the day of the wedding. 'Twas a little country kind of a town, smaller by a good deal than Orham, and so we cal'lated that perhaps after all the affair wouldn't be so everlasting tony. But when we hove in sight of Dillamead—Ebenezer's place—we shortened sail and pretty nigh drew out of the race. 'Twas up on a high bank over the river, and the house itself was bigger than four Old Homes spliced together. It had a fair-sized township around it in the shape of land, with a high stone wall for trimming on the edges. There was trees, and places for flower beds in summer, and the land knows what. We see right off that this was the real Cashmere-on-the-Hudson; the village folks were stranded on the flats—old Dillaway filled the whole ship channel.

"Well," I says to Jonadab, "it looks to me as if we was getting out of soundings. What do you say to coming about and making a quick run for Orham again?"

But he wouldn't hear of it. "S'pose I've spent all that money on duds for nothing?" he says. "No, sir, by thunder! I ain't scared of Peter Brown, nor her that's going to be his wife; and I ain't scared of Ebenezer neither; no matter if he does live in the Manufacturers' Building, with two or three thousand fathom of front fence," he says.

In his younger days Jonadab got reckless and went on a cut-rate excursion to the World's Fair out in Chicago, and ever sence then he's been comparing things with the "Manufacturers' Building" or the "Palace of Agriculture" or "Streets of Cairo," or some other outlandish place.

"All right," says I. "Darn the torpedoes! Keep her as she is! You can fire when ready, Gridley!"

So we sot sail for what we jedged was Ebenezer's front gate, and just as we made it, a man comes whistling round the bend in the path, and I'm blessed if 'twan't Peter T. Brown. He was rigged to kill, as usual, only more so.

"Hello, Peter!" I says. "Here we be."

IF EVER A FELLER was surprised, Brown was that feller. He looked like he'd struck a rock where there was deep water on the chart.

"Well, I'll be ——" he begun and then stopped. "What in the ——" he commenced again, and again his breath died out. Fin'lly he says: "Is this you, or had I better quit and try another pipe?"

We told him 'twas us, and it seemed to me that he wa'n't so tickled as he'd ought to have been. When he found we'd come to the wedding, 'count of Ebenezer sending us word, he didn't say nothing for a minute or so.

"Of course, we *had* to come," says Jonadab. "We felt 'twouldn't be right to disapp'int Mr. Dillaway."

Peter kind of twisted his mouth. "That's so," he says. "It'll be worth more'n a box of diamonds to him. Do him more good than joining a 'don't-worry club.' Well, come on up to the house and ease his mind."

So we done it, and Ebenezer acted even more surprised than Peter.

I can't tell you anything about that house, nor the fixings in it; it beat me a mile—that house did. We had a room somewheres up on the hurricane deck, with brass bunks and plush carpets and crocheted curtains and electric lights. I swan there was looking glasses in every corner—big ones, man's size. I remember Cap'n Jonadab hollering to me that night when he was getting ready to turn in:

"For the land's sake, Barzilla!" says he, "turn out them lights, will you? I ain't over'n' above bashful, but them looking glasses make me feel's if I was undressing along with all hands and the cook."

The house was full of comp'ny, and more kept coming all the time. Swells! don't talk! We felt 'bout as much at home as a cow in a dory, but we was there 'cause Ebenezer had asked us to be there, so we kept on the course and didn't signal for help. Traveling through the rooms downstairs, where the folks was, was a good deal like dodging icebergs up on the Banks, but one or two noticed us enough to dip the colours, and one was real sociable. He was a kind of slow-spoken city-feller, dressed as if his clothes was poured over him hot and then left to cool. His last name had a splice in the middle of it—'twas Catesby-Stuart. Everybody—that is, most everybody—called him "Phil."

Well, sir, Phil cottoned to Jonadab and me right away. He'd get us, one on each wing, and go through that house asking questions. He pumped me and Jonadab dry about how we come to be there, and told us more yarns than a few 'bout Dillaway, and how rich he was. I remember he said that he only wished he had the keys to the cellar so he could show us the money-bins. Said Ebenezer was so just—well, rotten with money, as you might say, that he kept it in bins down cellar, same as poor folks kept coal—gold in one bin, silver half-dollars in another, quarters in another, and so on. When he needed any, he'd say to a servant: "James, fetch me up a hod of change." This was only one of the fish yarns he told. They sounded kind of scaly to Jonadab and me, but if we hinted at such a thing, he'd pull himself together and say: "Fact, I assure you," in a way to freeze your vitals. He seemed like such a good feller that we didn't mind his telling a few big ones; we'd known good fellers afore that liked to lie—gunners and such-like, they were mostly.

Somehow or 'nother Phil got Cap'n Jonadab talking "boat," and when Jonadab talks "boat" there ain't no stopping him. He's the smartest feller in a cat-boat that ever handled a tiller, and he's won more races than any man on the Cape, I cal'late. Phil asked him and me if we'd ever sailed on an ice-boat, and, when we said we hadn't, he asks if we won't take a sail with him on the river next morning. We didn't want to put him to so much trouble on our account, but he said: "Not at all. Pleasure'll be all mine, I assure you." Well, 'twas his for a spell—but never mind that now.

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He introduced us to quite a lot of the comp'ny—men mostly. He'd see a school of 'em in a corner, or under a palm tree or somewheres, and steer us over in that direction and make us known to all hands. Then he begin to show us off, so to speak, get Jonadab telling 'bout the boats he'd sailed, or something like it—and them fellers would laugh and holler, but Phil's face wouldn't shake out a reef: he looked solemn as a fun'ral all the time. Jonadab and me begun to think we was making a great hit. Well, we was, but not the way we thought. I remember one of the gang gets Phil to one side after a talk like this and whispers to him, laughing like fun. Phil says to him: "My dear boy, I've been to thousands of these things—" waving his flipper scornful around the premises—"and upon honour they've all been alike. Now that I've discovered something positively original, let me enjoy myself. The entertainment by the Heavenly Twins is only begun."

I didn't know what he meant then; I do now.

The marrying was done about eight o'clock and done with all the trimmings. All hands manned the yards in the best parlour, and Peter and Belle was hitched. Then they went away in a swell turnout—not like the derelict hacks we'd seen stranded by the Cashmere depot—and Jonadab pretty nigh took the driver's larboard ear off with a shoe Phil gave him to heave after 'em.

After the wedding the folks was sitting under the palms and bushes that was growing in tubs all over the house, and the stewards—there was enough of 'em to man a four-master—was carting 'round punch and frozen victuals. Everybody was togged up till Jonadab and me, in our new cutaways, felt like a couple of moulting blackbirds at a blue-jay camp-meeting. Ebenezer was so busy, flying 'round like a pullet with its head off, that he'd hardly spoke to us sence we landed, but Phil scarcely ever left us, so we wa'n't lonesome. Pretty soon he comes back from a beat into the next room, and he says:

"There's a lady here that's just dying to know you gentlemen. Her name's Granby. Tell her all about the Cape; she'll like it. And, by the way, my dear feller," he whispers to Jonadab, "if you want to please her—er—mightily, congratulate her upon her boy's success in the laundry business. You understand," he says, winking; "only son and self-made man, don't you know."

Mrs. Granby was roosting all by herself on a sofy in the parlour. She was fleshy, but terrible stiff and proud, and when she moved the diamonds on her shook till her head and neck looked like one of them "set pieces" at the Fourth of July fireworks. She was deef, too, and used an ear-trumpet pretty nigh as big as a steamer's ventilator.

Maybe she was "dying to know us," but she didn't have a fit trying to show it. Me and Jonadab felt we'd ought to be sociable, and so we set, one on each side of her on the sofy, and bellered: "How d'ye do?" and "Fine day, ain't it?" into that ear-trumpet. She didn't say much, but she'd couple on the trumpet and turn to whichever one of us had hailed, heeling over to that side as if her ballast had shifted. She acted to me kind of uneasy, but everybody that come into that parlour—and they kept piling in all the time—looked more'n middling joyful. They kept pretty quiet, too, so that every yell we let out echoed, as you might say, all 'round. I begun to git shaky at the knees, as if I was preaching to a big congregation.

After a spell, Jonadab not being able to think of anything more to say, and remembering Phil's orders, leans over and whoops into the trumpet.

"I'm real glad your son done so well with his laundry," he says.

Well, sir, Phil had give us to understand that them congratulations would make a hit, and they done it. The women 'round the room turned red and some of 'em covered their mouths with their handkerchiefs. The men looked glad and set up and took notice. Ebenezer wa'n't in the room—which was a mercy—but your old messmate, Catesby-Stuart, looked solemn as ever and never turned a hair.

But as for old Granby—whew! She got redder'n she was afore, which was a miracle, pretty nigh. She couldn't speak for a minute—just cackled like a hen. Then she busts out with: "How dare you!" and flounces out of that room like a hurricane. And it was still as could be for a minute, and then two or three of the girls begun to squeal and giggle behind their handkerchiefs.

Jonadab and me went away, too. We didn't flounce any to speak of. I guess a "sneak" would come nearer to telling how we quit. I see the cap'n heading for the stairs and I fell into his wake. Nobody said good night, and we didn't wait to give 'em a chance.

Course we knew we'd put our foot in it somewheres, but we didn't see just how. Even then we wa'n't really onto Phil's game. You see, when a green city chap comes to the Old Home House—and the land knows

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there's freaks enough do come—we always try to make things pleasant for him, and the last thing we'd think of was making him a show afore folks. So we couldn't b'lieve even now 'twas done a-purpose. But we was suspicious, a little.

"Barzilla," says Jonadab, getting ready to turn in, "'tain't possible that that feller with the sprained last name is having fun with us, is it?"

"Jonadab," says I, "I've been wondering that myself."

And we wondered for an hour, and finally decided to wait a while and say nothing till we could ask Ebenezer. And the next morning one of the stewards comes up to our room with some coffee and grub and says that Mr. Catesby-Stuart requested the pleasure of our comp'ny on a afore-breakfast ice-boat sail, and would meet us at the pier in half an hour. They didn't have breakfast at Ebenezer's till pretty close to dinner time, eleven o'clock, so we had time enough for quite a trip.

PHIL AND THE ICE-BOAT met us on time. I s'pose it 'twas style, but, if I hadn't known, I'd have swore he'd run short of duds and had dressed up in the bedclothes. I felt of his coat when he wa'n't noticing, and if it wa'n't made out of a blanket then I never slept under one. And it made me think of my granddad to see what he had on his head—a reg'lar nightcap, tassel and all.

Phil said he was sorry we turned in so early the night afore. Said he'd planned to entertain us all the evening. We didn't hurrah much at this—being suspicious, as I said—and he changed the subject to ice-boats.

That ice-boat was a bird. I cal'lated to know a boat when I sighted one, but a flat-iron on skates was something bran'-new. I didn't think much of it, and I could see that Jonadab didn't neither.

But in about three shakes of a lamb's tail I was ready to take it all back and say I never said it. I done enough praying in the next half hour to square up for every Friday night meeting I'd missed sence I was a boy. Phil got sail onto her, and we moved out kind of slow.

"Now, then," says he, "we'll take a little jaunt up the river. Course this isn't like one of your Cape Cod cats, but still——"

And then I dug my finger nails into the deck and commenced: "Now I lay me." Talk about going! 'Twas "F-s-s-s-t!" and we was a mile from home. "Bu-z-z-z!" and we was just getting ready to climb a bank; but 'fore she nosed the shore Phil would put the helm over and we'd whirl round like a windmill, with me and Jonadab biting the planking and hanging on for dear life, and my heart, that had been up in my mouth, knocking the soles of my boots off. And Cap'n Catesby-Stuart would grin and drawl: "Course this ain't like a Orham cat-boat, but she does fairly well—er—fairly. Now, for instance, how does this strike you?"

It struck us—I don't think any got away. I expected every minute to land in the hereafter, and it got so that the prospect looked kind of inviting, if only to get somewheres where 'twas warm. That February wind went in at the top of my stiff hat and whizzed out through the legs of my thin Sunday pants till I felt for all the world like the ventilating pipe on an ice-chest. I could see why Phil was wearing the bedclothes; what I was suffering for just then was a feather mattress on each side of me.

Well, me and Jonadab was "it" for quite a spell. Phil had all the fun, and I guess he enjoyed it. If he'd stopped right then, when the fishing was good, I cal'late he'd have fetched port with a full hold; but no, he had to rub it in, so to speak, and that's where he slopped over. You know how 'tis when you're eating mince-pie—it's the "one more slice" that fetches the nightmare. Phil stopped to get that slice.

He kept whizzing up and down that river till Jonadab and me kind of got over our variousness. We could manage to get along without spreading out like porous plasters, and could set up for a minute or so on a stretch. And twa'n't necessary for us to hold a special religious service every time the flat-iron come about. Altogether, we was in that condition where the doctor might have held out some hopes.

And, in spite of the cold, we was noticing how Phil was sailing that three-cornered sneak-box—noticing and criticizing; at least, I was, and Cap'n Jonadab, being, as I've said, the best skipper of small craft from Provincetown to Cohasset Narrows, must have had some ideas on the subject. Your old chum, Catesby-Stuart, thought he was mast-high so fur's sailing was concerned, anybody could see that, but he had something to larn. He wasn't beginning to get out all there was in that ice-boat. And just then along comes another feller in the same kind of hooker and gives us a hail. There was two other chaps on the boat with him.

"Hello, Phil!" he yells, rounding his flat-iron into the wind abreast of ours and bobbing his night-cap. "I hoped you might be out. Are you game for a race?"

"Archie," answers our skipper, solemn as a setting hen, "permit me to introduce to you Cap'n Jonadab Wixon and Admiral Barzilla Wingate, of Orham, on the Cape."

I wasn't expecting to fly an admiral's pennant quite so quick, but I managed to shake out through my teeth—they was chattering like a box of dice—that I was glad to know the feller. Jonadab, he rattled loose something similar.

"The Cap'n and the Admiral," says Phil, "having sailed the raging main for lo! these many years, are now favouring me with their advice concerning the navigation of ice-yachts. Archie, if you're willing to enter against such a handicap of brains and barnacles, I'll race you on a beat up to the point yonder, then on the ten-mile run afore the wind to the buoy opposite the Club, and back to the cove by Dillaway's. And we'll make it a case of wine. Is it a go?"

Archie, he laughed and said it was, and, all at once, the race was on.

Now, Phil had lied when he said we was "favouring" him with advice, 'cause we hadn't said a word; but that beat up to the point wa'n't half over afore Jonadab and me was dying to tell him a few things. He handled that boat like a lobster. Archie gained on

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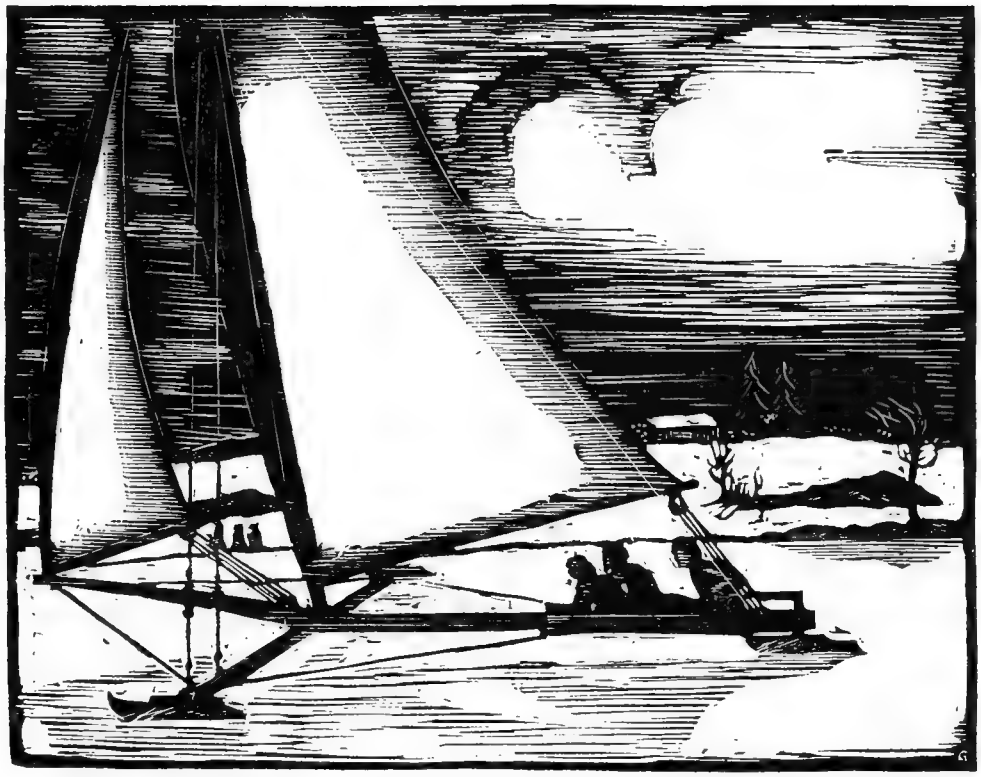
every tack and come about for the run a full minute afore us.

And on that run afore the wind 'twas worse than ever. The way Phil see-sawed that piece of pie back and forth over the river was a sin and shame. He could have slacked off his mainsail and headed dead for the buoy, but no, he jiggled around like an old woman crossing the road ahead of a funeral.

Cap'n Jonadab was on edge. Racing was where he lived, as you might say, and he fidgeted like he was setting on a pin-cushion. By and by he snaps out:

"Keep her off! Keep her off afore the wind! Can't you see where you're going?"



Phil looked at him as if he was a graven image, and all the answer he made was: "Be calm, Barnacles, be calm!"

But pretty soon I couldn't stand it no longer, and I busts out with: "Keep her off, Mr. What's-your-name! For the Lord's sake, keep her off! He'll beat the life out of you!"

And all the good that done was for me to get a stare that was colder than the wind, if such a thing is possible.

But Jonadab got fidgetyer every minute, and when we come out into the broadest part of the river, within a little ways of the buoy, he couldn't stand it no longer.

"You're spilling half the wind!" he yells. "P'int her for the buoy or else you'll be licked to death! Jibe her so's she gits it full. Jibe her, you lubber! Don't you know how? Here! let me show you!"

And the next thing I knew he fetched a hop like a frog, shoved Phil out of the way, grabbed the tiller and jammed it over.

She jibed—oh, yes, she jibed! If anybody says she didn't, you send 'em to me. I give you my word that that flat-iron jibed twice—once for practice, I jedge, and then for business. She commenced by twisting and squirming like an eel. I jest had sense enough to clamp my mittens onto the little brass rail by the stern and hold on; then she jibed the second time. She stood up on two legs, the boom come over with a slat that pretty nigh took the mast with it, and the whole shebang whirled around as if it had forgot something. I have a foggy kind of remembrance of locking my mitten clamps fast onto that rail while the rest of me streamed out in the air like a burgee. Next thing I knew we was scooting back towards Dillaway's, with the sail catching every ounce that was blowing. Jonadab was braced across the tiller, and there, behind us, was the Honourable Philip Catesby-Stuart, flat on his back, with his blanket legs looking like a pair of compasses, and skimming in whiligigs over the slick ice towards Albany. *He* hadn't had nothing to hold onto, you understand. Well, if I hadn't seen it, I wouldn't have b'lieved that a human being could spin so long or travel so fast on his back. His legs made a kind of smoky circle in the air over him, and he'd got such a start I thought he'd *never* stop a-going. He come to a place where some snow had melted in the sun and there was a pond, as you might say, on the ice, and he went through that, heaving spray like one of them circular lawn sprinklers the summer folks have. He'd have been as pretty as a fountain, if we'd had time to stop and look at him.

"For the land sakes, heave to!" I yelled, soon's I could get my breath. "You've spilled the skipper!"

"Skipper be durned!" howls Jonadab, squeezing the tiller and keeping on the course. "We'll come back for him by and by. It's our business to win this race."

AND, BY GINGER! we *did* win it! The way Jonadab coaxed that cocked hat on runners over the ice was pretty—yes, sir, pretty! He nipped her close enough to the wind'ard, and he took advantage of every single chance. He always *could* sail; I'll say that for him. We walked up on Archie like he'd set down to rest, and passed him afore he was within a half mile of home. We run up abreast of Dillaway's, putting on all the fancy frills of a liner coming into port, and there was Ebenezer and a whole crowd of wedding company down by the landing.

"Gosh!" said Jonadab, tugging at his whiskers: "'Twas Cape Cod against New York that time, and you can't beat the Cape when it comes to getting over water, not even if the water's froze. Hey, Barzilla?"

Ebenezer came hopping over the ice towards us. He looked some surprised.

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"Where's Phil?" he says.

Now, I'd clean forgot Phil, and I guess Jonadab had, by the way he coloured up.

"Phil?" says he. "Phil? Oh, yes! We left him up the road a piece. Maybe we'd better go after him now."

But old Dillaway had something to say:

"Cap'n," he says, looking round to make sure none of the comp'ny was follering him out to the ice-boat. "I've wanted to speak to you afore, but I haven't had the chance. You mustn't b'lieve too much of what Mr. Catesby-Stuart says, nor you musn't always do just what he suggests. You see," he says, "he's a dreadful practical joker."

"Yes," says Jonadab, beginning to look sick. I didn't say nothing, but I guess I looked the same way.

"Yes," said Ebenezer, kind of uneasy-like. "Now, in that matter of Mrs. Granby. I s'pose Phil put you up to asking her about her son's laundry. Yes? Well, I thought so. You see, the fact is, her boy is a broker down in Wall Street, and he's been caught making some of what they call 'wash sales' of stock. It's against the rules of the Exchange to do that, and the papers have been full of the row. You can see," says Dillaway, "how the laundry question kind of stirred the old lady up. But, Lord! it must have been funny," and he commenced to grin.

I looked at Jonadab and he looked at me. I thought of Marm Granby and her being "dying to know us," and I thought of the lies about the "hod of change" and all the rest, and I give you my word *I* didn't grin, not enough to show my wisdom teeth, anyhow. A crack in the ice an inch wide would have held me, with room to spare; I know that.

"Hum!" grunts Jonadab, kind of dry and bitter, as if he'd been taking wormwood tea; "*I* see. He's been having a good time making durn fools out of us."

"Well," says Ebenezer, "not exactly that, p'raps, but——"

And then along comes Archie and his crowd in the other ice-boat.

"Hi!" he yells. "Who sailed that boat of yours? He knew his business all right. I never saw anything better. Phil—why, where *is* Phil?"

I answered. "Phil got out when we jibed," I says.

"Was *that* Phil?" he hollers, and then the three of 'em just roared.

"Oh, by Jove, you know!" says Archie, "that's the funniest thing I ever saw. And on Phil, too! He'll never hear the last of it at the club—hey, boys?" And then they just bellered and laughed again.

When they'd gone, Jonadab turned to Ebenezer and he says: "That taking us out on this boat was another case of having fun with the countrymen. Hey?"

"I guess so," says Dillaway. "I b'lieve he told one of the guests that he was going to put Cape Cod on ice this morning."

I looked away up the river where a little black speck was just getting to shore. And I thought of how chilly the wind was out there, and how that ice-water must have felt, and what a long ways 'twas from home. And then I smiled, slow and wide; there was a barge-load of joy in every half-inch of that smile.

"It's a cold day when Phil loses a chance for a joke," says Ebenezer.

" 'Tain't exactly what you'd call summery just now," I says. And we hauled down sail, run the ice-boat up to the wharf, and went up to our room to pack our extension cases for the next train.

"You see," says Jonadab, putting in his other shirt, "it's easy enough to get the best of Cape folks on wash sales and lying, but when it comes to boats—that's a different pair of shoes."

"I guess Phil'll agree with you," I says.

July

Drawn by Anthony H. Euwer. Permission of Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE SIGN of Leo rules those born between July 21 and August 21. Leo governs the heart and back. Men born under this sign are rather more than likely to run after women—or under any other sign. The women are inclined to be fickle, which is, of course, not a tendency confined to women born under Leo. People born under Leo don't like to work, but they will if they have to, which is more than can be said of some people born under other signs. Leo men are hard-headed, self-controled, and easily offended. If that sounds like contradiction, "Self-controled and easily offended," the point is that Leo persons control themselves when they are offended—that is, they don't talk back, but they sulk. They make good foremen, head-waiters, movie directors, actors, subway ticket-choppers, section-hand bosses, artists, and musicians. They are good organizers. Wherever there is a glee-club, Kiwanis society benefit performance, clam-bake, amateur theatre group, rum ring, stock market pool, or reading club, you can be pretty certain that some one under the influence of Leo organized it.

Morrow's Almanack.

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By
S. CARLETON

Woodcut by Herbert Pullinger

The Frenchwoman's Son

S Carleton

IT WAS THE YEAR of the coarse April that the Frenchwoman's son took to the woods. He had no reason, except that with the spring he had become abruptly aware that since his mother's death his house was intolerable, and that he could farm no longer on the small holding that had been hers. It was beyond him to dig, and plant potatoes, and raise two lean pigs to be killed in the fall. He left Bear Cove without ostentation, and his absence found it indifferent; he had never been an ornament, nor precisely a reproach; but neither was he missed. The priest was the only soul in the parish who stood an instant at the shut door of the silent, forlorn house, and even he said nothing. As for his thoughts, they were more in tune with the ceaseless rain than with the battering west wind that was driving the ice off the shore and lifting up the dull winter grass. But he had been too cold all winter, and too much given to fasting, that the poor of his flock might eat, to have much of the spring in his blood. And the fact remained; the Frenchwoman's son was gone.

He had made inland of a rough, gray morning, and his method of traveling was the method of the otter, who never sleeps two nights in the same place; and for a fortnight he rioted in it. He sang to himself as he toiled over the wet, treeless barrens; laughed when he just got out with his life from the sucking soil of the Long Swamp, which was not a thoroughfare; was exultant when he came at last to the woods where the trees were a man's girth round. He had turned his back on the sea for good and all; on the gray swelter of the spring tides; on the winter-thickened waves that ran sullen, too cold to break; on the miserable village that dragged a living out of the bitter water and the sour, brackish land. He was free. He did not even mind the icy rain, nor the wicked gales that blew all that month, though down on the shore he had left they would have been another matter. He was where he belonged; and he accepted the rough weather as placidly as did the just come robins that sang all round him, no more at home than he. Things he had never known came to him spontaneously. He built and lit his fires of wet wood without any trouble to speak of, though he had scarcely made a fire out-of-doors in his life; and the camp that he began to build one morning, by the headwaters of the lonely Sou'west, was done in a way which was not that of the shore settlements, nor of any shelter he had ever seen. But it had a form of its own, and it pleased him; also it shed water like a loon's back, and when he was inside it the roar and lash of the spring storms might be sounding like a mighty organ in the great hemlocks overhead, and the rain sluicing on the open spaces, but he was in his house.

"It is," he said to himself thoughtfully, "a camp with long walls." The words pleased him, and sounded familiar; which was absurd, because in all his twenty years he had never heard of anything but shingled houses.

He had no plans about life; it was merely a thing that had been thoroughly distasteful, and was become an insistent, ever-present pleasure and excitement; and when one morning the sun at last came out clear and scorching he sat on a drying deadfall and basked in it, and smelled the spring out of the soggy ground. He never thought at all of Bear Cove, nor even of the priest; and he had been fond of the priest. His mother had been on curiously equal terms with the smooth-faced old man. She had never been a common woman, no matter what else she had been in the

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years she cast behind her when she arrived in the ugly little English-speaking settlement and bought Jim Miller's house.

"The Frenchwoman," the village called her, all but the priest; who, perhaps, was sorry for her, for he was kind to her and the boy, and unoffended by her wild moods and flinging tongue. But she had been dead for a year now, and there was no tombstone over her till Sandy Brine had time to cut one. Father Gillespie had not hurried him. There was in his mind a discrepancy between his answers to her dying instructions as to a truthful inscription over her grave, and those regarding her son. But the son had cut away the knot of both promises by his absolute unconsciousness that there was any to cut. Whereby he sat and whistled on his sunny perch, and mocked a song sparrow till it suddenly flew away. The boy sniffed the air quite as suddenly, and swung round his long legs till he faced the east.

An Indian was standing close beside him. He looked young, but it was not then the Frenchwoman's son could tell an Indian's age. Anyhow, he was not thinking of it. He sat angry and very still; and the man greeted him eagerly with a long-drawn "Well?"

"What do you want?" he asked roughly. He had been thoroughly startled, for he had not heard a sound of footsteps. "Do you live here?"

"Want you." The man regarded him from under the thatch of stiff hair that stuck out from his hat. "Your name John—John Noel?" He said "Noo-el," with the soft Indian "o."

The boy stared. "Yes— But I don't use that name! Ba'tiste, I use."

"That all same," said the visitor blandly. "Ba'tiste your mother call you; your father John. You his son, so we come."

"Whose son?" snapped John Ba'tiste; he had never heard mention of his father, nor been particularly concerned about him.

The Indian took off his hat. "The Old Man's."

It was Greek to the hearer, to whom an old man was an old man; he never dreamed that the words and the act were a shibboleth of respect for an Indian esteemed next to a chief.

"What old man?" he asked contemptuously; the thing had nothing to do with him if his name were John ten times over.

"He tell me you come some day"—the question was placidly ignored—"so we come. Long time ago that—fifteen year—we don' know! But he say you come all same as him."

"You couldn't know I was here!"

"We come see," quietly; "every year we come. Old Man my friend; he say, 'We die. You be good friend my son. Some time he come to the Sou'west, where he was born at. You be help to my son.'"

The listener got down from his log and spoke with rage. "I was born at Mirimichi; and I don't know who you are, but you never knew my father. He's been dead for years, and he never needed Indians for friends. Where d'ye live? You'd better go back."

The Indian turned away with an ugly dignity. "Old Man good man to me, he say you all same; very well. You say not so; very well too. We go."

"Oh, stop. Do you live round here? That's what I want to know." If he had neighbours he would tramp at once.

"No one live here. No Indian come but me." He waved his hand around him. "We come not one time more. Your house, your place," he observed finally; and the Frenchwoman's son affirmed it with an oath.

Yet his curiosity was awake in him, and he turned a volley of questions on his visitor; but the man walked away untouched by the demands fired at him. The Frenchwoman's son never knew what made him care, but he dashed after him and held out his hand.

The Indian seized it, his whole face changing, till it was another man who smiled.

"We bring things," he cried; "flour, all what you say! You good friend; we give you this. Every year we bring it here, like Old Man say. He say: 'Good friend to you, you give it; bad friend, you go 'way!'" He fumbled in his coat and brought out a letter.

The Frenchwoman's son stared at it. Old, tattered, dirty, and written in characters and a language he did not know, it could not belong to him. But he took it. And then a lordly thought struck him.

"Come in and have something to eat." Houses still meant eating to him, and his house was his pride.

The Indian laughed. "We got plenty meat! We kill caribou two days back. You got plenty meat?"

"Yes." John Ba'tiste was savage again. It had seemed to him that he was doing great things by living alone in the wilderness, and here was a low person who considered it a storehouse. "Well," he nodded offendedly, "good-by; if you don't want anything to eat!"

"Adiou," returned the man, and laughed again. He was gone into the bushes while the Frenchwoman's son stood staring stupidly, and wondering where he had heard people say adieu with that twist to it before, till suddenly there came back to him his mother's daily cry at him: "Will you speak like a pig and an outcast? Whistle your 'u,' I tell you; shape your mouth! I will not have you 'adiou' like an outcast." It was funny, and he laughed. Through the laugh a voice came to him suddenly.

"Bimeby you hungry; then we come," it remarked.

The Frenchwoman's son swore at it, and retired to his house. He glanced contemptuously at the extraordinary letter which was meant for somebody else, and was going to burn it; only his fire was out; and then he applied himself once more to the joys of doing nothing, and not caring what time it was; he had had to care in the village. Yet daylight of the next morning found him pulling the letter out of a crack in his wall, and staring at it. What if it were for him, after all? But the queer words were nothing that he could make out, and only made him angry; he put it away again, and was suddenly aware that he was lonely, and afraid; something had taken the heart out of him. He had no pleasure any more in his house, nor in his prowls over the country. He took to sitting at his door, beside a senseless anxiety. Every now and then he took out the crazy letter that was not meant for him, and all he got from it was a biting anger that he

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could not read the thing. It grew to be an obsession; he woke to it in the long mornings, could not eat for the memory of it lying in its chink; time and again tried to burn it, and never did. He let his food give out, because every day he meant to leave his camp and the letter in it; but he never started, and he knew it was because he had taken a terror of meeting more men who should speak to him of his father. It was like sitting alone in the dark and fearing a dead man at his elbow, and about as sensible. If he had been in his white-washed house by the shore he would have sickened, but the woods he had loved kept him whole. They were kind to him, even while he was hardly conscious of them. The black birch twigs that he chewed, just to be chewing, took his bodily fever out of him; the nameless sweetness in the wind of midnight made him drowsy; a hundred things helped him, even while he was careless of all but his own haunting misery, till one May morning he woke to find himself lying hungry at his door with a man between him and the sunshine.

It was the Indian back again, and a queer pain jolted the boy's heart, till he could not think of a word to say. He saw that the man carried a heavy load, and that there must be things to eat in it, but his real thought was that now he could get at that letter. He swayed on his feet as he stood up.

Woodcut by M. J. Gallegher

He was provoked and annoyed and proud of her all at once.

The man looked at him curiously. "We bring things," he said, "we cook; bimeby we talk. You call us Sabiel."

He flung down his pack, and the Frenchwoman's son sat and glared. He had not eaten fresh meat all that winter—it was not an article of diet in Bear Cove—and the smell of it made him forget even the letter. As he ate, the strong food went to his head like drink, till he sat happy in the sun, and, basking, lit his last fill of tobacco, or meant to. The match died in his fingers as he spilled half his pipeful in his palm and held it out to Sabiel, who shook his head.

"Bâpkusedumeí!" said he, bringing out a clay.

The Frenchwoman's son started. Somewhere, long and long ago, he had heard that word time and again. He swore to himself in French, and Sabiel smiled uncomprehendingly:

"We say, we light our pipe!"

"I know that," snapped the boy, "though I don't see how you do"; and through his angry puzzle a queer phrase came to him. "Menuagaí tamôwayau!" said he, very slowly and falteringly; and sat back lax and sick. The Indian had handed him a fig of tobacco, and gabbled something in a jargon of which at least two words were familiar even if he had not translated the last one as he pointed to the camp—"pembtek, a house with long walls."

"What are you talking?" screeched the Frenchwoman's son; "what kind of language?"

"Indian," placidly. "Your father's talk."

"Indian! Do you mean my father was an Indian?" He hardly knew he said it, and he did not listen to the answer. He was seeing, as from a long way off, his mother making a fire on the ground; seeing himself, a little boy, playing with a burning stick, and an Indian man laughing where he sat beside him; and the man had been his father. He knew it as he knew he sat now cheek by jowl with another Indian and understood his tongue. "But my father was a Frenchman!" He found his voice without commanding it, and even in the making of the words, remembered they had never been said to him; he had only taken them for granted. But he kept on. "I don't believe you."

Sabiel returned three slow sentences. They broke the defenses the boy was trying to make in his mind, because he knew them to be true; and the gist of them checked his heart. He was a half-breed; just a half-breed. He knew now why there had been days when his mother hated him, knew why the priest had set him down to books and the choir-singing as soon as he began to take to the wind-swept woods over the village. He had never been meant to know; and he saw how easy it had been to keep him ignorant. They never had Indians round Bear Cove, never thought of them; his mother's French blood had been enough to carry a darker skin and eyes than his. Half of his soul rose up in a dreadful revolt, and half of it in a wilder exaltation of freedom. He sat and stammered questions at the man on the other side of the fire, and

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finally got out what was last in his mind as it had been first. The letter: he wanted it read to him.

When he had heard it his eyes were different. He got up and lit his pipe as if he had never thrown it away from him; and after a long time he spoke, with a laugh that was not a boy's laugh.

"While I choose to be a white man, I will be a white man!" he said, and cast away salvation; for in the woods he was one thing, and out of them another. He took the Indian letter he could not read for himself from where it lay on the ground, and threw it on the fire, and on top of it he tossed the red head handkerchief that had been his mother's. The old paper blazed, and the common silk smouldered writhingly, but he did not look at them; neither of the two should ever call to him any more. He would be a white man now, and make a new name for himself.

BUT HE NEVER DID IT, his world being a jealous world which did its own christening. There were not ten people who ever knew him as John Noel, and they were unimportant, chief among them being a despised squatter called Welsh, to whose retired abode he was in the habit of repairing when he was tired of being the white man whom his intimates addressed as Frenchy. As for his official name, it was no new one; though when it cropped up in a lawless country it stood for a hundred things. Well-off people shook at the mention of it, but to the poor and desolate it was another matter. When Sabean the outlaw was finally caught and caged, there were scores of prayers going up that the Frenchwoman's son might not be caught too. Sabean had been the terror of two counties, and, having the poor on his side, had robbed with impunity; there was not a man anxious for his capture but his victims and the sheriff, and everyone but they knew he was only the tool of the Frenchwoman's son. If there were darker things, they were only whispered of; the Frenchwoman's son had found a world full of friends by the simple process of placidly, and at once, cracking down on his enemies. There was nearly always a smack of righteous vengeance in his sins.

When McManus's mill was burned just as he was bringing down his season's cut, well-informed people did not consider it an accident, though not one of them said so; and the Frenchwoman's son was unostentatiously elsewhere on important business, so that the law did not seek him any more than public gossip named him. It was well for McManus that he had no insurance, or his friends would have said he fired his mill himself. As it was they smiled crookedly, and remarked that the attention drawn to the working of his lumber business was worse than the fire; whereat he swore impotently, and cast about for vengeance, which was not forthcoming; and was so unpleasant to Fanny, his housekeeper, that she ran away of a dark night with his foreman, and he had to do his own cooking, which did not cool him. He began to talk of sending for his only daughter, who had been banished to her uncle Welsh's with the advent of Fanny; but it was a radical measure, and he put it off.

The Frenchwoman's son heard nothing of these last matters because he had gone out to Welsh's on the Long Swamp to make love to Welsh's niece.

In the northern woods the spring comes up in scarlet, leaf and shrub and blossom, with white drifts of Indian pear flower flung across a blood-red world. He had seen the red of it often enough, but it was the first year in his life he had noticed the white, or thought of the priest at Secret Lake in connection with a woman; and he had known a few as tall as Welsh's niece, and not so ragged. In the intervals of his variegated life he had watched her growing up, cast off, half starved, and lonely, till his heart was soft within him.

Welsh was a kind man when he was not drunk, but his shack was too convenient a place to bestow an inconvenient child. In front of it stretched a lake, and close behind it the Long Swamp, which was not as pretty as it looked. It was not called a quicksand; but it was not crossed, even in winter. A few Indians had tried it. Persons having business afterwards on the other side went round; and there grew up about it an ugly tradition with an Indian name. It looked an innocently sleeping waste; but it had its times, which were not seasons, for waking. In the dead calm of an August noon the Frenchwoman's son had seen its bay bushes sway as with wind, bow, and spring backwards with the passage of things he could not see; had heard out of it the crying that might have been the crying of a hurt loon, or the frantic screech of a man who tries to keep death off him by shrieking to the living. To a stray trapper, hearing it meant to wipe the sweat from his face, if he knew any Indian words. But the Frenchwoman's son was a white man determinedly, and had put away all fear of ghost-calling; it was merely a shamefaced care for the child that sent him to Welsh's to see her after an absence of a year. He found her a woman. Also absolutely and astoundingly beautiful in an old flannel shirt of Welsh's, and a skirt made of flour sacks.

At the sight of her he stood dumb for the first time in his pleasantly irresponsible life. Then, as she ran to him and put her hands on his, he was suddenly aware that the spring was scarlet, and the whiteness of the pear blossoms the whiteness of Mary McManus's face and throat above her unspeakable clothes. It was not till he had spoken about the priest at Secret Lake that he kissed her.

HE WAS NOT KNOWN by sight in that district, so that when he went to McManus and announced that he was going to marry his daughter it was annoying to be shown the door—profanely. McManus's mill happened to burn down the night John Noel went back to his courting. His plans were not changed, merely hurried, but back at Welsh's by the Long Swamp they bade fair to be destroyed. Mary McManus had waked to the desire of clothes.

"But," said he, very tenderly and without laughter, "I will buy you clothes for the wedding. Your father says"—he had never lost his mother's shrug—"there will be no wedding. He says other things, too."

"You saw Fanny!" She did not look at him.

"Yes." For once his mind was slow.

"Then," very low, "*I'll* have a dress with roses on it; and a pair of shoes! I never had a pair of shoes since I come here."

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"I can buy them." He smiled into her eyes, but they did not answer him.

"No; I'll make him! I'm his daughter; and Fanny has silk dresses."

The Frenchwoman's son sat down on the spring flowers, and looked across the nameless colour of the Long Swamp.

"Then it will be a long time to the wedding," he said, softly considering, "when he takes you home and I have to steal you out of his house in the dark. It is spring now, and there are a great many things to do where I live—in spring! There is the loon to watch—on her nest." Something in his slow voice flooded her slim throat scarlet.

"When I cook for you in your house you shall buy me clothes," she retorted passionately.

The Frenchwoman's son was not used to complex emotions. He sat silent, because he was provoked, and grieved and proud of her all at once. He knew that the sooner he and she were off to the priest and the Sou'west the better, for many reasons. But she was extremely beautiful, and very white.

"You go 'way and get me some paper," she ordered suddenly, "and I'll send him in a letter." With his first word of love to her she had changed from the little girl who had openly adored him all her life at Welsh's to a woman who dominated him body and soul. "You learned me to write; I'll write to him."

"When we've been to the priest," he said calmly.

"I can't—in these," she sobbed. Her shame had caught her at her heart as she looked at her rags and her bare legs. "Why, there's people, and—I can't. And Welsh hasn't any money, and I want a—cotton dress—with roses on it."

The Frenchwoman's son took her in a strong arm and comforted her with more confidence in himself than in McManus.

"You shall have the dress with roses on it. I will bring the paper and you shall write; but it will take two days. Will that do?"

"What's that?" she said, without answering. "Don't you hear some one calling?" She twisted away from him, and stood listening.

"No!" And on the heel of it he did hear. It was only the old cry he was used to disbelieving in, that floated over the loneliness, and he laughed. "That? It's only a bird in the swamp!"

"Never that way. There"—every line of her was rigid—"it's coming again! It—it sounds like as if it was calling me. I—oh, I'm afraid!"

"There's no harm in it. Why"—he moved to her serenely as he remembered—"I went through the swamp once, when I was a boy. It's a very good way to go if you know the path."

"There's no path!"

"I know one"; and over his comfortable voice the call came close and mocking.

"Welsh says," she clutched him, whispering, "that's lost people's ghosts; and they only call when they're hungry! I—don't it sound like my name?" and he felt the fear in her.

"It's only a bird," he said softly. "Do I look as if I were afraid of it? If it were your name I would be afraid."

McManus's daughter looked at him, and at five-and-twenty the Frenchwoman's son was a beautiful sight. There was no half-breed about him except the straight sling of his walk and the dark clearness of the cheek bent down to her; and there was that in his eyes that made her safe and happy and miserable all at once. If she had not caught sight of her own incredible skirt she would have clung to him, and begged him to take her away then and there. But she had remembered the cotton dress, and her father's money; and Fanny in silk. And perhaps the sudden terror that cut the quiet air was only a bird! What he said was gospel.

"There's nothing you'd be afraid of, except me!" she said, with the insolence of a woman to the man she adores. "Get me the paper an' a pencil."

It was Welsh who took in the letter, half from honest affection for his niece, and half for the chance of getting thoroughly drunk on some one else's whiskey. If he did, it was not on McManus's. Mary was no diplomatist, especially in the written word.

"I take my pen in hand to tel you I am going to be married to mister Noel if you don't send me some money to get a dress I wil come down to the village and tel how you tret me I will come in Welsh's old shirt and the flower sak I hav for a petticoat that is al the dress I have and show them. Mary at Welsh's."

Perfectly sober, and a day before his time, the messenger returned, and sheepishly confronted his niece and Noel.

"He says," he announced sourly, "that you're to come home right to once, and he'll flour-sack you!—and his mill's burned down, and the talk is that the Frenchwoman's son done it. And Fanny's run off with Jake Perry, and you're to go home tomorrow. And so I guess you two'd better git married and gone, and tell him afterwards; for he won't give you nothing, and he's wanting of you home."

"He can want," said McManus's daughter blackly. "Didn't he send me nothing?"

"Just that word, honey; and you ain't but seventeen; he can git you. I—I ain't a man to fight," with sudden shrillness, "and that letter made him dump me right out on the road!"

She stood up straight and looked at him. "I'll never go home, and I'll have my clothes; and I'm glad his mill's burnt, and I love the Frenchwoman's son for doing it, and I'm glad Fanny's run away; and I hate dad," she said, as emotionless as though she repeated a lesson.

Noel looked sharply from Welsh to the girl. "What's that about the Frenchwoman's son?"

"Some say that it was him had a grudge against McManus. Labrador said so; he only said so; they don't know who done it. I ain't never seen the man, but he's got a hard reputation, and Labrador thinks it was him. But when I wanted to know why, he soured on me; and he said he'd kill me if I opened my mouth on it to McManus."

"He certainly would," returned Mr. Noel placidly; and having been hand in glove with Frank Labrador, perhaps he knew.

"The Frenchwoman's son ain't bad if Labrador

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likes him," said Mary unexpectedly. "I love him."

"Yes"—began Noel stupidly, and stopped. She did not know any more than Welsh did, and perhaps he had never realized it before. But it was time to get away from the Long Swamp and take his wife with him. "I am sorry about that burning," he observed slowly. "It was a pity; and foolish. But he is not altogether a bad man, the Frenchwoman's son."

"Well, there's no handling McManus till he finds out who burned his mill!" muttered Welsh. He was suddenly tired of the subject. "He ain't heard of the Frenchwoman's son, and he ain't likely to. You git away and git married! Noel, he'll git you a dress."

Mary made no answer; the Frenchwoman's son saw there was no handling her, either. He stood and whistled thoughtfully, and she swung round on him.

"Who's the Frenchwoman's son?" she demanded.

"Just a man." He said it between two bars of the tune that covered his thoughts.

"Is he in the village?" He shook his head.

"Can dad catch him?"

The whistle stopped abruptly in a scornful smile. "Not if he'd seen him fire the mill!"

"Do you think he did it?"

"Oh, yes," carelessly. "But he had his reasons!" He looked at her with amusement. "He has never done things without his reasons."

"They say he's a hard-living man," Welsh objected.

"That's a lie," slowly. "And if he was, he's done with it. And catch him"—he laughed superbly. "When they can catch the screaming in the swamp!" He flung back at it with a free gesture of his head and shoulders, and McManus's daughter drew a breath and set her teeth on it. There could not be in all the world a man like him! She would go with him to the priest in a dress with roses on it, in spite of her father. She listened without objecting while he and Welsh arranged for the wedding in three days' time, but when she turned away to the house she sat thinking, instead of getting supper. Noel had departed to interview the priest, and, incidentally, the proprietor of the only shop at Secret Lake. In three days he would be back for the wedding; and the dress with roses on it was no nearer. Nothing would take Welsh back to McManus, and she had no other messenger. But when in the white dawn Welsh arose and unexpectedly went fishing, his niece leaped from her bed and cast on her casual garments. Even as his back disappeared in the thin spring bushes she was down at the lake shore, and the last sound of his going was covered by another sound; the plunging rush of a canoe launched and sprung into with one and the same movement. Frank Labrador, coming up half an hour later on business of his own, saw the shack deserted except for the blue-jays making faces at him from the rooftree, and went half-heartedly away.

IT WAS SUNRISE of the next day when the girl came back, to find the place still empty. She was tired, and she went to sleep, but once and again a horrible clamour in the swamp roused her till she went out to listen; when she came back for the second time she barred the door uneasily, and dressed herself. Her skin crept on her as she crouched down by the window and watched the empty glittering lake the long, silent morning, wishing impatiently that Welsh would come back; if she had had even a dog to speak to it would have lightened the senseless dread that was on her. And at the thought, leaning out and shading her eyes, she forgot it. A canoe had shot round the point and was at the landing. There was one man in it—a dirty messenger with a parcel.

When she raced down and dragged it out of his hand she saw her shoes, her stockings, and her wedding gown. Her father had been as good as his word, though he had sent the things by a stranger, instead of by Labrador as she had asked him. With a low laugh she plumped down on her knees and fondled the common print with roses on it; when she looked up to ask the man who had brought it if he wanted his dinner, he had gone away, and in the still air the rustling from the swamp was loud. For a moment her chill fear rushed back on her, but she would not heed it. She was back at the house, kneeling on the floor, feverishly cutting into her wedding gown.

The Frenchwoman's son, coming unexpectedly to the door in the late afternoon, stood thunderstruck.

Woodcut by M. J. Gallegher

It was sunrise of the next day when the girl came back.

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Mary had sprung to her feet at the sight of him, transfigured; her face a pale flame, her eyes shining, her triumphant mouth scarlet. He let fall the things he had painfully procured for her as he stared.

"I got it!" she cried, and flung herself at him, her arms warm round his throat; "I made him. I've shoes and stockings and white cotton and a dress with roses on it. And it's nearly done, and I'll marry you tomorrow!"

"How did you get them?" He laughed because he had never seen her so beautiful.

"I went down"—simply—"and waited at the portage, and sent a boy with notes on the paper you gave me. I asked him if he would give me the dress if I told him who fired his mill, and he sent back 'Yes.' So I told him it was the Frenchwoman's son, and he sent back to say 'it was cheap at a cotton gown, and he'd send it right away.' And he did. And you said he couldn't catch the Frenchwoman's son!"

Life, colour, and expression were all wiped off her listener's face.

"The Frenchwoman's son!" he repeated like a parrot. "But—and you told him?" His ready tongue had failed him.

"You said he couldn't catch him, any more than the ghost-calling in the swamp." She stood back, a little anxious. "He—he can't, can he?"

"Not then! Now"— He took her with both hands, and held her at his arms' length, and the feel of his hands frightened her, like the strangeness in his voice. "Didn't you know Labrador was here looking for me? That he found me last night, and told me a man from Sabean's had seen me when I fooled over to speak to your father, and told him it was me you were going to marry; me, the Frenchwoman's son! And now— Well—I should have told you. But I couldn't trust Welsh."

"You ain't French." She smiled disdainfully; but as she saw what was in his face her legs shook under her. "Do you mean it? Did I do—that?"

"My mother was a Frenchwoman," he said heavily; he had no desire to swear, even to be angry with her; the thing had gone too deep. "But I've been coming here for so long I forgot you couldn't know." He glanced through the open door to get the time from the westering sun, and saw, instead, that the young scarlet was gone from the world; it was old, green, usual—and the thought made his voice rough. "Come, we'll get out of this!" If he left her behind he would lose her, and once at the headwaters of the Sou'west, it would be a better man than McManus who should lay a claw on him. But his heart felt numb as he stooped to gather up the finery that had betrayed him.

As he bent, the girl's eyes fell on the window.

"Keep down," she whispered thickly. "There's a boat! There's—it's dad, and another man!"

The Frenchwoman's son heard her without surprise. He did not even glance out, but as he stepped softly back into the shadow of the room he looked at her with a curious trick of the eyes that made them seem all pupil.

"That is the sheriff," he said evenly, "with your father. What would you like me to do? For I burned the mill because your father was cruel to you, and I disliked him." He kept his strange gaze on her.

McManus's daughter sobbed wordlessly as she sprang at him and ran him out the back door.

"There's the swamp; you ain't afraid of it"—anguish and hate had killed her own terror of the place; "hide! What's an old mill? Hide!"

"You'd be afraid in it!" he said uneasily; and she laughed fiercely over her sobbing.

"That wouldn't make me stay. Stoop down!"

There was dead silence abroad now. Through it the two slipped safely across Welsh's inadequate clearing, into the thin green of its fringe of alders; and between them and the heavy screen of the swamp maples something moved. It was the man from Sabean's, the dirty messenger of the morning; and the Frenchwoman's son cut off his shout in the middle. But the half cry had done it. McManus was hot-foot round the house with the sheriff after him, and Noel was dragging the girl through the binding maples, down into the bay bushes that stretched breast-high between green abysses and runnels of fathomless black water. When they reached his path they could drop and lie hidden, for not a man would dare follow them; but for now they must be cat-footed over the deadly green that spurted to their every step. There was cover enough, and he put her behind him, without daring to take his eyes from the quaking ground.

"Walk in my steps," he ordered, wondering if the next few yards would beat them; and his heart stopped as she screamed——

"My dress—my dress with roses on it!" Even as he wheeled to clutch her she had broken away from him and was running, leaping helter-skelter back to the house, with no heed to the way she had come.

The Frenchwoman's son stood up straight in the afternoon light, his black head a clear mark against the young sun-filtered green of the thicket.

"Lie down!" he yelled, "lie down!"

He did not hear any answer. It was McManus who had fired, and the sheriff, who was half-hearted about the whole business, had been slow in knocking up his gun. Mary McManus had lain down in a very pretty patch of quaking grass. The Frenchwoman's son knew she was dead as she crumpled forwards, but he was a white man who had been going to marry a white girl. He went back for her. He was heedless of the sheriff's calling; he knew a path through the swamp, and he must carry her to it that he might bury her out in the clean ground of the Sou'west. But the weight across his shoulder had somehow confused him; and the dead girl's hair kept brushing over his eyes, so that in the waving shadow of it he saw another shadow moving before him. To the dull anguish of his haste the very bushes were malignant; they kept him back, springing in his face with blow after blow, as though he followed too close a trail. But he was a white man, and he fought through them, making blindly for the sinking sun. It was on the edge of a bottomless channel that he stumbled, and fell.

No sound came back out of the swamp; that which had been unquiet was perhaps fed; but in Welsh's house a light air crept through the open back door and fluttered the dress with roses on it that lay half made on the floor.

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The Jolly Angler

See! At the earliest dawn of day
The jolly angler bends his way
To streams, where far from care and strife,
From smoky house and scolding wife,
He snares the finny race;
A southern gale propitious blows,
His rod prepared—his line he throws,
With well-made fly he fishes fine,
A bite! He strikes! Now hold fast, line!
He's caught! A full-grown dace.

Chorus
The jolly angler's is the life,
Devoid of care, devoid of strife!

Old Song.

The Art of Fishing

O Sir, doubt not but that Angling is an art; is it not an art to deceive a Trout with an artificial Fly? A Trout! that is more sharp-sighted than every Hawk that you have named, and more watchful and timorous than your high-mettled Marlin is bold? And yet, I doubt not to catch a brace or two tomorrow, for a friend's breakfast: doubt not therefore, sir, but that angling is an art, and an art worth your learning; the question is rather whether you be capable of learning it? For angling is somewhat like poetry, men are to be born so; I mean, with inclinations to it, though both may be heightened by discourse and practice; but he that hopes to be a good angler must not only bring an inquiring, searching, observing wit, but he must bring a large measure of hope and patience, and a love and propensity to the art itself; but having once got and practised it, then doubt not but angling will prove to be so pleasant, that it will prove to be, like virtue, a reward to itself.

The Compleat Angler. Izaak Walton.

Sleeping, we image what awake we wish,
Dogs dream of bones, and fishermen of fish.

Idylls. Theocritus.

On Walden Pond at Night

Sometimes, after staying in a village parlour till the family had all retired, I have returned to the woods, and, partly with a view to the next day's dinner, spent the hours of midnight fishing from a boat by moonlight, serenaded by owls and foxes, and hearing, from time to time, the creaking note of some unknown bird close at hand. These experiences were very memorable and valuable to me—anchored in forty feet of water and twenty or thirty rods from the shore, surrounded sometimes by thousands of small perch and shiners, dimpling the surface with their tails in the moonlight, and communicating by a long flaxen line with mysterious nocturnal fishes which had their dwelling forty feet below, or sometimes dragging sixty feet of line about the pond as I drifted in the gentle night breeze, now and then feeling a slight vibration along it, indicative of some life prowling about its extremity, of dull, uncertain blundering purpose there, and slow to make up its mind. At length you slowly raise, pulling hand over hand, some horned pout squeaking and squirming to the upper air.

Wood engraving by Eric Daglish from The Compleat Angler. *Courtesy* The New Republic.

It was queer—almost uncanny, especially in dark nights, when your thoughts had wandered to vast and cosmogonal themes in other spheres, to feel this faint jerk, which came to interrupt your dreams and link you to Nature again. It seemed as if I might next cast my line upward into the air, as well as downward into this element which was scarcely more dense. Thus I caught two fishes, as it were, with but a single hook.

Walden, or Life in the Woods.
Henry David Thoreau.

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Woodcut by Heistand Miller.

The Fish's Heaven

Oh! never fly conceals a hook,
Fish say, in the Eternal Brook,
But more than mundane weeds are there,
And mud, celestially fair;
Fat caterpillars drift around,
And Paradisial grubs are found;
Unfading moths, immortal flies,
And the worm that never dies.
And in that Heaven of all their wish,
There shall be no more land, say fish.

Rupert Brooke.

When he (the fly fisherman) comes back at night and says happily, "I have never cast a line more perfectly than I have to-day," it is almost indecent to peek into his creel.

Fishing with a Worm. Bliss Perry.

A Fight with a Swordfish

I saw him, close at hand, monstrous and animated, in a surging, up-sweeping splash. I heard the hiss of boiling foam. He lunged away, churning the water like a ferry-boat wheel, and then he turned squarely at us. I felt, rather than saw, that he had put on full speed ahead. The swordfish dove toward us, went under and came up in a two-sheeted white splash, and rose higher and higher, to fall with a cracking sound. Like a flash of light he shot up again and began wagging his huge purple-barred body, lifting himself still higher until all but his tail stood ponderously above the surface; and then, incredibly powerful, he wagged and lashed upright in a sea of hissing foam, mouth open wide, blood streaming down his wet sides and flying in a wet spray from his flapping gills—a wonderful and hair-raising spectacle. . . . Then about a hundred feet astern he turned in his own length . . . he rose three-quarters of his huge body, purple-blazed, tiger-striped, spear-pointed, and, with the sea boiling white around him, he spun around, creating an indescribable picture of untamed ferocity and wild life and incomparable beauty. Then down he splashed with a roar, leaving a red foam on the white.

Tales of Fishes. Zane Grey.

Seated upon the convex mound
Of one vast kidney, Jonah prays
And sings his canticles and hymns,
Making the hollow vault resound, . . .
Till the great fish spouts music as he swims.

Aldous Huxley.

Cleopatra Plays a Joke on Antony

He went out one day to angle with Cleopatra, and, being so unfortunate as to catch nothing in the presence of his mistress, he gave secret orders to the fishermen to dive under the water and put fishes that had been already taken upon his hooks; and these he drew so fast that the Egyptian perceived it. But, feigning great admiration, she told everybody how dexterous Antony was, and invited them next day to come and see him again. So, when a number of them had come on board the fishing boats, as soon as he had let down his hook one of her servants was beforehand with his divers, and fixed upon his hook a salted fish from Pontus. Antony, feeling his line give, drew up the prey, and when, as may be imagined, great laughter ensued, "Leave," said Cleopatra, "the fishing rod, General, to us poor sovereigns of Pharos and Canopus; your game is cities, provinces, and kingdoms."

Life of Antony. Plutarch.

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The Incredible Moon Fish

It was like nothing else in the world, and yet its profile reminded me of several of my good friends. To those of us whose physical spareness is our most emphasized gift in life, the sight of a young moonfish makes us feel positively obese. In depth my fish was exactly two inches, while its absurdly long-drawn out high-forcheaded face lacked only a quarter of an inch of this. From the side it glowed like a freshly opened shell of mother-of-pearl or unoxidized silver foil—or as only a moonfish can. Its wide, surprised eye rolled inquiringly, and its downward-turned, pessimistic mouth forever opened and shut, engulfing the current which meant life. As it slowly rotated and appeared head on, the moonfish went into eclipse and showed nothing but a narrow sliver of silver. At its thickest it was only a quarter of an inch, and yet in this vertical line of a fish were compressed all the bones, organs, emotions, and life processes which characterize the plumpest trout or grouper.

Galapagos, World's End. William Beebe.

Salmon costs from one shilling nine pence to three shillings six pence per pound to buy, and from ten shillings one pence to twenty-two shillings six pence per pound to catch in moderate seasons.

Fishing, Its Cause, Treatment, and Cure.
H. T. Sheringham.

The Early Angler

Also who soo woll use the game of anglynge: he must ryse erly, whiche thyng is proffytable to man in this wyse. That is to wyte: moost to the heele of his soule, for it shall cause him to be holy, and to the heele of his body, for it shall cause him to be hole. Also to the increase of his goodys, for it shall make him riche. As the old Englysshe proverbe sayth, who so woll ryse erly shall be holy, helthy and zely.

Treatysse of Fysshinge with an Angle.
Dame Juliana Berners. (1496).

"Once when I fished for the leaping tuna, a monster sprang from the sea and seized my hook, a huge flapping beast, with a nose like the bowsprit of a ship, and with great wings like a dragon. I don't know what it was, whether it was an Ichthyosaurus, or——"

"Maybe it was a whale," said the sympathetic listener.

"A whale, a whale! Why, man, we were using whales for bait!"

Fish Stories. C. F. Holder and David Starr Jordan.

The Delights of Hooking a Grilse

One evening, however, I explored one of these tributaries, and about a quarter of a mile above its mouth I decided to try a deep, dark pool. I put on a dry fly —a small Cinnamon Sedge— greased my line and leader, and cast out on the water. At first, nothing happened. I tried lower down, at the bottom of the pool where the water swept in a smooth, greasy run into the rapid below. Darkness was just falling; I stood leaning my left hand against a small white birch tree, making short casts because the alders were so thick behind me. The second time my fly floated down the run, a strange wave gathered under it, and suddenly I was fast to the heaviest fish I had ever had on a five-ounce rod. Whatever it was, it rushed upstream; I checked, and he showed himself in a flash of silver, a big grilse, almost a salmon, a fish of between five and six pounds. I had a merry fight and was in mortal terror lest he should run down into the rapid, where I could never have followed him. He kept going upstream, and I followed him with a short line, lifting my road over the bushes. Presently, after three leaps, he was tired and I worked him in toward the gravelly bar on which I stood. I had no gaff, and my landing net lay on the bank fifty yards below me, where I had dropped it in the excitement of hooking the big fish. The grilse turned on his side and showed signs of complete exhaustion; he allowed me to guide him where I wished. I worked him in close close to my feet, shifted my rod to my left hand, and turning the salmon's head toward mid-stream, bent low and, grasping him suddenly just above the tail, flung him kicking on the bank.... I returned to our camp triumphant. It was many years before I hooked another grilse.

Wood engraving by Eric Daglish. Courtesy The New Republic.

The Autobiography of a Fisherman.
Frank Parker Day.

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Directions for a Lady Angler

Take the rod and do as you saw me do, and luck attend your fishing. Memorandum: No scarlet petticoats nor flashing colours, mind. None of your black hats and white-and-scarlet feathers that a trout would see fifty yards away: and since you don't want to flirt with every thorn in the brake, let your crinoline be of the most modest dimensions possible, or avoid it altogether like a brave and independent girl, as you can be when you like, you know.

Angling Reminiscences. Francis Francis.

An Early Fisherman

Noah took his halo from his old bald head
An' swatted of a hoppergrass an' knocked it dead,
An' he baited of his hook, an' he spoke an' said:
"When I was the Skipper of the tight leetle Ark,
I useter fish for porpus, uster fish for shark,
Often have I ketched in a single hour on Monday
Sharks enough to feed the fambly till Sunday—
To feed all the sarpints, the tigers an' donkeys,
To feed all the zebras, the insects an' monkeys,
To feed all the varmints, bears an' gorillars,
To feed all the camels, cats an' armadillers,
To give all the pelicans stews for their gizzards,
To feed all the owls an' catamounts an' lizards,
To feed all the humans, their babies an' their nusses,
To feed all the houn' dawgs an' hippopotamusses,
To feed all the oxens, feed all the asses,
Feed all the bisons an' leetle hoppergrasses—
Always I ketched, in half a hour on Monday,
All that the fambly could gormandize till Sunday!"

Noah an' Jonah an' Cap'n John Smith. Don Marquis.

Drawing by Edgar Wilson

The Frog Who Would A-Fishing Go

Mr. Jeremy put on a mackintosh and a pair of shiny galoshes; he took his rod and basket and set off with enormous hops to the place where he kept his boat.

The boat was round and green, and very like the other lily pads. It was tied to a water plant in the middle of the pond.

Mr. Jeremy took a reed pole and pushed the boat out into open water. "I know a good place for minnows," said Mr. Jeremy Fisher.

Mr. Jeremy stuck his pole in the mud and fastened the boat to it.

Then he settled himself cross-legged and arranged his fishing tackle. He had the dearest little red float. His rod was a tough stalk of grass, his line was a fine, long white horsehair, and he tied a little wriggling worm at the end.

The rain trickled down his back, and for nearly an hour he stared at the float.

"This is getting tiresome. I think I should like some lunch," said Mr. Jeremy Fisher.

The Tale of Mr. Jeremy Fisher.
Beatrix Potter.

He that shall consider the variety of baits, for all seasons, and pretty devices which our anglers have invented, peculiar lines, false flies, several sleights, etc., etc., will say that it deserves commendation.—This is still and quiet, and if so be the angler catch no fish, yet he hath a wholesome walk to the brook's side.

Anatomy of Melancholy. Robert Burton.

The Angler's Countryside

Dearer to him than wild cataracts or Alpine glens are the still, hidden streams which Bewick has immortalized in his vignettes and Creswick in his pictures; the long, grassy shadow paved with yellow gravel, where he wades up between low walls of fern-fringed rock, between nut, and oak, and alder, to the low bar over which the stream comes swirling and dimpling, as the water-ousel flits piping before him, and the murmur of the ring-dove comes soft and sleepy through the wood. There, as he wades, he sees a hundred sights and hears a hundred tones, which are hidden from the traveler on the dusty highway above. The traveler fancies that he has seen the country. So he has; the outside of it at least. But the angler only sees the inside. The angler only is brought close, face to face with the flower, and bird, and insect life of the rich river banks, the only part of the landscape where the hand of man has never interfered, and the only part in general which never feels the drought of summer; the trees planted by the waterside, whose leaf shall not wither.

Chalk-Stream Studies. Charles Kingsley.

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Fisherman's Luck

As for my chosen pursuit of angling (which I follow with diligence when not interrupted by less important concerns), I rejoice with every true fisherman that it has a greeting all its own and of a most honourable antiquity. There is no written record of its origin. But it is quite certain that since the days after the Flood, when Deucalion

"Did first this art invent
Of angling, and his people taught the same,"

two honest and good-natured anglers have never met each other by the way without crying out, "What luck?"

Here, indeed, is an epitome of the gentle art. Here is the spirit of it embodied in a word and paying its respects to you with its native accent. Here you see its secret charms unconsciously disclosed. The attraction of angling for all the ages of man, from the cradle to the grave, lies in its uncertainty. 'Tis an affair of luck. Henry van Dyke.

Angling is an amusement with a stick and a string: a worm at one end and a fool at the other. *Attributed to* Dr. Johnson.

A Fifty-Three Year-Old Trout

Mr. W. Hossop, of Bond Hall, Furness, placed a small fellbeck trout, about fifty-three years ago, when a boy, into a well in the orchard belonging to his family, where it remained ever since, till last week, when it died, not through sickness or infirmity, but for want of its natural element, water, the severe drought drying up the spring that supplied the well. His lips and gills were perfectly white. He regularly came to be fed by his master's hand when called by the name of Ned.

Anecdotes of Fish and Fishing.
Thomas Boosey. (1834).

The Angler's Invitation

Come when the leaf comes, angle with me,
Come when the bee hums over the lea,
Come with the wild flowers—
Come with the wild showers—
Come when the singing bird calleth for thee!

Then to the stream side gladly we'll hie,
Where the gray trout glide silently by,
Or in some still place,
Over the hill face
Hurrying onward, drop the light fly.

Thomas Tom Stoddart.

Next to being an expert, it is well to be a contented duffer, a man who would fish if he could, and who will pleasure himself by flicking off his flies and dreaming of impossible trout, and smoking among the sedges Hope's enchanted cigarettes. Andrew Lang.

The Sport of Presidents

Man and boy, the American is a fisherman. That comprehensive list of human rights, the Declaration of Independence, is firm that all men (and boys) are endowed with certain inalienable rights, including life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness . . . which obviously includes the pursuit of fish. I submit that each fisherman ought to catch at least fifty fish during the season. I should like more than that myself, but that ought to be demanded as a minimum under the "rights" as implied in the Declaration, provided it includes one big one for purposes of indelible memory, conversation, and historic record. . . . There were lots of people who committed crimes last year who would not have done so if they had been fishing, and I believe that the increase of crime is due to a lack of those qualities of mind and character which impregnate the souls of all fishermen except those who get no bites. . . . The joyous rush of the brook, the contemplation of the eternal flow of the stream, the stretch of the forest and mountain all reduce our egotism, soothe our troubles, and shame our wickedness. Fishing is not so much getting fish as it is a state of mind, and a lure of the human soul into refreshment.

In Praise of Izaak Walton. Herbert Hoover.

Drawing by Edgar Wilson.

Lord, suffer me to catch a fish
So large that even I
When talking of it afterwards
May have no need to lie.

From an old book.

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By
HENRY
CUYLER
BUNNER

Drawings by
James Reid

The Nice People

H. C. Bunner

"THEY CERTAINLY ARE NICE PEOPLE," I assented to my wife's observation, using the colloquial phrase with a consciousness that it was anything but "nice" English, "and I'll bet that their three children are better brought up than most of——"

"*Two* children," corrected my wife.

"Three, he told me."

"My dear, she said there were *two*."

"He said three."

"You've simply forgotten. I'm *sure* she told me they had only two—a boy and a girl."

"Well, I didn't enter into particulars."

"No, dear, and you couldn't have understood him. Two children."

"All right," I said; but I did not think it was all right. As a near-sighted man learns by enforced observation to recognize persons at a distance when the face is not visible to the normal eye, so the man with a bad memory learns, almost unconsciously, to listen carefully and report accurately. My memory is bad; but I had not had time to forget that Mr. Brewster Brede had told me that afternoon that he had three children, at present left in the care of his mother-in-law, while he and Mrs. Brede took their summer vacation.

"Two children," repeated my wife; "and they are staying with his Aunt Jenny."

"He told me with his mother-in-law," I put in. My wife looked at me with a serious expression. Men may not remember much of what they are told about children; but any man knows the difference between an aunt and a mother-in-law.

"But don't you think they're nice people?" asked my wife.

"Oh, certainly," I replied. "Only, I must say they seem to be a little mixed up about their children."

"That isn't a nice thing to say," returned my wife. I could not deny it.

And yet, the next morning, when the Bredes came down and seated themselves opposite us at table, beaming and smiling in their natural, pleasant, well-bred fashion, I knew, to a social certainty, that they were *"nice"* people. He was a fine-looking fellow in his neat tennis-flannels, slim, graceful, twenty-eight or thirty years old, with a Frenchy pointed beard. She was "nice" in all her pretty clothes, and she herself was pretty with that type of prettiness which outwears most other types—the prettiness that lies in a rounded figure, a dusky skin, plump, rosy cheeks, white teeth, and black eyes. She might have been twenty-five; you guessed that she was prettier than she was at twenty, and that she would be prettier still at forty.

AND NICE PEOPLE were all we wanted to make us happy in Mr. Jacobus's summer boarding-house on top of Orange Mountain. For a week we had come down to breakfast each morning, wondering why we wasted the precious days of idleness with the company gathered around the Jacobus board. What joy of human companionship was to be had out of Mrs. Tabb and Miss Hoogencamp, the two middle-aged gossips from Scranton, Pa.—out of Mr. and Mrs. Biggle, an indurated head-bookkeeper and his prim and censorious wife—out of old Major Halkit, a retired business man, who, having once sold a few shares on commission, wrote for circulars of every stock company that was started, and tried to induce

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everyone who would listen to him to invest? We looked around at those dull faces, the truthful indices of mean and barren minds, and decided that we would leave that morning. Then we ate Mrs. Jacobus's biscuit, light as Aurora's cloudlets, drank her honest coffee, inhaled the perfume of the late azaleas with which she decked her table, and decided to postpone our departure one more day. And then we wandered out to take our morning glance at what we called "our view"; and it seemed to us as if Tabb and Hoogencamp and Halkit and the Biggleses could not drive us away in a year.

I WAS NOT SURPRISED when, after breakfast, my wife invited the Bredes to walk with us to "our view." The Hoogencamp-Biggle-Tabb-Halkit contingent never stirred off Jacobus's verandah; but we both felt that the Bredes would not profane that sacred scene. We strolled slowly across the fields, passed through the little belt of woods, and, as I heard Mrs. Brede's little cry of startled rapture, I motioned to Brede to look up.

"By Jove!" he cried, "heavenly!"

We looked off from the brow of the mountain over fifteen miles of billowing green, to where, far across a far stretch of pale blue, lay a dim purple line that we knew was Staten Island. Towns and villages lay before us and under us; there were ridges and hills, uplands and lowlands, woods and plains, all massed and mingled in that great silent sea of sunlit green. For silent it was to us, standing in the silence of a high place—silent with a Sunday stillness that made us listen, without taking thought, for the sound of bells coming up from the spires that rose above the tree-tops—the tree-tops that lay as far beneath us as the light clouds were above us that dropped great shadows upon our heads and faint specks of shade upon the broad sweep of land at the mountain's foot.

"And so that is *your* view?" asked Mrs. Brede, after a moment; "you are very generous to make it ours, too."

Then we lay down on the grass, and Brede began to talk, in a gentle voice, as if he felt the influence of the place. He had paddled a canoe, in his earlier days, he said, and he knew every river and creek in that vast stretch of landscape. He found his landmarks, and pointed out to us where the Passaic and the Hackensack flowed, invisible to us, hidden behind great ridges that in our sight were but combings of the green waves upon which we looked down. And yet, on the further side of those broad ridges and rises were scores of villages—a little world of country life, lying unseen under our eyes.

"A good deal like looking at humanity," he said; "there is such a thing as getting so far above our fellow men that we see only one side of them."

Ah, how much better was this sort of talk than the chatter and gossip of the Tabb and the Hoogencamp—than the Major's dissertations upon his everlasting circulars! My wife and I exchanged glances.

"Now, when I went up the Matterhorn—" Mr. Brede began.

"Why, dear," interrupted his wife. "I didn't know you ever went up the Matterhorn."

"It—it was five years ago," said Mr. Brede, hurriedly. "I—I didn't tell you—when I was on the other side, you know—it was rather dangerous—well, as I was saying—it looked—oh, it didn't look at all like this."

A cloud floated overhead, throwing its great shadow over the field where we lay. The shadow passed over the mountain's brow and reappeared far below, a rapidly decreasing blot, flying eastward over the golden green. My wife and I exchanged glances once more.

Somehow, the shadow lingered over us all. As we went home, the Bredes went side by side along the narrow path, and my wife and I walked together.

"*Should you think,*" she asked me, "that a man would climb the Matterhorn the very first year he was married?"

"I don't know, my dear," I answered, evasively; "this isn't the first year I have been married, not by a good many, and I wouldn't climb it—for a farm."

"You know what I mean," she said.

I did.

WHEN WE REACHED the boarding-house, Mr. Jacobus took me aside.

"You know," he began his discourse, "my wife she used to live in N' York!"

I didn't know, but I said "Yes."

"She says the numbers on the streets run criss-cross-like. Thirty-four's on one side o' the street an' thirty-five on t'other. How's that?"

"That is the invariable rule, I believe."

"Then—I say—these here new folk that you 'n' your wife seem so mighty taken up with—d'ye know anything about 'em?"

"I know nothing about the character of your boarders, Mr. Jacobus," I replied, conscious of some irritability. "If I choose to associate with any of them——"

"Jess so—jess so!" broke in Jacobus. "I hain't nothin' to say ag'inst yer sosherbil'ty. But do ye *know* them?"

"Why, certainly not," I replied.

"Well—that was all I wuz askin' ye. Ye see, when *he* come here to take the rooms—you wasn't here then—he told my wife that he lived at number thirty-four in his street. An' yistiddy *she* told her that they lived at number thirty-five. He said he lived in an apartment-house. Now there can't be no apartment-house on two sides of the same street, kin they?"

"What street was it?" I inquired wearily.

"Hundred 'n' Twenty-first Street."

"Maybe," I replied, still more wearily. "That's Harlem. Nobody knows what people will do in Harlem."

I went up to my wife's room.

"Don't you think it's queer?" she asked me.

"I think I'll have a talk with that young man tonight," I said, "and see if he can give some account of himself."

"But, my dear," my wife said, gravely, "she doesn't know whether they've had the measles or not."

"Why, Great Scott!" I exclaimed, "they must have had them when they were children."

"Please don't be stupid," said my wife with

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gentle asperity. "I meant *their* children of course."

After dinner that night—or rather, after supper, for we had dinner in the middle of the day at Jacobus's—I walked down the long verandah to ask Brede, who was placidly smoking at the other end, to accompany me on a twilight stroll. Half way down I met Major Halkit.

"That friend of yours," he said, indicating the unconscious figure at the farther end of the house, "seems to be a queer sort of a Dick. He told me that he was out of business, and just looking round for a chance to invest his capital. And I've been telling him what an everlasting big show he has to take stock in the Capitoline Trust Company—starts next month—four million capital—I told you all about it. 'Oh, well,' he says, 'let's wait and think about it.' 'Wait!' says I, 'the Capitoline Trust Company won't wait for *you,* my boy. This is letting you in on the ground floor,' says I, 'and it's now or never.' 'Oh, let it wait,' says he. I don't know what's in*to* the man."

"I don't know how well he knows his own business, Major," I said as I started again for Brede's end of the veranda. But I was troubled none the less. The Major could not have influenced the sale of one share of stock in the Capitoline Company. But that stock was a great investment; a rare chance for a purchaser with a few thousand dollars. Perhaps it was no more remarkable that Brede should not invest than that I should not—and yet, it seemed to add one circumstance more to the other suspicious circumstances.

WHEN I WENT UPSTAIRS that evening, I found my wife putting her hair to bed—I don't know how I can better describe an operation familiar to every married man. I waited until the last tress was coiled up and then I spoke:

"I've talked with Brede," I said, "and I didn't have to catechize him. He seemed to feel that some sort of explanation was looked for, and he was very outspoken. You were right about the children—that is, I must have misunderstood him. There are only two. But the Matterhorn episode was simple enough. He didn't realize how dangerous it was until he had got so far into it that he couldn't back out; and he didn't tell her, because he'd left her here, you see, and under the circumstances——"

"Left her here!" cried my wife. "I've been sitting with her the whole afternoon, sewing, and she told me that he *left* her at Geneva, and came back and took her to Basle, and the baby was born there—now I'm sure, dear, because I asked her."

"Perhaps I was mistaken when I thought he said she was on this side of the water," I suggested, with bitter biting irony.

"You poor dear, did I abuse you?" said my wife. "But, do you know, Mrs. Tabb said that *she* didn't know how many lumps of sugar he took in his coffee. Now that seems queer, doesn't it?"

It did. It was a small thing. But it looked queer. Very queer.

THE NEXT MORNING, it was clear that war was declared against the Bredes. They came down to breakfast somewhat late, and, as soon as they arrived, the Biggleses swooped up the last fragments that remained on their plates, and made a stately march out of the dining-room. Then Miss Hoogencamp arose and departed, leaving a whole fishball on her plate. Even as Atalanta might have dropped an apple behind her to tempt her pursuer to check his speed, so Miss Hoogencamp left that fishball behind her, and between her maiden self and contamination.

We had finished our breakfast, my wife and I, before the Bredes appeared. We talked it over, and agreed that we were glad that we had not been obliged to take sides upon such insufficient testimony.

After breakfast, it was the custom of the male half of the Jacobus household to go around the corner of the building and smoke their pipes and cigars where they would not annoy the ladies. We sat under a trellis covered with a grapevine that had borne no grapes in the memory of man. This vine, however, bore leaves, and these, on that pleasant summer morning, shielded from us two persons who were in earnest conversation in the straggling, half-dead flower-garden at the side of the house.

"I don't want," we heard Mr. Jacobus say, "to enter in no man's *pry*-vacy; but I do want to know who it may be, like, that I hev in my house. Now, what I ask of *you,* and I don't want you to take it as in no ways *personal,* is—hev you your merridge-license with you?"

"No," we heard the voice of Mr. Brede reply. "Have you yours?"

I think it was a chance shot; but it told all the same. The Major (he was a widower) and Mr. Biggle and I looked at each other; and Mr. Jacobus, on the other side of the grape-trellis, looked at—I don't know what—and was as silent as we were.

Where is *your* marriage-license, married reader? Do you know? Four men, not including Mr. Brede, stood or sat on one side or the other of that grape-trellis, and not one of them knew where his marriage-license was. Each of us had had one—the Major had had

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three. But where were they? Where is *yours?* Tucked in your best-man's pocket; deposited in his desk—or washed to a pulp in his white waistcoat (if white waistcoats be the fashion of the hour), washed out of existence—can you tell where it is? Can you—unless you are one of those people who frame that interesting document and hang it upon their drawing-room walls?

Mr. Brede's voice arose, after an awful stillness of what seemed like five minutes, and was, probably, thirty seconds:

"Mr. Jacobus, will you make out your bill at once, and let me pay it? I shall leave by the six o'clock train. And will you also send for my trunks?"

"I hain't said I wanted to hev ye leave——" began Mr. Jacobus; but Brede cut him short.

"Bring me your bill."

"But," remonstrated Jacobus, "ef ye ain't——"

"Bring me your bill!" said Mr. Brede.

My wife and I went out for our morning's walk. But it seemed to us, when we looked at "our view," as if we could see only those invisible villages of which Brede had told us—that other side of the ridges and rises of which we catch no glimpse from lofty hills or from the heights of human self-esteem. We meant to stay out until the Bredes had taken their departure; but we returned just in time to see Pete, the Jacobus darkey, the blacker of boots, the brusher of coats, the general handy-man of the house, loading the Brede trunks on the Jacobus wagon.

And as we stepped upon the verandah, down came Mrs. Brede, leaning on Mr. Brede's arm, as though she were ill; and it was clear that she had been crying. There were heavy rings about her pretty black eyes.

My wife took a step toward her.

"Look at that dress, dear," she whispered; "she never thought anything like this was going to happen when she put *that* on."

It was a pretty, delicate, dainty dress, a graceful, narrow-striped affair. Her hat was trimmed with a narrow-striped silk of the same colours—maroon and white—and in her hand she held a parasol that matched her dress.

"She's had a new dress on twice a day," said my wife; "but that's the prettiest yet. Oh, somehow—I'm *awfully* sorry they're going!"

But going they were. They moved toward the steps. Mrs. Brede looked toward my wife, and my wife moved toward Mrs. Brede. But the ostracized woman, as though she felt the deep humiliation of her position, turned sharply away, and opened her parasol to shield her eyes from the sun. A shower of rice—a half-pound shower of rice—fell down over her pretty hat and her pretty dress, and fell in a spattering circle on the floor, outlining her skirts—and there it lay in a broad, uneven band, bright in the morning sun.

Mrs. Brede was in my wife's arms, sobbing as if her young heart would break.

"Oh, you poor, dear, silly children!" my wife cried, as Mrs. Brede sobbed on her shoulder, "why *didn't* you tell us?"

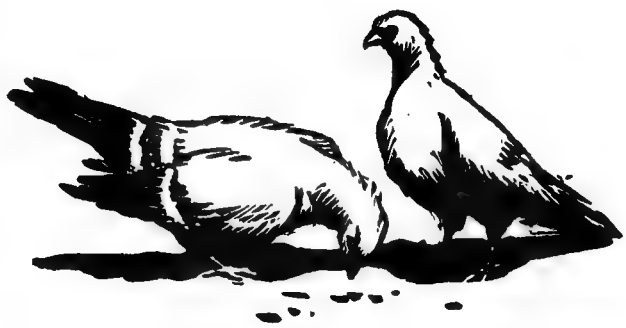
"W-W-W-We didn't want to be t-t-taken for a b-b-b-b-bridal couple," sobbed Mrs. Brede; "and we d-d-didn't *dream* what awful lies we'd have to tell, and all the aw-aw-ful mixed-up-ness of it. Oh, dear!"

"Pete!" commanded Mr. Jacobus, "put back them trunks. These folk stays here's long's they wants ter. Mr. Brede——" he held out a large, hard hand—"I'd orter've known better," he said. And my last doubt of Mr. Brede vanished as he shook that grimy hand in manly fashion.

The two women were walking off toward "our view," each with an arm about the other's waist—touched by a sudden sisterhood of sympathy.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Brede, addressing Jacobus, Biggle, the Major and me, "there is a hostelry down the street where they sell honest New Jersey beer. I recognize the obligations of the situation."

We five men filed down the street. The two women went toward the pleasant slope where the sunlight gilded the forehead of the great hill. On Mr. Jacobus's verandah lay a spattered circle of shining grains of rice. Two of Mr. Jacobus's pigeons flew down and picked up the shining grains, making grateful noises far down in their throats.



The Tawny Fields in Sleep Lie Flushed

Die falben Felder schlafen schon,
Mein Herz nur wacht allein;
Der Abend refft im Hafen schon
Sein rotes Segel ein.

Traumselige Vigilie!
Jetzt wallt die Nacht durchs Land;
Der Mond, die weisze Lilie,
Blüht auf in ihrer Hand.

The tawny fields in sleep lie flushed,
My heart lone vigil holds;
And in the harbour, Evening, hushed,
Its rosy sail unfolds.

Oh dream-blessed vigil there!
Now night steals o'er the land;
The moon, a lily white and fair,
Opens within her hand.

By Rainer Maria Rilke.
Translated by Mabel S. Childers.

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By
STEPHEN
CRANE

Woodcut by Charles R. Gardner

A Tent in Agony

Stephen Crane

FOUR MEN ONCE CAME to a wet place in the roadless forest to fish. They pitched their tent fair upon the brow of a pine-clothed ridge of riven rocks whence a bowlder could be made to crash through the brush and whirl past the trees to the lake below. On fragrant hemlock boughs they slept the sleep of successful fishermen, for upon the lake alternately the sun made them lazy and the rain made them wet. Finally they ate the last bit of bacon, and smoked, and burned the last fearful and wonderful hoe-cake.

Immediately a little man volunteered to stay and hold the camp while the remaining three should go the Sullivan county miles to a farmhouse for supplies. They gazed at him dismally. "There's only one of you —the devil make a twin," they said in parting malediction, and disappeared down the hill in the known direction of a distant cabin. When it came night and the hemlocks began to sob, they had not returned. The little man sat close to his companion, the campfire, and encouraged it with logs. He puffed fiercely at a heavy built brier, and regarded a thousand shadows which were about to assault him. Suddenly he heard the approach of the unknown, crackling the twigs and rustling the dead leaves. The little man arose slowly to his feet, his clothes refused to fit his back, his pipe dropped from his mouth, his knees smote each other. "Hah!" he bellowed hoarsely in menace. A growl replied and a bear paced into the light of the fire. The little man supported himself upon a sapling and regarded his visitor.

The bear was evidently a veteran and a fighter, for the black of his coat had become tawny with age. There was confidence in his gait and arrogance in his small, twinkling eye. He rolled back his lips and disclosed his white teeth. The fire magnified the red of his mouth. The little man had never before confronted the terrible, and he could not wrest it from his breast. "Hah!" he roared. The bear interpreted this as the challenge of a gladiator. He approached warily. As he came near, the boots of fear were suddenly upon the little man's feet. He cried out and then darted around the campfire. "Ho!" said the bear to himself, "this thing won't fight—it runs. Well, suppose I catch it." So upon his features there fixed the animal look of going—somewhere. He started intensely around the campfire. The little man shrieked and ran furiously. Twice around they went.

The hand of heaven sometimes falls heavily upon the righteous. The bear gained.

In desperation the little man flew into the tent. The bear stopped and sniffed at the entrance. He scented the scent of many men. Finally he ventured in.

The little man crouched in a distant corner. The bear advanced, creeping, his blood burning, his hair erect, his jowls dripping. The little man yelled and rustled clumsily under the flap at the end of the tent. The bear snarled awfully and made a jump and a grab at his disappearing game. The little man, now without the tent, felt a tremendous paw grab his coat tails. He squirmed and wriggled out of his coat like a schoolboy in the hands of an avenger. The bear howled triumphantly and jerked the coat into the tent and took two bites, a punch and a hug before he discovered his man was not in it. Then he grew not very angry, for a bear on a spree is not a black-haired pirate. He is merely a hoodlum. He lay down on his back, took the coat on his four paws and began to play uproariously with it. The most appalling, blood-curdling whoops and yells came to where the little man was crying in a tree-top, and froze his blood. He moaned a little speech meant for a prayer and clung convulsively to the bending branches. He gazed with tearful wistfulness at where his comrade, the campfire, was giving dying flickers and crackles. Finally, there was a roar from the tent which eclipsed all roars; a snarl which it seemed would shake the stolid silence of the mountain and cause it to shrug its granite shoulders. The little man quaked and shriveled to a grip and a pair of eyes. In the glow of the embers he saw the white tent quiver and fall with a crash. The bear's merry play had disturbed the centre pole and brought a chaos of canvas upon his head.

Now the little man became the witness of a mighty scene. The tent began to flounder. It took flopping strides in the direction of the lake. Marvelous sounds came from within—rips and tears and great groans and pants. The little man went into giggling hysterics.

The entangled monster failed to extricate himself

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before he had walloped the tent frenziedly to the edge of the mountain. So it came to pass that three men, clambering up the hill with bundles and baskets, saw their tent approaching.

It seemed to them like a white-robed phantom pursued by hornets. Its moans riffled the hemlock twigs.

The three men dropped their bundles and scurried to one side, their eyes gleaming with fear. The canvas avalanche swept past them. They leaned, faint and dumb, against trees and listened, their blood stagnant. Below them it struck the base of a great pine tree, where it writhed and struggled. The three watched its convolutions a moment and then started terrifically for the top of the hill. As they disappeared, the bear cut loose with a mighty effort. He cast one disheveled and agonized look at the white thing and then started wildly for the inner recesses of the forest.

The three fear-stricken individuals ran to the rebuilt fire. The little man reposed by it, calmly smoking. They sprang at him and overwhelmed him with interrogations. He contemplated darkness and took a long, pompous puff. "There's only one of me—and the devil made a twin," he said.

Ethics in a Business Suit

The Legal Field Is Strewn With Ethical Questions

Mr. A employed me as his attorney to sue a wholesale company for damages for personal injuries he had sustained. According to the story he told me, a salesman employed by the company had asked him to ride in one of its automobiles, over A's protest had driven the car at a reckless speed, and had crashed into an abutment, causing my client to sustain a fractured skull. The salesman, who was subsequently discharged by his employer, corroborated A's story. The smash-up had occurred at night; there were no other witnesses.

A settlement of $1000 was agreed upon on the eve of the trial—not a large sum considering the serious injury my client had received, but fair in view of legal questions which arose. Just before payment was made, however, the company's counsel came to me and said:

"You don't know it, but both your client and the salesman are lying." (They had testified under oath.) "Mr. A was driving the car—but, we can't prove it." This put an entirely different face on the matter, for A would never have received damages for injuries sustained through his own very obvious fault.

I immediately summoned my client and his star witness, and, though they admitted nothing under a severe cross-examination, I became convinced that A's claim was a fraudulent one, and withdrew from the case. A immediately engaged other counsel, who, curious at my last-minute withdrawal, asked me point-blank my reason for it. "Do you know of any reason why *I* should not take this case?" he queried.

Should the interest of a former client, or that of "the true administration of justice" be served? . . . "No," I replied. My point of view was that there was no reason why the newly engaged counsel should not take the case—so long as he did not discover what I had discovered.

He accepted the case, completed the settlement, and received a large contingent fee. The company's counsel told him nothing, for he was glad to settle so dangerous a case on so comparatively reasonable a basis.

I'm not sure yet whether all my actions were wholly justifiable, or to what extent I am my brother-counsel's keeper. X.

A Tale of Two Profits

Mr. H sold a partly burned house to Mr. W, who made a payment down and agreed to pay the taxes for one year. At the end of this time he was to make monthly payments on the principal. W had business reverses, however, and within a year found himself unable to meet the tax bill. He thereupon offered to return the property to H, who, though he at first refused, finally did take it back—for reasons of his own. W considered himself indebted to H for the amount of the taxes, plus interest for one year on the price of the place, and this he eventually paid, though at a considerable sacrifice.

H had meanwhile sold the property at a very considerable profit on his total investment.

Considering this, should he have accepted the additional sum from W? W. H. D.

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Linoleum Cuts by
Carroll Holliday

The Woman at Seven Brothers

By WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

I TELL YOU SIR, I was innocent. I didn't know any more about the world at twenty-two than some do at twelve. My uncle and aunt in Duxbury brought me up strict; I studied hard in high school, I worked hard after hours, and I went to church twice on Sundays, and I can't see it's right to put me in a place like this, with crazy people. Oh, yes, I know they're crazy—you can't tell *me*. As for what they said in court about finding her with her husband, that's the Inspector's lie, sir, because he's down on me, and wants to make it look like my fault.

No, sir, I can't say as I thought she was handsome—not at first. For one thing, her lips were too thin and white, and her colour was bad. I'll tell you a fact, sir; that first day I came off to the Light I was sitting on my cot in the storeroom (that's where the assistant keeper sleeps at the Seven Brothers), as lonesome as I could be, away from home for the first time and the water all around me, and, even though it was a calm day, pounding enough on the ledge to send a kind of a *woom-woom-woom-woom* whining up through all that solid rock of the tower. And when old Fedderson poked his head down from the living-room with the sunshine above making a kind of bright frame around his hair and whiskers, to give me a cheery, "Make yourself to home, son!" I remember I said to myself: "*He's* all right. I'll get along with *him*. But his wife's enough to sour milk." That was queer, because she was so much under him in age—'long about twenty-eight or so, and him nearer fifty. But that's what I said, sir.

Of course that feeling wore off, same as any feeling will wear off sooner or later in a place like the Seven Brothers. Cooped up in a place like that you come to know folks so well that you forget what they *do* look like. There was a long time I never noticed her, any more than you'd notice the cat. We used to sit of an evening around the table, as if you were Fedderson there, and me here, and her somewhere back there, in the rocker, knitting. Fedderson would be working on his Jacob's-ladder, and I'd be reading. He'd been working on that Jacob's-ladder a year, I guess, and every time the Inspector came off with the tender he was so astonished to see how good that ladder was that the old man would go to work and make it better. That's all he lived for.

If I was reading, as I say, I daren't take my eyes off the book, or Fedderson had me. And then he'd begin—what the Inspector said about him. How surprised the member of the board had been, that time, to see everything so clean about the light. What the Inspector had said about Fedderson's being stuck here in a second-class light—best keeper on the coast. And so on and so on, till either he or I had to go aloft and have a look at the wicks.

He'd been there twenty-three years, all told, and he'd got used to the feeling that he was kept down unfair—so used to it, I guess, that he fed on it, and told himself how folks ashore would talk when he was dead and gone—best keeper on the coast—kept down unfair. Not that he said that to me. No, he was far too loyal and humble and respectful, doing his duty without complaint, as anybody could see.

And all that time, night after night, hardly ever a word out of the woman. As I remember it, she seemed more like a piece of furniture than anything else—not even a very good cook, nor over and above tidy. One day, when he and I were trimming the

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lamp, he passed the remark that his *first* wife used to dust the lens and take a pride in it. Not that he said a word against Anna, though. He never said a word against any living mortal; he was too upright.

I don't know how it came about; or, rather, I *do* know, but it was so sudden, and so far away from my thoughts, that it shocked me, like the world turned over. It was at prayers. That night I remember Fedderson was uncommon long-winded. We'd had a batch of newspapers out by the tender, and at such times the old man always made a long watch of it, getting the world straightened out. For one thing, the United States minister to Turkey was dead. Well, from him and his soul, Fedderson got on to Turkey and the Presbyterian college there, and from that to heathen in general. He rambled on and on, like the surf on the ledge, *woom-woom,* never coming to an end.

You know how you'll be at prayers sometimes. My mind strayed. I counted the canes in the chair-seat where I was kneeling; I plaited a corner of the table-cloth between my fingers for a spell, and by and by my eyes went wandering up the back of the chair.

The woman, sir, was looking at me. Her chair was back to mine, close, and both our heads were down in the shadow under the edge of the table, with Fedderson clear over on the other side by the stove. And there were her two eyes hunting mine between the spindles in the shadow. You won't believe me, sir, but I tell you I felt like jumping to my feet and running out of the room—it was so queer.

I don't know what her husband was praying about after that. Her voice didn't mean anything, no more than the seas on the ledge away down there. I went to work to count the canes in the seat again, but all my eyes were in the top of my head. It got so I couldn't stand it. We were at the Lord's prayer, saying it singsong together, when I had to look up again. And there her two eyes were, between the spindles, hunting mine. Just then all of us were saying, "Forgive us our trespasses——" I thought of it afterward.

When we got up she was turned the other way, but I couldn't help seeing her cheeks were red. It was terrible. I wondered if Fedderson would notice, though I might have known he wouldn't—not him. He was in too much of a hurry to get at his Jacob's-ladder, and then he had to tell me for the tenth time what the Inspector 'd said that day about getting him another light—Kingdom Come, maybe, he said.

I made some excuse or other and got away. Once in the storeroom, I sat down on my cot and stayed there a long time, feeling queerer than anything. I read a chapter in the Bible, I don't know why. After I'd got my boots off I sat with them in my hands for as much as an hour, I guess, staring at the oil-tank and its lopsided shadow on the wall. I tell you sir, I was shocked. I was only twenty-two, remember, and I was shocked and horrified.

And when I did turn in, finally, I didn't sleep at all well. Two or three times I came to, sitting straight up in bed. Once I got up and opened the outer door to have a look. The water was like glass, dim, without a breath of wind, and the moon just going down. Over on the black shore I made out two lights in a village, like a pair of eyes watching. Lonely? My, yes! Lonely and nervous. I had a horror of her, sir. The dinghy-boat hung on its davits just there in front of the door, and for a minute I had an awful hankering to climb into it, lower away, and row off, no matter where. It sounds foolish.

Well, it seemed foolish next morning, with the sun shining and everything as usual—Fedderson sucking his pen and wagging his head over his eternal "log," and his wife down in the rocker with her head in the newspaper, and her breakfast work still waiting. I guess that jarred it out of me more than anything else—sight of her slouched down there, with her stringy, yellow hair and her dusty apron and the pale back of her neck, reading the Society Notes. *Society Notes!* Think of it! For the first time since I came to Seven Brothers I wanted to laugh.

I guess I did laugh when I went aloft to clean the lamp and found everything so free and breezy, gulls flying high and little whitecaps making under a westerly. It was like feeling a big load dropped off your shoulders. Fedderson came up with his dust-rag and cocked his head at me.

"What's the matter, Ray?" said he.

"Nothing," said I. And then I couldn't help it. "Seems kind of out of place for society notes," said I, "out here at Seven Brothers."

He was the other side of the lens, and when he looked at me he had a thousand eyes, all sober. For a minute I thought he was going on dusting, but then he came out and sat down on a sill.

"Sometimes," said he, "I get to thinking it may be a mite dull for her out here. She's pretty young, Ray. Not much more 'n a girl, hardly."

"Not much more'n a *girl*"! It gave me a turn, sir, as though I'd seen my aunt in short dresses.

"It's a good home for her, though," he went on slow. "I've seen a lot worse ashore, Ray. Of course, if I could get a shore light——"

"Kingdom Come's a shore light."

He looked at me out of his deep-set eyes, and then he turned them around the light-room, where he'd been so long.

"No," said he, wagging his head. "It ain't for such as me." I never saw so humble a man.

"But look here," he went on, more cheerful. "As I was telling her just now, a month from yesterday's our fourth anniversary, and I'm going to take her ashore for the day and give her a holiday—new hat and everything. A girl wants a mite of excitement now and then, Ray."

There it was again, that "girl." It gave me the fidgets, sir. I had to do something about it. It's close quarters for last names in a light, and I'd taken to calling him Uncle Matt soon after I came. Now, when I was at table that noon, I spoke over to where she was standing by the stove, getting him another help of chowder.

"I guess I'll have some, too, *Aunt* Anna," said I, matter of fact.

She never said a word nor gave a sign—just stood there kind of round-shouldered, dipping the chowder.

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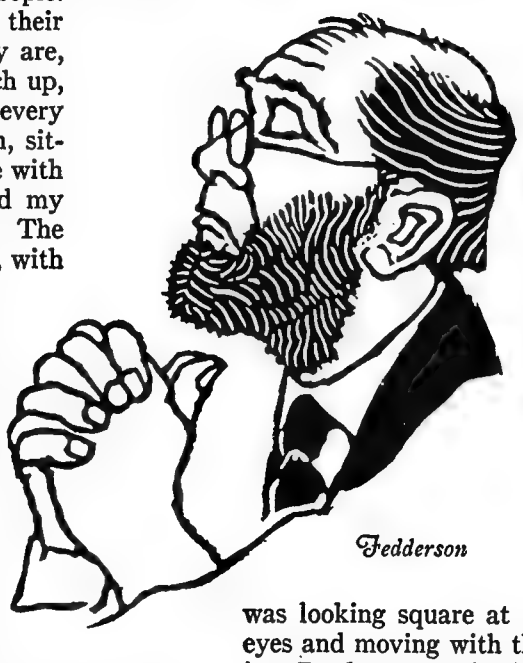
And that night at prayers I hitched my chair around the table, with its back the other way.

You get awful lazy in a lighthouse, some ways. No matter how much tinkering you've got, there's still a lot of time and there's such a thing as too much reading. The changes in weather get monotonous, too, by and by; the light burns the same on a thick night as it does on a fair one. Of course there's the ships, north-bound, south-bound—wind-jammers, freighters, passenger-boats, full of people. In the watches at night you can see their lights go by, and wonder what they are, how they're laden, where they'll fetch up, and all. I used to do that almost every evening when it was my first watch, sitting out on the walk-around up there with my legs hanging over the edge and my chin propped on the railing—lazy. The Boston boat was the prettiest to see, with her three tiers of port-holes lit, like a string of pearls wrapped round and round a woman's neck—well away, too, for the ledge must have made a couple of hundred fathoms off the Light, like a white dog-tooth of a breaker, even on the darkest night.



Fedderson

Well, I was lolling there one night, as I say, watching the Boston boat go by, not thinking of anything special, when I heard the door on the other side of the tower open and footsteps coming around to me.

By and by I nodded toward the boat and passed the remark that she was fetching in uncommon close tonight. No answer. I made nothing of that, for oftentimes Fedderson wouldn't answer, and after I'd watched the lights crawling on through the dark a spell, just to make conversation I said I guessed there'd be a bit of weather before long.

"I've noticed," said I, "when there's weather coming on, and the wind in the northeast, you can hear the orchestra playing aboard of her just over there. I make it out now. Do you?"

"Yes. Oh—yes; *I hear it, all right!*"

YOU CAN IMAGINE I started. It wasn't him, but *her*. And there was something in the way she said that speech, sir—something—well—unnatural. Like a hungry animal snapping at a person's hand.

I turned and looked at her sidewise. She was standing by the railing, leaning a little outward, the top of her from the waist picked out bright by the lens behind her. I didn't know what in the world to say, and yet I had a feeling I ought not to sit there mum.

"I wonder," said I, "what that captain's thinking of, fetching in so handy tonight. It's no way. I tell you, if 'twasn't for this light, she'd go to work and pile up on the ledge some thick night——"

She turned at that and stared straight into the lens. I didn't like the look of her face. Somehow, with its edges cut hard all around and its two eyes closed down to slits, like a cat's, it made a kind of mask.

"And then," I went on, uneasy enough—"and then where'd all their music be of a sudden, and their goings-on and their singing——"

"And dancing!" She clipped me off so quick it took my breath.

"D-d-dancing?" said I.

"That's dance-music," said she. She was looking at the boat again.

"How do you know?" I felt I had to keep talking.

Well, sir—she laughed. I looked at her. She had on a shawl of some stuff or other that shined in the light; she had it pulled tight around her with her two hands in front at her breast, and I saw her shoulders swaying in tune.

"How do I know?" she cried. Then she laughed again, the same kind of a laugh. It was queer, sir, to see her, and to hear her. She turned, as quick as that, and leaned toward me. "Don't you know how to dance, Ray?" said she.

"N-no," I managed, and I was going to say *"Aunt Anna,"* but the thing choked in my throat. I tell you she was looking square at me all the time with her two eyes and moving with the music as if she didn't know it. By heavens, sir, it came over me of a sudden that she wasn't so bad-looking, after all. I guess I must have sounded like a fool.

"You—you see," said I, "she's cleared the rip there now, and the music's gone. You—you—hear?"

"Yes," said she, turning back slow. "That's where it stops every night—night after night—it stops just there—at the rip."

When she spoke again her voice was different. I never heard the like of it, thin and taut as a thread. It made me shiver, sir.

"I hate 'em!" That's what she said. "I hate 'em all. I'd like to see 'em dead. I'd love to see 'em torn apart on the rocks, night after night. I could bathe my hands in their blood, night after night."

And do you know, sir, I saw it with my own eyes, her hands moving in each other above the rail. But it was her voice, though. I didn't know what to do, or what to say, so I poked my head through the railing and looked down at the water. I don't think I'm a coward, sir, but it was like a cold—ice-cold—hand, taking hold of my beating heart.

When I looked up finally, she was gone. By and by I went in and had a look at the lamp, hardly knowing what I was about. Then, seeing by my watch it was time for the old man to come on duty, I started to go below. In the Seven Brothers, you understand, the stair goes down in a spiral through a well against the south wall, and first there's the door to the keeper's room, and then you come to another, and that's the living-room, and then down to the store-room. And at night, if you don't carry a lantern, it's as black as the pit.

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Well, down I went, sliding my hand along the rail, and as usual I stopped to give a rap on the keeper's door, in case he was taking a nap after supper. Sometimes he did.

I stood there, blind as a bat, with my mind still up on the walk-around. There was no answer to my knock. I hadn't expected any. Just from habit, and with my right foot already hanging down for the next step, I reached out to give the door one more tap for luck.

Do you know, sir, my hand didn't fetch up on anything. The door had been there a second before, and now the door wasn't there. My hand just went on going through the dark, on and on, and I didn't seem to have sense or power enough to stop it. There didn't seem any air in the well to breathe, and my ears were drumming to the surf—that's how scared I was. And then my hand touched the flesh of a face, and something in the dark said, "Oh!" no louder than a sigh.

Next thing I knew, sir, I was down in the living-room, warm and yellow-lit, with Fedderson cocking his head at me across the table, where he was at that eternal Jacob's-ladder of his.

"What's the matter, Ray?" said he. "Lord's sake, Ray!"

"Nothing," said I. Then I think I told him I was sick. That night I wrote a letter to A. L. Peters, the grain-dealer in Duxbury, asking for a job—even though it wouldn't go ashore for a couple of weeks, just the writing of it made me feel better.

It's hard to tell you how those two weeks went by. I don't know why, but I felt like hiding in a corner all the time. I had to come to meals. But I didn't look at her, though, not once, unless it was by accident. Fedderson thought I was still ailing and nagged me to death with advice and so on. One thing I took care not to do, I can tell you, and that was to knock on his door till I'd made certain he wasn't below in the living-room—though I was tempted to.

Yes, sir; that's a queer thing, and I wouldn't tell you if I hadn't set out to give you the truth. Night after night, stopping there on the landing in that black pit, the air gone out of my lungs and the surf drumming in my ears and sweat standing cold on my neck—and one hand lifting up in the air—God forgive me, sir! Maybe I did wrong not to look at her more, drooping about her work in her gingham apron, with her hair stringing.

When the Inspector came off with the tender, that time, I told him I was through. That's when he took the dislike to me, I guess, for he looked at me kind of sneering and said, soft as I was, I'd have to put up with it till next relief. And then, said he, there'd be a whole house-cleaning at Seven Brothers, because he'd gotten Fedderson the berth at Kingdom Come. And with that he slapped the old man on the back.

I wish you could have seen Fedderson, sir. He sat down on my cot as if his knees had given 'way. Happy? You'd think he'd be happy, with all his dreams come true. Yes, he was happy, beaming all over—for a minute. Then, sir, he began to shrivel up. It was like seeing a man cut down in his prime before your very eyes. He began to wag his head.

"No," said he. "No, no; it's not for such as me. I'm good enough for Seven Brothers, and that's all, Mr. Bayliss. That's all."

And for all the Inspector could say, that's what he stuck to. He'd figured himself a martyr so many years, nursed that injustice like a mother with her first-born, sir; and now in his old age, so to speak, they weren't to rob him of it. Fedderson was going to wear out his life in a second-class light, and folks would talk—that was his idea. I heard him hailing down as the tender was casting off:

"See you tomorrow, Mr. Bayliss. Yep. Coming ashore with the wife for a spree. Anniversary. Yep."

But he didn't sound much like a spree. They *had* robbed him, partly, after all. I wondered what *she* thought about it. I didn't know till night. She didn't show up to supper, which Fedderson and I got ourselves—had a headache, he said. It was my early watch. I went and lit up and came back to read a spell. He was finishing off the Jacob's-ladder, and thoughtful, like a man that's lost a treasure. Once or twice I caught him looking about the room on the sly. It was pathetic, sir.

Going up the second time, I stepped out on the walk-around to have a look at things. She was there on the seaward side, wrapped in that silky thing. A fair sea was running across the ledge and it was coming on a little thick—not too thick. Off to the right the Boston boat was blowing, *whroom-whroom!* Creeping up on us, quarter-speed. There was another fellow behind her, and a fisherman's conch farther offshore.

I don't know why, but I stopped beside her and leaned on the rail. She didn't appear to notice me, one way or another. We stood and we stood, listening to the whistles, and the longer we stood the more it got on my nerves, her not noticing me. I suppose she'd been too much on my mind lately. I began to be put out. I scraped my feet. I coughed. By and by I said out loud:

"Look here, I guess I better get out the fog-horn and give those fellows a toot."

"Why?" said she, without moving her head—calm as that.

"Why?" It gave me a turn, sir. For a minute I stared at her. "Why? Because if she don't pick up this light before very many minutes she'll be too close in to wear—tide'll have her on the rocks—that's why!"

I couldn't see her face, but I could see one of her silk shoulders lift a little, like a shrug. And there I kept on staring at her, a dumb one, sure enough. I know what brought me to was hearing the Boston boat's three sharp toots as he picked up the light—mad as anything—and swung her helm a-port. I turned away from her, sweat stringing down my face, and walked around to the door. It was just as well, too, for the feed-pipe was plugged in the lamp and the wicks were popping. She'd have been out in another five minutes, sir.

When I'd finished, I saw that woman standing in the doorway. Her eyes were bright. I had a horror of her, sir, a living horror.

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"If only the light had been out," said she, low and sweet.

"God forgive you," said I. "You don't know what you're saying."

She went down the stair into the well, winding out of sight, and as long as I could see her, her eyes were watching mine. When I went, myself, after a few minutes, she was waiting for me on that first landing, standing still in the dark. She took hold of my hand, though I tried to get it away.

"Good-by," said she in my ear.

"Good-by?" said I. I didn't understand.

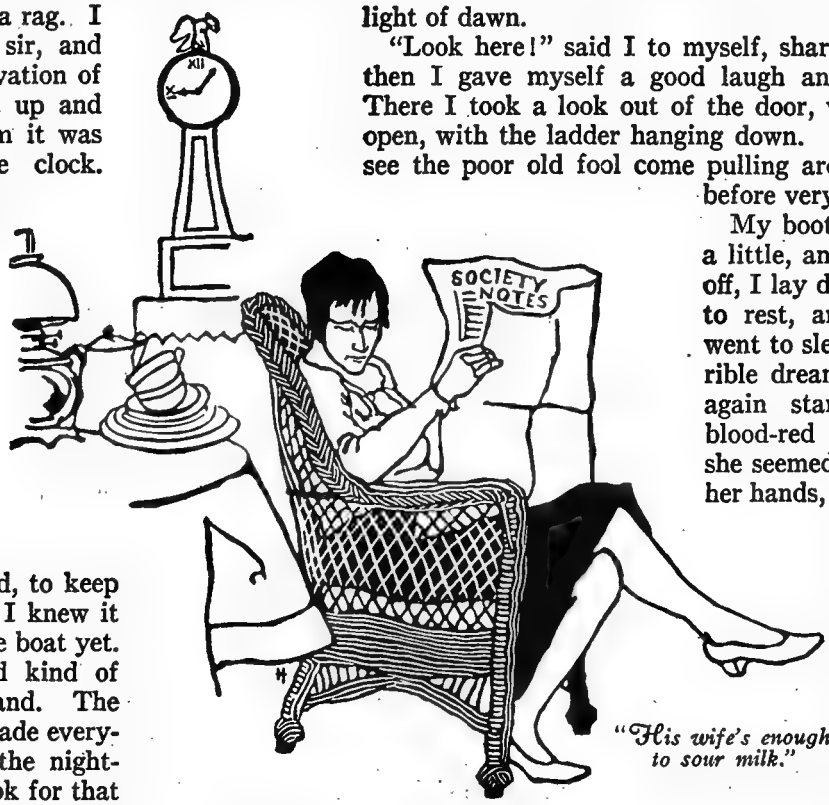
"You heard what he said today—about Kingdom Come? Be it so—on his own head. I'll never come back here. Once I set foot ashore—I've got friends in Brightonboro, Ray."

I got away from her and started on down. But I stopped. "Brightonboro?" I whispered back. "Why do you tell *me?*" My throat was raw to the words, like a sore.

"So you'd know," said she.

Well, sir, I saw them off next morning, down that new Jacob's-ladder into the dinghy-boat, her in a dress of blue velvet and him in his best cutaway and derby—rowing away, smaller and smaller, the two of them. And then I went back and sat on my cot, leaving the door open and the ladder still hanging down the wall, along with the boat-falls.

I don't know whether it was relief or what. I suppose I must have been worked up even more than I'd thought those past weeks, for now it was all over I was like a rag. I got down on my knees, sir, and prayed to God for the salvation of my soul, and when I got up and climbed to the living-room it was half-past twelve by the clock. There was rain on the windows and the sea was running blue-black under the sun. I'd sat there all that time, not knowing there was a squall.



"His wife's enough to sour milk."

It was funny; the glass stood high, but those black squalls kept coming and going all afternoon, while I was at work up in the light-room. And I worked hard, to keep myself busy. First thing I knew it was five, and no sign of the boat yet. It began to get dim and kind of purplish-gray over the land. The sun was down. I lit up, made everything snug, and got out the night-glasses to have another look for that boat. He'd said he intended to get back before five. No sign. And then, standing there, it came over me that of course he wouldn't be coming off—he'd be hunting *her*, poor old fool. It looked like I had to stand two men's watches that night.

Never mind. I felt like myself again, even if I hadn't had any dinner or supper. Pride came to me that night on the walk-around, watching the boats go by—little boats, big boats, the Boston boat with all her pearls and her dance-music. They couldn't see me; they didn't know who I was; but to the last of them, they depended on *me*. They say a man must be born again. I was. I breathed deep in the wind.

DAWN BROKE hard and red as a dying coal. I put out the light and started to go below. Born again; yes, sir. I felt so good I whistled in the well, and when I came to that first door on the stair I reached out in the dark to give it a rap for luck. And then, sir, the hair prickled all over my scalp, when I found my hand just going on and on through the air, the same as it had gone once before, and all of a sudden I wanted to yell, because I thought I was going to touch flesh. It's funny what their just forgetting to close their door did to me, isn't it?

Well, I reached for the latch and pulled it to with a bang and ran down as if a ghost was after me. I got up some coffee and bread and bacon for breakfast. I drank the coffee. But somehow I couldn't eat, all along of that open door. The light in the room was blood. I got to thinking. I thought how she'd talked about those men, women and children on the rocks, and how she'd made to bathe her hands over the rail. I almost jumped out of my chair then; it seemed for a wink she was there beside the stove watching me with that queer half-smile—really, I seemed to see her for a flash across the red table-cloth in the red light of dawn.

"Look here!" said I to myself, sharp enough; and then I gave myself a good laugh and went below. There I took a look out of the door, which was still open, with the ladder hanging down. I made sure to see the poor old fool come pulling around the point before very long now.

My boots were hurting a little, and, taking them off, I lay down on the cot to rest, and somehow I went to sleep. I had horrible dreams. I saw her again standing in that blood-red kitchen, and she seemed to be washing her hands, and the surf on the ledge was whining up the tower, louder and louder all the time, and what it whined was, "Night after night—night after night."

What woke me was cold water in my face.

The store-room was in gloom. That scared me at first; I thought night had come, and remembered the light. But then I saw the gloom was of a storm. The floor was shining wet, and the water in my face was

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spray, flung up through the open door. When I ran to close it it almost made me dizzy to see the gray-and-white breakers marching past. The land was gone; the sky shut down heavy overhead; there was a piece of wreckage on the back of a swell, and the Jacob's-ladder was carried clean away. How that sea had picked up so quick I can't think. I looked at my watch and it wasn't four in the afternoon yet.

WHEN I CLOSED THE DOOR, sir, it was almost dark in the storeroom. I'd never been in the Light before in a gale of wind. I wondered why I was shivering so, till I found it was the floor below me shivering, and the walls and stair. Horrible crunchings and grindings ran away up the tower, and now and then there was a great thud somewhere, like a cannon-shot in a cave. I tell you, sir, I was alone, and I was in a mortal fright for a minute or so. And yet I had to get myself together. There was the light up there not tended to, and an early dark coming on and a heavy night and all, and I had to go—had to pass that door.

You'll say it's foolish, sir, and maybe it *was* foolish. Maybe it was because I hadn't eaten. But I began thinking of that door up there the minute I set foot on the stair, and all the way up through that howling dark well I dreaded to pass it. I told myself I wouldn't stop. I didn't stop. I felt the landing underfoot and I went on, four steps, five—and then I couldn't. I turned and went back. I put out my hand and it went on into nothing. That door, sir, was open again.

I left it be; I went on up to the light-room and set to work. It was Bedlam there, sir, screeching Bedlam, but I took no notice. I kept my eyes down. I trimmed those seven wicks, sir, as neat as ever they were trimmed; I polished the brass till it shone, and I dusted the lens. It wasn't till that was done that I let myself look back to see who it was standing there, half out of sight in the well. It was her, sir.

"Where'd you come from?" I asked. I remember my voice was sharp.

"Up Jacob's-ladder," said she, and hers was like the syrup of flowers.

I shook my head. I was savage, sir. "The ladder's carried away."

"I cast it off," said she, with a smile.

"Then," said I, "you must have come while I was asleep." Another thought came on me heavy as a ton of lead. "And where's *he?*" said I. "Where's the boat?"

"He's drowned," said she, as easy as that. "And I let the boat go adrift. You wouldn't hear me when I called."

"But look here," said I. "If you came through the storeroom, why didn't you wake me up? Tell me that!" It sounds foolish enough, me standing like a lawyer in court, trying to prove she *couldn't* be there.

She didn't answer for a moment. I guess she sighed, though I couldn't hear for the gale, and her eyes grew soft, sir, so soft.

"I couldn't," said she. "You looked so peaceful—dear one."

My cheeks and neck went hot, sir, as if a warm iron was laid on them. I didn't know what to say. I began to stammer, "What do you mean—" but she was going back down the stair, out of sight. My God! sir, and I used not to think she was good-looking!

I started to follow her. I wanted to know what she meant. Then I said to myself, "If I don't go—if I wait here—she'll come back." And I went to the weather side and stood looking out of the window. Not that there was much to see. It was growing dark, and the Seven Brothers looked like the mane of a running horse, a great, vast, white horse running into the wind. The air was a-welter with it. I caught one peep of a fisherman, lying down flat trying to weather the ledge, and I said, "God help them all tonight," and then I went hot at sound of that "God."

I was right about her, though. She was back again. I wanted her to speak first, before I turned, but she wouldn't. I didn't hear her go out; I didn't know what she was up to till I saw her coming outside on the walk-around, drenched wet already. I pounded on the glass for her to come in and not be a fool; if she heard she gave no sign of it.

There she stood, and there I stood watching her. Lord, sir—was it just that I'd never had eyes to see? Or are there women who bloom? Her clothes were shining on her, like a carving, and her hair was let down like a golden curtain tossing and streaming in the gale, and there she stood with her lips half open, drinking, and her eyes half closed, gazing straight away over the Seven Brothers, and her shoulders swaying, as if in tune with the wind and water and all the ruin. And when I looked at her hands over the rail, sir, they were moving in each other as if they bathed, and then I remembered, sir.

A COLD HORROR took me. I knew now why she had come back again. She wasn't a woman—she was a devil. I turned my back on her. I said to myself: "It's time to light up. You've got to light up"—like that, over and over, out loud. My hand was shivering so I could hardly find a match; and when I scratched it, it only flared a second and then went out in the back draught from the open door. She was standing in the doorway, looking at me. It's queer, sir, but I felt like a child caught in mischief.

"I—I—was going to light up," I managed say, finally.

"Why?" said she. No, I can't say it as she did.

"Why?" said I. *"My God!"*

She came nearer, laughing, as if with pity, low, you know. "Your God? And who is your God? What is God? What is anything on a night like this?"

I drew back from her. All I could say anything about was the light.

"Why not the dark?" said she. "Dark is softer than light—tenderer—dearer than light. From the dark up here, away up here in the wind and storm, we can watch the ships go by, you and I. And you love me so. You've loved me so long, Ray."

"I never have!" I struck out at her. "I don't!"

Her voice was lower than ever, but there was the same laughing pity in it. "Oh, yes, you have." And she was near me again.

"I have?" I yelled. "I'll show you! I'll show you if I have!"

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I got another match, sir, and scratched it on the brass. I gave it to the first wick, the little wick that's inside all the others. It bloomed like a yellow flower. "I *have?*" I yelled, and gave it to the next.

Then there was a shadow, and I saw she was leaning beside me, her two elbows on the brass, her two arms stretched out above the wicks, her bare forearms and wrists and hands. I gave a gasp:

"Take care! You'll burn them! For God's sake——"

She didn't move or speak. The match burned my fingers and went out, and all I could do was stare at those arms of hers, helpless. I'd never noticed her arms before. They were rounded and graceful and covered with a soft down, like a breath of gold. Then I heard her speaking, close to my ear:

"Pretty arms," she said. "Pretty arms!"

I turned. Her eyes were fixed on mine. They seemed heavy, as if with sleep, and yet between their lids they were two wells, deep and deep, and as if they held all the things I'd ever thought or dreamed in them. I looked away from them, at her lips. Her lips were red as poppies, heavy with redness. They moved, and I heard them speaking:

"Poor boy, you love me so, and you want to kiss me —don't you?"

"No," said I. But I couldn't turn around. I looked at her hair. I'd always thought it was stringy hair. Some hair curls naturally with damp, they say, and perhaps that was it, for there were pearls of wet on it, and it was thick and shimmering around her face, making soft shadows by the temples. There was green in it, queer strands of green like braids.

"What is it?" said I.

"Nothing but weed," said she, with that slow, sleepy smile.

Somehow or other I felt calmer than I had any time. "Look here," said I. "I'm going to light this lamp." I took out a match, scratched it, and touched the third wick. The flame ran around, bigger than the other two together. But still her arms hung there. I bit my lip. "By God, I will!" said I to myself, and I lit the fourth.

It was fierce, sir, fierce! And yet those arms never trembled. I had to look around at her. Her eyes were still looking into mine, so deep and deep, and her red lips were still smiling with that queer sleepy droop; the only thing was that tears were raining down her cheeks—big, glowing, round, jewel tears. It wasn't human, sir. It was like a dream.

"Pretty arms," she sighed, and then, as if those words had broken something in her heart, there came a great sob bursting from her lips. To hear it drove me mad. I reached to drag her away, but she was too quick, sir; she cringed from me and slipped out from between my hands. It was like she faded away, sir, and went down in a bundle, nursing her poor arms and mourning over them with those terrible, broken sobs.

The sound of them took the manhood out of me—you'd have been the same, sir. I knelt down beside her on the floor and covered my face.

"Please," I moaned. "Please! Please!" That's all I could say. I wanted her to forgive me. I reached out a hand, blind, for forgiveness, and I couldn't find her anywhere. I had hurt her so, and she was afraid of me, of *me,* sir, who loved her so deep it drove me crazy.

I could see her down the stair, though it was dim and my eyes were filled with tears. I stumbled after her, crying, "Please! Please!" The little wicks I'd lit were blowing in the wind from the door and smoking the glass beside them black. One went out. I pleaded with them, the same as I would plead with a human being. I said I'd be back in a second. I promised. And I went on down the stair, crying like a baby because I'd hurt her, and she was afraid of me—of *me,* sir.

She had gone into her room. The door was closed against me and I could hear her sobbing beyond it, broken-hearted. My heart was broken too. I beat on the door with my palms. I begged her to forgive me. I told her I loved her. And all the answer was that sobbing in the dark.

And then I lifted the latch and went in, groping, pleading. "Dearest—please! Because I love you!"

I heard her speak down near the floor. There wasn't any anger in her voice; nothing but sadness and despair.

"No," said she. "You don't love me, Ray. You never have."

"I do! I have!"

"No, no," said she, as if she was tired out.

"Where are you?" I was groping for her. I thought, and lit a match. She had got to the door and was standing there as if ready to fly. I went toward her, and she made me stop. She took my breath away. "I hurt your arms," said I, in a dream.

"No," said she, hardly moving her lips. She held them out to the match's light for me to look, and there was never a scar on them—not even that soft, golden down was singed, sir. "You can't hurt my body," said she, sad as anything. "Only my heart, Ray; my poor heart."

I tell you again, she took my breath away. I lit another match. "How can you be so beautiful?" I wondered.

She answered in riddles—but oh, the sadness of her, sir.

"Because," said she, "I've always so wanted to be."

"How come your eyes so heavy?" said I.

"Because I've seen so many things I never dreamed of," said she.

"How come your hair so thick?"

"It's the seaweed makes it thick," said she, smiling queer, queer.

"How come seaweed there?"

"Out of the bottom of the sea."

She talked in riddles, but it was like poetry to hear her, or a song.

"How come your lips so red?" said I.

"Because they've wanted so long to be kissed."

Fire was on me, sir. I reached out to catch her, but she was gone, out of the door and down the stair. I followed, stumbling. I must have tripped on the turn, for I remember going through the air and fetching up with a crash, and I didn't know anything for a spell—how long I can't say. When I came to, she was

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there, somewhere, bending over me, crooning, "My love—my love——" under her breath like, a song.

But then when I got up, she was not where my arms went; she was down the stair again, just ahead of me. I followed her. I was tottering and dizzy and full of pain. I tried to catch up with her in the dark of the storeroom, but she was too quick for me, sir, always a little too quick for me. Oh, she was cruel to me, sir. I kept bumping against things, hurting myself still worse, and it was cold and wet and a horrible noise all the while, sir; and then, sir, I found the door was open, and a sea had parted the hinges.

I DON'T KNOW how it all went, sir. I'd tell you if I could, but it's all so blurred—sometimes it seems more like a dream. I couldn't find her any more; I couldn't hear her; I went all over, everywhere. Once, I remember, I found myself hanging out of that door between the davits, looking down into those big black seas and crying like a baby. It's all riddles and blur. I can't seem to tell you much, sir. It was all—all—I don't know.

I was talking to somebody else—not her. It was the Inspector. I hardly knew it was the Inspector. His face was as gray as a blanket, and his eyes were bloodshot, and his lips were twisted. His left wrist hung down, awkward. It was broken coming aboard the Light in that sea. Yes, we were in the living-room. Yes, sir, it was daylight—gray daylight. I tell you, sir, the man looked crazy to me. He was waving his good arm toward the weather windows, and what he was saying, over and over, was this:

"Look what you done, damn you! Look what you done!"

And what I was saying was this:

"I've lost her!"

I didn't pay any attention to him, nor him to me. By and by he did, though. He stopped his talking all of a sudden, and his eyes looked like the devil's eyes. He put them up close to mine. He grabbed my arm with his good hand, and I cried, I was so weak.

"Johnson," said he, "is that it? By the living God—if you got a woman out here, Johnson!"

"No," said I. "I've lost her."

"What do you mean—lost her?"

"It was dark," said I—and it's funny how my head was clearing up—"and the door was open—the storeroom door—and I was after her—and I guess she stumbled, maybe—and I lost her."

"Johnson," said he, "what do you mean? You sound crazy—downright crazy. Who?"

"Her," said I. "Fedderson's wife."

"Who?"

"Her," said I. And with that he gave my arm another jerk.

"Listen," said he, like a tiger. "Don't try that on me. It won't do any good—that kind of lies—not where *you're* going to. Fedderson and his wife, too—the both of 'em's drowned deader 'n a door-nail."

"I know," said I, nodding my head. I was so calm it made him wild.

"You're crazy! Crazy as a loon, Johnson!" And he was chewing his lip red. "I know, because it was me that found the old man laying on Back Water Flats yesterday morning—*me!* And she'd been with him in the boat, too, because he had a piece of her jacket tore off, tangled in his arm."

"I know," said I, nodding again, like that.

"You know *what*, you *crazy, murdering fool?*" Those were his words to me, sir.

"I know," said I, "what I know."

"And *I* know," said he, "what *I* know."

And there you are, sir. He's Inspector. I'm—nobody.

A Piazza Tragedy

By EUGENE FIELD

THE BEAUTEOUS Ethel's father has a
Newly painted front piazza—
He has a
Piazza;
When with tobacco juice 'twas tainted
They had the front piazza painted—
That tainted
Piazza painted.

Algernon called that night, perchance,
Arrayed in comely sealskin pants—
That night, perchance,
In gorgeous pants;
Engaging Ethel in a chat
On that piazza down he sat—
In chat,
They sat.

And when an hour or two had pass'd
He tried to rise, but oh! stuck fast—
At last
Stuck fast!
Fair Ethel shrieked, "It is the paint!"
And fainted in a deadly faint—
This saint
Did faint.

Algernon sits there till this day—
He cannot tear himself away,—
Away?
Nay, nay!
His pants are firm, the paint is dry—
He's nothing else to do but die—
To die!
Oh my!

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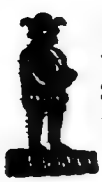
The Tenth Muse: *Advertisa*

One Hundred Years and More Ago

OVer againſt the Priſon in Market-ſtreet, at the Sign of the *Paracelſus* Head, (where Mr. *Evan Jones*, Chemiſt, lately dwelt) are made and ſold all Chemical Preparations, Galenical Medicine and common Oyls, very reaſonable, by *William Shipper*, Chemiſt.

To be SOLD,

BY *Benjamin Pender* at *Dennis Ratchford's* in *Market-ſtreet*, near the Sign of the *Indian* King, ſeveral Negroe Men, Women and Boys, at a very reaſonable Price for Bread, Flower, &c.



LATELY imported in the Sloop *Auguſtus Cæſar*, very likely Negro Men, Boys and Girls, Rum, Sugar and Molaſſes, to be Sold very reaſonable by *John Inglis*.

Alſo Choice good *Madeira* Wine at £ 18 per Pipe for ready Money.

To be SOLD,

THE Houſe commonly known by the Name of the Sign of the Bear, where *Nicholas Scull* now lives, with a bake-Houſe, an Oven and other Buildings.

Whoever inclines to purchaſe the ſame, may inquire of *Joſeph or John Harriſon*.

TO THE LADIES.—Cheapeſt and moſt fashionable Furs in the city, No. 106 South Second street, 3 doors above the custom house, and 78 Chesnut street, below Congress Hall.

DAVID LEVINE, manufacturer and importer of Furs, respectfully informs the ladies that for the accommodation of his numerous customers, he has opened another Fur Store, No. 79 Chesnut street, where he will sell at his usual low prices. m23

TO THE LADIES.—G. H. ARMSTRONG has just received direct from the manufactory, the most elegant and select assortment of Thread Laces and Insertings ever imported to this city, to which he respectfully invites the attention of his customers and the public in general.

Also on hand, Mechlin, British and German laces and edgings, needle worked edgings, insertings, infants' frock bodies and caps, white and black figured blonde (very handsome) for dresses or sleeves, blonde laces and edgings, needle worked capes and collars—in fact all kinds of fancy goods worthy attention.

N. B. Needle worked ruffles, of all kinds, some as low as 12½c. per yard—all of which will be sold at the lowest possible prices. G. H. ARMSTRONG. 30 South 2d st. m25

The first four advertisements on this column appeared in an American newspaper prior to 1800. The ones addressed "To the Ladies," from the first issue of the Philadelphia "Public Ledger" in 1836, are the modest forerunners of the pages of department store advertising in modern newspapers. A large part of these early four-sheet journals was devoted to announcements of transportation companies, such as the two at the right.

TO BE SOLD

A FARM lying at little shandakan, in the town of Woodstock, holden to lease forever, at £ 5 a year. Containing according to the lease, 180 acres. About 20 acres cleared, with a new blockhouse of two rooms on the same. For further particulars and an indisputable title, apply to HENDRICK POST.

Likewise the PLACE whereon the subscriber now lives, containing six acres of land. On the above is a good frame house, with a cellar under the same, and a young orchard, with a good well of water. H. P.

Kingston, Dec. 14, 1799.

Advertisements such as this—of real estate, Negro wenches, sawmills, and sleighs—nearly crowded out all news in the four-page "Ulster County Gazette" (New York) for January 4, 1800.

EXPRESS MAIL LINE FOR WHEELING—Through in fifty hours.—The Good Intent Stage Co. respectfully inform the travelling public, that they have established a line of first rate Post Coaches, direct for Wheeling, leaving Philadelphia daily at 6 o'clock, A M. via Columbia Rail Road, through York, Gettysburg, Chambersburg, Bedford, and Washington.

The public are assured that nothing shall be wanting on the part of the proprietors or agents to promote the speed, convenience, and comfort of travellers.

—For seats apply at Reeside's office, No. 23 South Third street, at the Great Western Stage Office, No. 1 0 Market street, below Sixth, and at their office in Broad, near Chesnut st. J. TOMLINSON, Agent.

N. B. Passengers taking the Telegraph Line, which leaves at 5 o'clock, P M. will have one night to rest at Chambersburg. m25-tf

PENNSYLVANIA AND OHIO TRANSPORTATION COMPANY—The proprietors of this line will commence running their daily line from Philadelphia to Pittsburg, via the Union and Pennsylvania Canals, and Portage Rail Road, on the 20th of March, or as soon as the navigation will permit.

Boats will leave Bunting, Clark & Co's wharf, foot of Callowhill street, on the Schuylkill, Philadelphia; and one, the Canal Basin from Mulhollan & M'Candless's warehouse, Pittsburg, daily, (Sundays excepted.)

The boats and cars on this line are all of the first class, with experienced captains, and every despatch will be given goods sent to their care.

Back freight and expenses will be paid by the subscribers on all goods shipped by this line.

Freights will be those customary on the canal, and goods will be delivered in as short a time as by any other line.

BUNTING, CLARK & CO. Philadelphia.
BOYER & McLANAHAN, Hollidaysburg.
MULHOLLAN & McCANDLESS, Pittsburg.
m28 Office No. 23 south wharves, Delaware.

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The Upper Berth

F. Marion Crawford

Somebody asked for the cigars. We had talked long, and the conversation was beginning to languish; the tobacco-smoke had got into the heavy curtains, the wine had got into those brains which were liable to become heavy, and it was already perfectly evident that, unless somebody did something to rouse our oppressed spirits, the meeting would soon come to its natural conclusion, and we, the guests, would speedily go home to bed, and most certainly to sleep. No one had said anything very remarkable; it may be that no one had anything very remarkable to say. Jones had given us every particular of his last hunting adventure in Yorkshire. Mr. Tompkins, of Boston, had explained at elaborate length those working principles, by the due and careful maintenance of which the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé Railroad not only extended its territory, increased its departmental influence, and transported live stock without starving them to death before the day of actual delivery, but also had for years succeeded in deceiving those passengers who bought its tickets into the fallacious belief that the corporation aforesaid was really able to transport human life without destroying it. Signor Tombola had endeavoured to persuade us, by arguments which we took no trouble to oppose, that the unity of his country in no way resembled the average modern torpedo, carefully planned, constructed with all the skill of the greatest European arsenals, but, when constructed, destined to be directed by feeble hands into a region where it must undoubtedly explode, unseen, unfeared, and unheard, into the illimitable wastes of political chaos.

It is unnecessary to go into further details. The conversation had assumed proportions which would have bored Prometheus on his rock, which would have driven Tantalus himself to an even more impotent distraction, and which would have impelled Ixion to seek relaxation in the simple but instructive dialogues of Herr Ollendorff, rather than submit to the greater evil of listening to our talk. We had sat at our table for hours; we were bored, we were tired, and nobody showed signs of moving.

Somebody called for cigars. We all instinctively looked toward the speaker. Brisbane was a man of five-and-thirty years of age, and remarkable for those gifts which chiefly attract the attention of men. He was a strong man. The external proportions of his figure presented nothing extraordinary to the common eye, though his size was above the average. He was a little over six feet in height, and moderately broad in the shoulder; he did not appear to be stout, but, on the other hand, he was certainly not thin; his small head was supported by a strong and sinewy neck; his broad muscular hands appeared to possess a peculiar skill in breaking walnuts without the assistance of the ordinary cracker, and, seeing him in profile, one could not help remarking the extraordinary breadth of his sleeves, and the unusual thickness of his chest. He was one of those men who are deceptive; that is to say, that though he looked exceedingly strong, he was in reality very much stronger than he looked. Of his features I need say little. His head is small, his hair is thin, his eyes are blue, his nose is large, he has a small mustache, and a square jaw. Everybody knows Brisbane, and when he asked for a cigar everybody looked at him.

"It is a very singular thing," said Brisbane.

Everybody stopped talking. Brisbane's voice was not loud, but possessed a peculiar quality of penetrating general conversation, and cutting it like a knife. Everybody listened. Brisbane, perceiving that he had attracted their general attention, lit his cigar with great equanimity.

"It is very singular," he continued, "that thing about ghosts. People are always asking whether anybody has seen a ghost. I have."

"Bosh! What, you? You don't mean to say so, Brisbane? . . . Oh, come now, you don't tell us—! Well, for a man of his intelligence!"

A chorus of exclamations greeted Brisbane's remarkable statement. Everybody called for cigars, and Stubbs, the butler, suddenly appeared from the depths of nowhere with a fresh bottle of dry champagne. The situation was saved; Brisbane was going to tell a story.

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By
F. MARION
CRAWFORD

Drawings by
Herbert Pullinger

I am an old sailor (said Brisbane) and as I have to cross the Atlantic pretty often, I have my favourites. Most men have their favourites. I have seen a man wait in a bar for an hour for a particular car which he liked. I believe the barkeeper made at least one-third of his living by that man's preference. I have a habit of waiting for certain ships when I am obliged to cross that duck-pond. It may be a prejudice, but I was never cheated out of a good passage but once in my life. I remember it very well; it was a warm morning in June, and the Customs House officials, who were hanging about waiting for a steamer already on her way up from the Quarantine, presented a peculiarly hazy and thoughtful appearance. I had not much luggage—I never have. I mingled with the crowd of passengers, porters, and officious individuals in blue coats and brass buttons, who seemed to spring up like mushrooms from the deck of a moored steamer to obtrude their unnecessary services upon the independent passenger. I have often noticed with a certain interest the spontaneous evolution of these fellows. They are not there when you arrive; five minutes after the pilot has called "Go ahead!" they, or at least their blue coats and brass buttons, have disappeared from deck and gangway as completely as though they had been consigned to that locker which tradition unanimously ascribes to Davy Jones. But, at the moment of starting, they are there, clean-shaved, blue-coated, and ravenous for fees. I hastened on board. The *Kamtschatka* was one of my favourite ships. I say *was*, because she emphatically no longer is. I cannot conceive of any inducement which could entice me to make another voyage in her. Yes, I know what you are going to say. She is uncommonly clean in the run aft, she has enough bluffing off in the bows to keep her dry, and the lower berths are most of them double. She has a lot of advantages, but I won't cross in her again. Excuse the digression. I got on board. I hailed a steward, whose red nose and redder whiskers were equally familiar to me.

"One hundred and five, lower berth," said I, in the business-like tone peculiar to men who think no more of crossing the Atlantic than taking a whisky cocktail at downtown Delmonico's.

The steward took my portmanteau, greatcoat, and rug. I shall never forget the expression of his face. Not that he turned pale. It is maintained by the most eminent divines that even miracles cannot change the course of nature. I have no hesitation in saying that he did not turn pale; but, from his expression, I judged that he was either about to shed tears, to sneeze, or to drop my portmanteau. As the latter contained two bottles of particularly fine old sherry presented to me for my voyage by my old friend Snigginson van Pickyns, I felt extremely nervous. But the steward did none of these things.

"Well, I am d——d!" said he, in a low voice, and led the way.

I supposed my Hermes, as he led me to the lower regions, had had a little grog, but I said nothing, and followed him. One hundred and five was on the port side, well aft. There was nothing remarkable about the stateroom. The lower berth, like most of those upon the *Kamtschatka*, was double. There was plenty of room; there was the usual washing-apparatus, calculated to convey an idea of luxury to the mind of a North American Indian; there were the usual inefficient racks of brown wood, in which it is more easy to hang a large-sized umbrella than the common tooth-brush of commerce. Upon the uninviting mattresses were carefully folded together those blankets which a great modern humourist has aptly compared to cold buckwheat cakes. The question of towels was left entirely to the imagination. The glass decanters were filled with a transparent liquid faintly tinged with brown, but from which an odour less faint, but not more pleasing, ascended to the nostrils, like a far-off seasick reminiscence of oily machinery. Sad-coloured curtains half-closed the upper berth. The hazy June daylight shed a faint illumination upon the desolate little scene. Ugh! how I hate that stateroom.

THE STEWARD deposited my traps and looked at me, as though he wanted to get away—probably in search of more passengers and more fees. It is always a good plan to start in favour with those functionaries, and I accordingly gave him certain coins there and then.

"I'll try and make yer comfortable all I can," he remarked, as he put the coins in his pocket. Nevertheless, there was a doubtful intonation in his voice which surprised me. Possibly his scale of fees had

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gone up, and he was not satisfied; but on the whole I was inclined to think that, as he himself would have expressed it, he was "the better for a glass." I was wrong, however, and did the man injustice.

Nothing especially worthy of mention occurred during that day. We left the pier punctually, and it was very pleasant to be fairly under way, for the weather was warm and sultry, and the motion of the steamer produced a refreshing breeze. Everybody knows what the first day at sea is like. People pace the decks and stare at each other, and occasionally meet acquaintances whom they did not know to be on board. There is the usual uncertainty as to whether the food will be good, bad, or indifferent, until the first two meals have put the matter beyond a doubt; there is the usual uncertainty about the weather until the ship is fairly off Fire Island. The tables are crowded at first, and then suddenly thinned. Pale-faced people spring from their seats and precipitate themselves toward the door, and each old sailor breathes more freely as his seasick neighbour rushes from his side, leaving him plenty of elbow-room and an unlimited command over the mustard.

One passage across the Atlantic is very much like another, and we who cross very often do not make the voyage for the sake of novelty. Whales and icebergs are indeed always objects of interest, but, after all, one whale is very much like another whale, and one rarely sees an iceberg at close quarters. To the majority of us the most delightful moment of the day on board an ocean steamer is when we have taken our last turn on deck, have smoked our last cigar, and, having succeeded in tiring ourselves, feel at liberty to turn in with a clear conscience. On that first night of the voyage I felt particularly lazy and went to bed in 105 rather earlier than I usually do. As I turned in I was amazed to see that I was to have a companion. A portmanteau, very like my own, lay in the opposite corner, and in the upper berth had been deposited a neatly folded rug with a stick and umbrella. I had hoped to be alone, and I was disappointed; but I wondered who my room-mate was to be, and I determined to have a look at him.

Before I had been long in bed he entered. He was, so far as I could see, a very tall man, very thin, very pale, with sandy hair and whiskers and colourless gray eyes. He had about him, I thought, an air of rather dubious fashion; the sort of man you might see in Wall Street, without being able precisely to say what he was doing there—the sort of man who frequents the Café Anglais, who always seems to be alone, and who drinks champagne; you might meet him on a race-course, but he would never appear to be doing anything there either. A little overdressed—a little odd. There are three or four of his kind on every ocean steamer. I made up my mind that I did not care to make his acquaintance, and I went to sleep, saying to myself that I would study his habits in order to avoid him. If he rose early, I would rise late; if he went to bed late, I would go to bed early. I did not care to know him. If you once know people of that kind, they are always turning up. Poor fellow! I need not have taken the trouble to come to so many decisions about him, for I never saw him again after that first night in 105.

I was sleeping soundly when I was suddenly waked by a loud noise. To judge from the sound my room-mate must have sprung with a single leap from the upper berth to the floor. I heard him fumbling with the latch and bolt of the door, which opened almost immediately, and then I heard his footsteps as he ran at full speed down the passage, leaving the door open behind him. The ship was rolling a little and I expected to hear him stumble or fall, but he ran as though he was running for his life. The door swung on its hinges with the motion of the vessel, and the sound annoyed me. I got up and shut it, and groped my way back to my berth in the darkness. I went to sleep again; but I have no idea how long I slept.

When I awoke it was still quite dark, but I felt a disagreeable sensation of cold, and it seemed to me that the air was damp. You know the peculiar smell of a cabin which has been wet with sea-water. I covered myself up as well as I could and dozed off again, framing complaints to be made the next day, and selecting the most powerful epithets in the language. I could hear my room-mate turn over in the upper berth. He had probably returned while I was asleep. Once I thought I heard him groan, and argued that he was seasick. That is particularly unpleasant when one is below. Nevertheless, I dozed off and slept till early daylight.

The ship was rolling heavily, much more than on the previous evening, and the gray light which came in through the porthole changed in tint with every movement according as the angle of the vessel's side turned the glass seaward or skyward. It was very cold—unaccountably so for the month of June. I turned my head and looked at the porthole, and saw to my surprise that it was wide open and hooked back. I believe I swore audibly. Then I got up and shut it. As I turned I glanced at the upper berth. The curtains were drawn close together; my companion had probably felt cold as well as I. It struck me that I had slept enough. The stateroom was uncomfortable; though, strange to say, I could not smell the dampness which had annoyed me in the night. My room-mate was still asleep—excellent opportunity for avoiding him; so I dressed at once and went on deck. The day was warm and cloudy, with an oily smell on the water. It was seven o'clock as I came out—much later than I had imagined. I came across the doctor, who was taking his first sniff of the morning air. He was a young man from the west of Ireland—a tremendous fellow, with black hair and eyes, already inclined to be stout; he wore a happy-go-lucky, healthy look about him which was rather attractive.

"Fine morning," I remarked, by way of introduction.

"Well," said he, eyeing me with an air of ready interest, "it's a fine morning and it's not a fine morning. I don't think that it's much of a morning."

"Well, no—it is not so very fine," said I.

"It's just what I call fuggly weather," replied the doctor.

"It was very cold last night, I thought," I remarked.

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"However, when I looked about, I found that the porthole was wide open. I had not noticed it when I went to bed. And the stateroom was damp, too."

"Damp!" said he. "Whereabouts are you?"

"One hundred and five——"

To my surprise, the doctor started visibly and stared at me.

"What is the matter?" I asked blandly.

"Oh—nothing," he answered; "only everybody has complained of that stateroom for the last three trips."

"I shall complain too," I said. "It has certainly not been properly aired. It is a shame!"

"I don't believe it can be helped," answered the doctor. "I believe there is something—well, it is not my business to frighten passengers."

"You need not be afraid of frightening me," I replied. "I can stand any amount of damp. If I should get a bad cold, I will come to you."

I offered the doctor a cigar, which he took and examined very critically.

"It is not so much the damp," he remarked. "However, I dare say you will get on very well. Have you a room-mate?"

"Yes; a deuce of a fellow, who bolts out in the middle of the night and leaves the door open."

Again the doctor glanced curiously at me. Then he lit the cigar and looked grave.

"Did he come back?" he asked presently.

"Yes. I was asleep, but I waked up and heard him moving. Then I felt cold and went to sleep again. This morning I found the porthole open."

"Look here," said the doctor quietly, "I don't care much for this ship. I don't care a rap for her reputation. I tell you what I will do. I have a good-sized place up here. I will share it with you, though I don't know you from Adam."

I was very much surprised at the proposition. I could not imagine why he should take such a sudden interest in my welfare. However, his manner as he spoke of the ship was peculiar.

"You are very good, Doctor," I said. "But, really, I believe even now the cabin could be aired, or cleaned out, or something. Why do you not care for the ship?"

"We are not superstitious in our profession, sir," remarked the doctor. "But the sea makes people so. I don't want to prejudice you, and I don't want to frighten you, but if you take my advice you will move in here. I would as soon see you overboard," he added earnestly, "as know that you or any other man was to sleep in 105."

"Good gracious! Why?" I asked.

"Just because, on the last three trips, the people who have slept there actually have gone overboard," he answered gravely.

The intelligence was startling and exceedingly unpleasant, I confess. I looked hard at the doctor to see whether he was making game of me; but he looked perfectly serious. I thanked him warmly for his offer, but told him I intended to be the exception to the rule by which everyone who slept in that particular stateroom went overboard. He did not say much, but looked as grave as ever, and hinted that before we got across I would probably reconsider his proposal. In the course of time we went to breakfast, at which only an inconsiderable number of passengers assembled. I noticed that one or two of the officers who breakfasted with us looked grave. After breakfast I went to my stateroom in order to get a book. The curtains of the upper berth were still closely drawn. Not a sound was to be heard. My room-mate was probably still asleep.

As I came out I met the steward whose business it was to look after me. He whispered that the captain wanted to see me, and then scuttled away down the passage as if very anxious to avoid any questions. I went toward the captain's cabin, and found him waiting for me.

"Sir," said he, "I want to ask a favour of you."

I answered that I would do anything to oblige him.

"Your room-mate has disappeared," he said. "He is known to have turned in early last night. Did you notice anything extraordinary in his manner?"

THE QUESTION coming, as it did, in exact confirmation of the fears the doctor had expressed half an hour earlier, staggered me.

"You don't mean to say he has gone overboard?" I asked.

"I fear he has," answered the captain.

"This is the most extraordinary thing——" I began.

"Why?" he asked.

"He is the fourth, then?" I explained.

In answer to another question from the captain, I explained, without mentioning the doctor, that I had heard the story concerning 105. He seemed very much annoyed at hearing that I knew of it. I told him what had occurred in the night.

"What you say," he replied, "coincides almost exactly with what was told me by the room-mates of two of the other three. They bolt out of bed and run down the passage. Two of them were seen to go overboard by the watch; we stopped and lowered the boats, but they were not found. Nobody, however, saw or heard the man who was lost last night—if he is really lost. The steward, who is a superstitious fellow, perhaps, and expected something to go wrong, went to look for him this morning, and found his berth empty, but his clothes lying about, just as he had left them. The steward was the only man on board who knew him by sight, and he has been searching everywhere for him. He has disappeared! Now, sir, I want to beg you not to mention the circumstances to any of the passengers; I don't want the ship to get a bad name, and nothing hangs about an ocean-goer like stories of suicides. You shall have your choice of any one of the officers' cabins you like, including my own, for the rest of the passage. Is that a fair bargain?"

"Very," said I; "I am much obliged to you. But since I am alone, and have the stateroom to myself, I would rather not move. If the steward would take out that unfortunate man's things, I would as lief stay where I am. I will not say anything about the matter, and I think I can promise you that I will not follow my room-mate."

The captain tried to dissuade me from my intention, but I preferred having a stateroom alone to being the chum of any officer on board. I do not know whether

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I acted foolishly, but if I had taken his advice I should have had nothing more to tell. There would have remained the disagreeable coincidence of several suicides occurring among men who had slept in the same cabin, but that would have been all.

That was not the end of the matter, however, by any means. I obstinately made up my mind that I would not be disturbed by such tales, and I even went so far as to argue the question with the captain. There was something wrong about the stateroom, I said. The porthole had been left open last night. My roommate might have been ill when he came on board, and he might have become delirious after he went to bed. He might even now be hiding somewhere on board, and might be found later. The place ought to be aired and the fastening of the port looked to. If the captain would give me leave, I would see that what I thought necessary was done immediately.

"Of course you have a right to stay where you are if you please," he replied, rather petulantly; "but I wish you would turn out and let me lock the place up and be done with it."

I did not see it in the same light, and left the captain after promising to be silent concerning the disappearance of my companion. The latter had no acquaintances on board, and was not missed in the course of the day. Toward evening I met the doctor again, and he asked me whether I had changed my mind. I told him I had not.

"Then you will before long," he said, very gravely.

We played whist in the evening, and I went to bed late. I will confess now that I felt a disagreeable sensation when I entered my stateroom. I could not help thinking of the tall man I had seen on the previous night, who was now dead, drowned, tossing about in the long swell, two or three hundred miles astern. His face rose very distinctly before me as I undressed, and I even went so far as to draw back the curtains of the upper berth, as though to persuade myself that he was actually gone. I also bolted the door of the stateroom. Suddenly I became aware that the porthole was open and fastened back. This was more than I could stand. I hastily threw on my dressing-gown and went in search of Robert, the steward of my passage. I was very angry, I remember, and when I found him I dragged him roughly to the door of 105 and pushed him toward the open porthole.

"WHAT THE DEUCE do you mean, you scoundrel, by leaving that port open every night? Do you know it is against the regulations? Do you know that if the ship heeled and the water began to come in, ten men could not shut it? I will report you to the captain, you blackguard, for endangering the ship!"

I was exceedingly wroth. The man trembled and turned pale, and then began to shut the round glass plate with the heavy brass fittings.

"Why don't you answer me?" I said roughly.

"If you please, sir," faltered Robert, "there's nobody on board as can keep this 'ere port shut at night. You can try it yourself, sir. I ain't a-going to stop hany longer on board o' this vessel, sir; I ain't, indeed. But if I was you, sir, I'd just clear out and go and sleep with the surgeon, or something, I would. Look 'ere, sir, is that fastened what you may call securely, or not, sir? Try it, sir, see if it will move a hinch."

I tried the port and found it perfectly tight.

"Well, sir," continued Robert triumphantly, "I wager my reputation as an A1 steward, that in 'arf an hour it will be open again; fastened back, too, sir, that's the horful thing—fastened back!"

I examined the great screw and the looped nut that ran on it.

"If I find it open in the night, Robert, I will give you a sovereign. It is not possible. You may go."

"Soverin did you say, sir? Very good, sir. Thank ye, sir. Good night, sir. Pleasant reepose, sir, and all manner of hinchantin' dreams, sir."

Robert scuttled away, delighted at being released. Of course, I thought he was trying to account for his negligence by a silly story, intended to frighten me, and I disbelieved him. The consequence was that he got his sovereign, and I spent a very peculiarly unpleasant night.

I went to bed, and five minutes after I had rolled myself up in my blankets the inexorable Robert extinguished the light that burned steadily behind the ground-glass pane near the door. I lay quite still in the dark trying to go to sleep, but I soon found that impossible. It had been some satisfaction to be angry with the steward, and the diversion had banished that unpleasant sensation I had at first experienced when I thought of the drowned man who had been my chum; but I was no longer sleepy, and I lay awake for some time, occasionally glancing at the porthole, which I could just see from where I lay, and which, in the darkness, looked like a faintly luminous soup-plate suspended in blackness. I believe I must have lain there for an hour, and, as I remember, I was just dozing into sleep when I was roused by a draught of cold air and by distinctly feeling the spray of the sea blown upon my face. I started to my feet, and not having allowed in the dark for the motion of the ship, I was instantly thrown violently across the stateroom upon the couch which was placed beneath the porthole. I recovered myself immediately, however, and climbed upon my knees. The porthole was again wide open and fastened back!

Now, these things are facts. I was wide awake when I got up, and I should certainly have been waked by the fall had I still been dozing. Moreover, I bruised my elbows and knees badly, and the bruises were there on the following morning to testify to the fact, if I myself had doubted it. The porthole was wide open and fastened back—a thing so unaccountable that I remember very well feeling astonishment rather than fear when I discovered it. I at once closed the plate again and screwed down the loop nut with all my strength. It was very dark in the stateroom. I reflected that the port had certainly been opened within an hour after Robert had at first shut it in my presence, and I determined to watch it and see whether it would open again. Those brass fittings are very heavy and by no means easy to move; I could not believe that the clamp had been turned by the shaking of the screw. I stood peering out through the thick glass at the alternate white and gray streaks of

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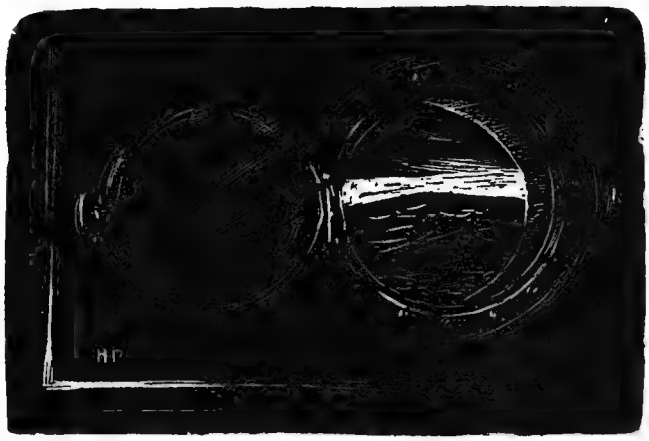
the sea that foamed beneath the ship's side. I must have remained there a quarter of an hour.

Suddenly, as I stood, I distinctly heard something moving behind me in one of the berths, and a moment afterward, just as I turned instinctively to look—though I could, of course, see nothing in the darkness—I heard a very faint groan. I sprang across the stateroom and tore the curtains of the upper berth aside, thrusting in my hands to discover if there were anyone there. There was some one.

I remember that the sensation as I put my hands forward was as though I were plunging them into the air of a damp cellar, and from behind the curtains came a gust of wind that smelled horribly of stagnant sea-water. I laid hold of something that had the shape of a man's arm, but was smooth, and wet, and icy cold. But suddenly, as I pulled, the creature sprang violently forward against me, a clammy, oozy mass, as it seemed to me, heavy and wet, yet endowed with a sort of superhuman strength. I reeled across the stateroom, and in an instant the door opened and the thing rushed out. I had not had time to be frightened, and, quickly recovering myself, I sprang through the door and gave chase at the top of my speed; but I was too late. Ten yards before me I could see—I am sure I saw it—a dark shadow moving in the dimly lighted passage, quickly as the shadow of a fast horse thrown before a dog-cart by the lamp on a dark night. But in a moment it had disappeared, and I found myself holding on to the polished rail that ran along the bulkhead where the passage turned toward the companion. My hair stood on end, and the cold perspiration rolled down my face. I am not ashamed of it in the least; I was very badly frightened.



Still, I doubted my senses, and pulled myself together. It was absurd, I thought. The Welsh rarebit I had eaten had disagreed with me. I had been in a nightmare. I made my way back to my stateroom and entered it with an effort. The whole place smelled of stagnant sea-water, as it had when I had waked on the previous evening. It required my utmost strength to go in and grope among my things for a box of wax lights. As I lighted a railway reading-lantern which I always carry in case I want to read after the lamps are out, I perceived that the porthole was again open, and a sort of creeping horror began to take possession of me which I never felt before, nor wish to feel again. But I got a light and proceeded to examine the upper berth, expecting to find it drenched with sea-water.

But I was disappointed. The bed had been slept in, and the smell of the sea was strong; but the bedding was as dry as a bone. I fancied that Robert had not had the courage to make the bed after the accident of the previous night—it had all been a hideous dream. I drew the curtains back as far as I could and examined the place very carefully. It was perfectly dry. But the porthole was open again. With a sort of dull bewilderment of horror I closed it and screwed it down, and, thrusting my heavy stick through the brass loop, wrenched it with all my might, till the thick metal began to bend under the pressure. Then I hooked my reading-lantern into the red velvet at the head of the couch and sat down to recover my senses if I could. I sat there all night, unable to think of rest—hardly able to think at all. But the porthole remained closed, and I did not believe it would now open again without the application of a considerable force.

The morning dawned at last, and I dressed myself slowly, thinking over all that had happened in the night. It was a beautiful day, and I went on deck, glad to get out into the early, pure sunshine, and to smell the breeze from the blue water, so different from the noisome, stagnant odour of my stateroom. Instinctively I turned aft, toward the surgeon's cabin. There he stood with a pipe in his mouth, taking his morning airing precisely as on the preceding day.

"Good morning," said he quietly, but looking at me with evident curiosity.

"Doctor, you were quite right," said I. "There is something wrong about that place."

"I thought you would change your mind," he answered, rather triumphantly. "You have had a bad night, eh? Shall I make you a pick-me-up? I have a capital recipe."

"No, thanks," I cried. "But I would like to tell you what happened."

I then tried to explain, as clearly as possible, precisely what had occurred, not omitting to state that I had been scared as I had never been scared in my whole life before. I dwelt particularly on the phenomenon of the porthole, which was a fact to which I could testify, even if the rest had been an illusion. I had closed it twice in the night, and the second time I had actually bent the brass in wrenching it with my stick. I believe I insisted a good deal on this point.

"You seem to think I am likely to doubt the story," said the doctor, smiling at the detailed account of the state of the porthole. "I do not doubt it in the least. I renew my invitation to you. Bring your traps here and take half my cabin."

"Come and take half of mine for one night," I said. "Help me to get at the bottom of this thing."

"You will get to the bottom of something else if you try," answered the doctor.

"What?" I asked.

"The bottom of the sea. I am going to leave this ship. It is not canny."

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"Then you will not help me to find out——"

"Not I," said the doctor quickly. "It is my business to keep my wits about me—not to go fiddling about with ghosts and things."

"Do you really believe it is a ghost?" I inquired, rather contemptuously. But as I spoke I remembered very well the horrible sensation of the supernatural which had got possession of me during the night. The doctor turned sharply on me.

"Have you any reasonable explanation of these things to offer?" he asked. "No; you have not. Well, you say you will find an explanation. I say that you won't, sir, simply because there is not any."

"But, my dear sir," I retorted, "do you, a man of science, mean to tell me that such things cannot be explained?"

"I do," he answered stoutly. "And if they could, I would not be concerned in the explanation."

I DID NOT CARE to spend another night alone in the stateroom, and yet I was obstinately determined to get at the root of the disturbances. I do not believe there are many men who would have slept there alone, after passing two such nights. But I made up my mind to try it if I could not get anyone to share a watch me. The doctor was evidently not inclined for such an experiment. He said he was a surgeon, and that in case any accident occurred on board he must be always in readiness. He could not afford to have his nerves unsettled. Perhaps he was quite right, but I am inclined to think that his precaution was prompted by his inclination. On inquiry, he informed me that there was no one on board who would be likely to join me in my investigations, and after a little more conversation I left him. A little later I met the captain and told him my story. I said that if no one would spend the night with me I would ask leave to have the light left burning all night, and would try it alone.

"Look here," said he, "I will tell you what I will do. I will share your watch myself, and we will see what happens. It is my belief that we can find out between us. There may be some fellow skulking on board, who steals a passage by frightening the passengers. It is just possible that there may be something queer in the carpentering of that berth."

I suggested taking the ship's carpenter below and examining the place; but I was overjoyed at the captain's offer to spend the night with me. He accordingly sent for the workman and ordered him to do anything I required. We went below at once. I had all the bedding cleared out of the upper berth, and we examined the place thoroughly to see if there was a board loose anywhere, or a panel which could be opened or pushed aside. We tried the planks everywhere, tapped the flooring, unscrewed the fittings of the lower berth and took it to pieces—in short, there was not a square inch of the stateroom which was not searched and tested. Everything was in perfect order, and we put everything back in its place. As we were finishing our work, Robert came to the door and looked in.

"Well, sir—find anything, sir?" he asked with a ghastly grin.

"You were right about the porthole, Robert," I said, and I gave him the promised sovereign. The carpenter did his work silently and skilfully, following my directions. When he had done he spoke.

"I'm a plain man, sir," he said. "But it's my belief you had better just turn out your things and let 'em run half a dozen four-inch screws through the door of this cabin. There's no good never came o' this cabin yet, sir, and that's all about it. There's been four lives lost out o' here to my own remembrance, and that in four trips. Better give it up, sir—better give it up!"

"I will try it for one night more," I said.

"Better give it up, sir—better give it up! It's a precious bad job," repeated the workman, putting his tools in his bag and leaving the cabin.

But my spirits had risen considerably at the prospect of having the captain's company, and I made up my mind not to be prevented from going to the end of the strange business. I abstained from Welsh rarebits and grog that evening, and did not even join in the customary game of whist. I wanted to be quite sure of my nerves, and my vanity made me anxious to make a good figure in the captain's eyes.

The captain was one of those splendidly tough and cheerful specimens of seafaring humanity whose combined courage, hardihood, and calmness in difficulty leads them naturally into high positions of trust. He was not the man to be led away by an idle tale, and the mere fact that he was willing to join me in the investigation was proof that he thought there was something seriously wrong which could not be accounted for on ordinary theories, nor laughed down as a common superstition. To some extent, too, his reputation was at stake, as well as the reputation of the ship. It is no light thing to lose passengers overboard, and he knew it.

About ten o'clock that evening, as I was smoking a last cigar, he came up to me and drew me aside from the beat of the other passengers who were patroling the deck in the warm darkness.

"This is a serious matter, Mr. Brisbane," he said. "We must make up our minds either way, to be disappointed or to have a pretty rough time of it. You see, I cannot afford to laugh at the affair, and I will ask you to sign your name to a statement of whatever occurs. If nothing happens tonight, we will try it again tomorrow and next day. Are you ready?"

So we went below and entered the stateroom. As we went in I could see Robert the steward, who stood a little farther down the passage, watching us, with his usual grin, as though certain that something dreadful was about to happen. The captain closed the door behind us and bolted it.

"Supposing we put your portmanteau before the door," he suggested. "One of us can sit on it. Nothing can get out then. Is the port screwed down?"

I found it as I had left it in the morning. Indeed, without using a lever, as I had done, no one could have opened it. I drew back the curtains of the upper berth so that I could see well into it. By the captain's advice, I lighted my reading-lantern and placed it so that it shone upon the white sheets above. He insisted upon sitting on the portmanteau, declaring that he wished to be able to swear that he had sat before the

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door. Then he requested me to search the stateroom thoroughly, an operation very soon accomplished, as it consisted merely in looking beneath the lower berth and under the couch below the porthole. The spaces were quite empty.

"It is impossible for any human being to get in," I said, "or for any human being to open the port."

"Very good," said the captain calmly. "If we see anything now, it must be either imagination or something supernatural."

I sat down on the edge of the lower berth.

"The first time it happened," said the captain, crossing his legs and leaning back against the door, "was in March. The passenger, who slept here in the upper berth, turned out to have been a lunatic—at all events, he was known to have been a little touched, and he had taken his passage without the knowledge of his friends. He rushed out in the middle of the night and threw himself overboard before the officer who had the watch could stop him. We stopped and lowered a boat; it was a quiet night, just before the heavy weather came on; but we could not find him. Of course, his suicide was afterward accounted for on the ground of insanity."

"I suppose that often happens?" I remarked, rather absently.

"Not often—no," said the captain; "never before in my experience, though I have heard of it happening on board of other ships. Well, as I was saying, that occurred in March. On the very next trip—— What are you looking at?" he asked, stopping suddenly in his narration.

I believe I gave no answer. My eyes were riveted upon the porthole. It seemed to me that the brass loop nut was beginning to turn very slowly upon the screw—so slowly, however, that I was not sure that it moved at all. I watched it intently, fixing its position in my mind, and trying to ascertain whether it changed. Seeing where I was looking, the captain looked too.

"It moves!" he exclaimed, in a tone of conviction. "No, it does not," he added, after a minute.

"If it were the jarring of the screw," said I, "it would have opened during the day; but I found it this evening jammed tight as I left it this morning."

I rose and tried the nut. It was certainly loosened, for by an effort I could move it with my hands.

"The queer thing," said the captain, "is that the second man who was lost is supposed to have got through that very port. We had a terrible time over it. It was in the middle of the night, and the weather was very heavy; there was an alarm that one of the ports was open and the sea running in. I came below and found everything flooded, the water pouring in every time she rolled, and the whole port swinging from the top bolts—not the porthole in the middle. Well, we managed to shut it, but the water did some damage. Ever since that the place smells of sea-water from time to time. We supposed the passenger had thrown himself out, though the Lord only knows how he did it. The steward kept telling me that he cannot keep anything shut here. Upon my word—I can smell it now, cannot you?" he inquired, sniffing the air suspiciously.

"Yes—distinctly," I said, and I shuddered as that same odour of stagnant sea-water grew stronger in the cabin. "Now, to smell like this, the place must be damp," I continued, "and yet when I examined it with the carpenter this morning everything was perfectly dry. It is most extraordinary—— Hallo!"

MY READING-LANTERN, which had been placed in the upper berth, was suddenly extinguished. There was still a good deal of light from the pane of ground glass near the door, behind which loomed the regulation lamp. The ship rolled heavily, and the curtain of the upper berth swung far out into the stateroom and back again. I rose quickly from my seat on the edge of the bed, and the captain at the same moment started to his feet with a loud cry of surprise. I turned with the intention of taking down the lantern to examine it, when I heard his exclamation, and immediately afterward his call for help. I sprang toward him. He was wrestling with all his might with the brass loop of the port. It seemed to turn against his hands in spite of his efforts. I caught up my cane, a heavy oak stick I always used to carry, and thrust it through the ring and bore on it with all my strength. But the strong wood snapped suddenly, and I fell upon the couch. When I rose again the port was wide open, and the captain was standing with his back against the door, pale to the lips.

"There is something in that berth!" he cried in a strange voice, his eyes almost starting from his head. "Hold the door, while I look—it shall not escape us, whatever it is!"

But instead of taking his place, I sprang upon the lower bed and seized something which lay in the upper berth.

It was something ghostly, horrible beyond words, and it moved in my grip. It was like the body of a man long drowned, and yet it moved and had the strength of ten men living; but I gripped it with all my might—the slippery, oozy, horrible thing—the dead white eyes seemed to stare at me out of the dusk, the putrid odour of rank sea-water was about it, and its shiny hair hung in foul wet curls over its dead face. I wrestled with the dead thing; it thrust itself upon me and forced me back and nearly broke my arms; it wound its corpse's arms about my neck—the living death—and overpowered me, so that I, at last, cried aloud and fell and left my hold.

As I fell the thing sprang across me and seemed to throw itself upon the captain. When I last saw him on his feet his face was white and his lips set. It seemed to me that he struck a violent blow at the dead being, and then he, too, fell forward upon his face, with an inarticulate cry of horror.

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The thing paused an instant, seeming to hover over his prostrate body, and I could have screamed again for very fright, but I had no voice left. The thing vanished suddenly, and it seemed to my disturbed senses that it made its exit through the open port; though how that was possible, considering the smallness of the aperture, is more than anyone can tell. I lay a long time upon the floor and the captain lay beside me. At last I partially recovered my senses and moved, and instantly I knew that my arm was broken—the small bone of the left forearm near the wrist.

I got upon my feet somehow, and with my remaining hand I tried to raise the captain. He groaned and moved and at last came to himself. He was not hurt, but he seemed badly stunned.

* * *

WELL, DO YOU WANT to hear any more? There is nothing more. That is the end of my story. The carpenter carried out his scheme of running half a dozen four-inch screws through the door of 105; and if ever you take a passage in the *Kamtschatka*, you may ask for a berth in that stateroom. You will be told that it is engaged—yes—it is engaged by that dead thing.

I finished the trip in the surgeon's cabin. He doctored my broken arm, and advised me not to "fiddle about with ghosts and things" any more. The captain was very silent and never sailed again in that ship, though it is still running. And I will not sail in her either. It was a very disagreeable experience, and I was very badly frightened, which is a thing I do not like. That is all. That is how I saw a ghost—if it was a ghost. It was dead, anyhow.

Love, Life, *and* Laughter

Epigrams by ANATOLE FRANCE

Translated by Sylvestre Dorian

We want to be loved; and when we are loved, we are either tormented or bored.

Goodness is impossible without poverty.

Misfortune is our greatest master and our best friend. It teaches us the meaning of life. When you suffer, you will know what you ought to know, you will believe what you ought to believe, you will do what you ought to do, you will be what you ought to be. And you will possess that joy which pleasure banishes. Joy is shy and delights not in feasting.

We do not know what to do with this short life, and we want another which shall be eternal.

Every false idea is dangerous. Dreamers are thought to be harmless; it is a mistake; they do a great deal of harm. Apparently the most inoffensive are really injurious. They tend to make one disgusted with reality.

Perhaps I will shock you, but if it were absolutely necessary to choose, I would rather be guilty of an immoral act than of a cruel one.

Intelligent women always marry fools.

The sweetness of life is felt even in the grass growing over a tomb.

To know is nothing at all; to imagine is everything. Nothing exists except that which is imagined.

To become old is the only way that has yet been found of living a long time. The trouble of it is not that one lasts too long, but that one sees all about him pass away—mother, wife, friends, children. Nature makes and unmakes all these divine treasures with gloomy indifference, and at last we find that we have not loved, we have only been embracing shadows. But how sweet some shadows are!

The people who have no weaknesses are terrible: there is no way of taking advantage of them.

Of all the ways of defining man, the worst is the one which makes him out to be a reasoning animal.

It is no good staying on in the world when one's love-making days are over.

Life is short, but one lives in one's children. To this extent our Creator has granted us immortality upon earth.

Of infinite sadness are the dying agonies of the gods.

A woman must choose. With a man whom women like she is never at rest. With a man whom women do not like, she is never happy.

An armed mob is capable of any outrage.

Liberty has no place in society, since it does not exist in nature. There is no free animal. It is said that a man who obeys the laws is free. This is childish. The idea of equality is still less reasonable, and it is an unfortunate idea in that it presupposes a false ideal. We have not to seek whether men are equal among themselves. What we must see to is that each one shall supply his best and receive all necessaries of life. As to fraternity, we know only too well how brothers have acted toward brothers during the course of centuries. We do not pretend to say that men are bad. We do not say that they are good. They are what they are, but they will live in peace only when there will be no longer any reasons for them to fight one another.

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The Cat of Antiquity

By AGNES REPPLIER

Agnes Repplier

THERE WAS—if we may trust the Arabic chronicles as set down by that devout scholar, Damirei—no cat in the Garden of Paradise. Lion cubs and tiger cubs, little leopards and little panthers Eve had in numbers without doubt; but no pussy to grace and decorate her domestic hearth. How far this loss was responsible for the lamentable ennui which, Charles Lamb says, forced our first parents to sin themselves out of Eden, it would be difficult to determine; but in that desolate world of toil which lay beyond the gleaming gates and sacred rivers of Paradise, no cat was found to comfort the sad exiles on their way. She sprang into existence at the Deluge; for during the long weeks in which the Ark floated over the waste of waters, the rats and the mice increased so alarmingly that the comfort—if there was any comfort—of the inmates was threatened with destruction. Then Noah, equal to the emergency, passed his hand three times over the head of the lioness, and lo! she sneezed forth the cat.

In connection with this venerable legend, it is interesting to note the behaviour of Puss in the old Italian pictures which represent the departure from the Ark, a subject which Bassano has painted over and over again. Invariably we see, walking at the head of the procession, with a most self-satisfied and arrogant air, as if she owned the newly recovered earth, a large brindled cat. The lion and the elephant, the camel and the horse, all the most terrible and the most useful beasts linger with modest diffidence in the background; the cat presents herself superbly to everybody's notice, and, as a rule, begins her career of depredation by assailing one of her late companions—a fat, frightened rabbit, or a trembling dove. No one would imagine that she owed *her* existence to the incidental discomforts of the Ark.

However mysterious and informal may have been her birth, Pussy's first appearance in veracious history is a splendid one. More than three thousand years ago she dwelt serenely by the Nile, and the great nation of antiquity paid her respectful homage. Sleek and beautiful, she drowsed in the shadow of mighty temples, or sat blinking and washing her face with contemptuous disregard alike of priest and people. There is no mention of her in Holy Writ; but when Moses led the Children of Israel into the desert, she watched him go,

> With sombre sea-green gaze inscrutable.

Deserts, indeed, offered scant allurement to her. No wandering people have ever enjoyed her sweet companionship. The Arabs loved and valued her; but could do no more than carry her across the trackless sands for the enrichment of softer homes than their black tents could offer.

> And the bubbling camels beside the load
> Sprawled for a furlong adown the road;
> And the Persian pussy-cats, brought for sale,
> Spat at the dogs from the camel-bale.

Poor faithful dogs, lovers of novelty and change of scene, who dwell contentedly in tents, or huts, or 'neath the open sky, and roam far and wide with the masters whom they serve. The cat cares little to see the world, and dislikes the discomforts of travel. Some gracious instinct binds her to her home. She feels the charm of the familiar, and her fidelity to the sheltering hearth has made her—now that her old honours have passed away—the little god of domesticity, the friend of those who are too happy or too wise for restlessness.

The Cat-Headed Egyptian Goddess Bubastis

Egypt, as the granary of the ancient world, had especial need for Pussy's services, and the Egyptian cat was a mighty hunter, not only of rats and mice—ancestral prey—but of wild fowl caught in reedy marshes, and in shallow waters where she could swim with ease. Her sacred character was in no wise impaired by her usefulness. She was the favourite of Pasht, who, in smiling mood, had given her to the world; and the deep veneration in which she was held provoked biting jests from travelers, who then, as now, lacked sympathy for strange customs and strange gods. Herodotus was plainly of the opinion that the devotion manifested for these cherished beasts sometimes produced

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uncomfortable results. In the first place, there were too many cats. The maintenance of those who lived apart in temples, and who were fed with fish, and bread soaked in milk, was a heavy burden upon the state; and the officials whose privilege it was to take care of them, seem to have been naturally, but unendurably, proud. Then again, the enforced mourning, the shaving of eyebrows, and all the "mockery of woe" which followed the death of even the smallest kitten, lent a funereal aspect to many homes. Last, but not least, the law which forbade the sinful slaying of a cat occasionally brought vengeance upon the head of the unfortunate who unwittingly killed one. For such an evil accident, says Diodorus of Sicily, a Roman citizen was torn to pieces by the infuriated populace of Thebes. So imminent, indeed, was this peril, that an Egyptian who chanced to witness Pussy's death—happily no common occurrence, as a cat, like an Englishman, considers dying a strictly private affair—stood trembling and bathed in tears, plaintively announcing to the world that he at least had no part in such a pitiful calamity. Yet even a tender and far-reaching solicitude could not always save the Egyptian cat from harm. Fires were of frequent occurrence, and the creature's terror occasionally prevented its rescue, and drove it straight into the flames. "When this happens, it diffuses universal sorrow," says Herodotus, with that graceful sympathy which is so pleasing, because so rare, in the historian.

Writers of a later date were far less tolerant of feline dignities. Timocles observes cynically that when irreverence to the great gods so often escapes unpunished, he can hardly fear to violate the shrine of a cat. Anaxandrides of Rhodes presents with fine brutality the Greek point of view, in his comedy, "The Cities." "If you see a cat indisposed," sneers one of the characters to an Egyptian, "you weep for it. For my part, I am well pleased to kill it for its skin."

The exact era of Pussy's domestication in Egypt is lost in the dawn of history. It was so very long ago that our minds grow dizzy, contemplating the vast stretch of centuries. A tablet in the Berlin Museum, which has on it a representation of a cat, dates from 1600 B. C.; and another, two hundred years older, bears an inscription containing the word Maū, or cat. The temples of Bubastis, of Beni Hasan, and of Heliopolus were the most sacred haunts of this most sacred animal. There, petted, pampered, wrapped in silken ease, and, above all, treated with that delicate reverence she is so quick to understand and appreciate, she lived her allotted lives; and there, when all nine were well spent, her little corpse was lovingly embalmed, and buried in a gilded mummy case with dignified and appropriate ceremonial. Her

> splendid circled eyes
> That wax and wane with love for hours,
> Green as green flame, blue-gray like skies,

were believed to be emblematic of the waxing and the waning of the sun, and added to the mysterious sanctity of her reputation.

Plutarch held that she also represented the moon, because of her nocturnal habits, and of her singular fecundity. "For it is said that she brings forth at first one kitten, afterwards two, and the third time three; and that the number increaseth thus until the seventh and last birth, so that she bears in all twenty-eight young, or as many as the moon hath revolutions. And though this may be but a fable, yet it is certain that her eyes do enlarge and grow brilliant with the filling of the moon, and do contract and lose their light with its decline."

What a pleasure it must have been to study natural history in the ancient days, when the general absence of information left the historian liberty and leisure to tell really interesting things!

The temple of Bubastis, says Herodotus, was the fairest in all Egypt, and the festival held in honour of the goddess was the gayest of the year, thousands of pilgrims speeding along the pleasant waterways to enjoy themselves piously at her shrine. Often they carried with them the mummies of dear dead cats, to be interred in the neighbourhood of the temple; and often they bore, as offerings to the shrine, animals of great size and beauty, or with especial markings that denoted sanctity, and insured their admittance into the circle of the elect. To these pilgrimages, and to the sacredness of the temple cats, may be traced—so says Ignace Goldziher in his *Culte des Saints chez les Musulmans*—a curious custom which survived until recent years among Egyptian Moslems. When the caravans bound for Mecca were preparing to start from Cairo, and the city was celebrating their departure with the feasts of Mahmal, one camel was set apart for the sole use of an old woman who bore the honourable title, Mother of Cats, and whose duty it was to carry to the Holy City a number of Persian pussies. Her position was no sinecure, for all the distinction it conferred, the cat's rooted aversion to travel rendering it a troublesome charge; and the venerable "Mother" finally gave place to a young and active man, better able to cope with his sackful of turbulent prisoners. What strange survival of an ancient practice induced pious Moslems to send to the Prophet's shrine the animals that their faraway ances-

The cat was used as a retriever in ancient Egypt

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tors had carried devoutly to the temple of Bubastis? No one knows. The links between old and new have long ago been broken; and, as so often happens, the custom lingered on for countless years after its significance had been lost to men's unreasoning minds.

The great burying-grounds of favoured Egyptian cats were the thrice-blessed fields of Speos Artemidos near the tombs of Beni Hasan, where thousands of little mummies reposed for centuries. It was reserved for our rude age to disturb their slumber, to desecrate their graves, to fling their ashes to the four winds of heaven, or, with base utilitarianism, to sell the poor little swathed and withered bodies—once so beautiful and gently tended—for any trifling sum they would bring from ribald tourists who infest the land. Many were even used as fertilizers of the ancient soil—a more honourable fate, and one which consigned them gently to oblivion. The incredible number of such mummies found at Beni Hasan and other sacred cemeteries proves that Egypt, "in the hour of her pride," was the abode of countless pussycats, and explains the sarcasm of that traveled Greek who observed that, on the banks of the Nile, it was more common to meet gods than men.

From an Egyptian painting in the British Museum

Once outside of Egypt, where, thanks to inscriptions, embalming, and an admirable pictorial art, we know with exactness what we know at all, the history of the cat is shrouded in mystery and gloom. There is no proof that she was domesticated in Babylon or Assyria; and what scanty information we can gather as the centuries roll on is of a dishearteningly fabulous character. There is a story which used to be found in the school-books of our youth, but which has probably been eliminated in these duller days, of the infamous scheme devised by Cambyses—and worthy of him—for the capture of Pelusium. Each Persian soldier was bidden to carry in his arms a cat, so that he was safe from the weapons of the Egyptians, who feared to wound the sacred animal he bore. The tale, it must be admitted, does not sound veracious. To march to battle carrying a cat—a cat that must have been eminently unwilling to go—would have required more courage than to face an enemy. Moreover, the Persians could hardly have done their own share of fighting very effectively while they were clasping legions of pussies to their bosoms. Perhaps the ruthless disregard evinced by Cambyses for all his fellowmen held dear and sacred may have given rise to this once popular tradition.

There are others less well known, but much prettier, as that of the Persian monarch, Hormus, who, finding his kingdom invaded by a mighty army under Prince Schabé, his own unworthy relative, was warned by a soothsayer that he could never conquer this enemy until his troops were led to battle by a general having the face of a wild cat—*"qui eut la physionomie d'un chat sauvage,"* says Moncrif, who tells the story with delight. After searching far and wide, Hormus at last discovered this treasure in the person of a rude mountaineer named Baharan, or, as some say, Kounin, to whom he joyfully gave the command of all his forces. The result justified the prediction. The Persians, though few and ill-trained, were yet so animated by the assurance of victory, so exultant when they beheld the fear-inspiring countenance of their leader, that they easily routed the foe, and carried Schabé's head back to their royal master.

In India the house cat was known from a very early period, and was called by several composite names signifying rat-eater and mouse-enemy, to denote the useful character of her occupations. She figures also in some of the oldest Indian fables, always as an arrant hypocrite, fair-spoken and full of guile. Her first entrance into the Chinese Empire appears to have been about 400 A. D., and she is described in ancient documents as a hunter of mice and slayer of hens, unmistakable characteristics, both of them. There is also a venerable proverb which says, with true Chinese sententiousness, that a lame cat is better than a swift horse when rats infest the palace. The rampant creature that rears itself aggressively on the royal banners of Korea is some fierce wild cousin of the cat; just as the animal held sacred for centuries along the Pacific coast of South America, and which we see over and over again in the terra-cottas of lost Peruvian cities, was forest born and bred—ocelot, perhaps, or jaguar—not the sweet domestic deity of the Nile.

THE SADDEST GAP in the chronicles of the cat is her conspicuous absence from "the glory that was Greece," from "the grandeur that was Rome"—an absence which extended over many hundreds of years. No Greek monument shows her sitting at her master's feet, as the Egyptian Bouhaki sat for centuries at the feet of King Hana, in the Necropolis of Thebes. Homer, who tells us the touching story of the hound, Argus, has never a word for the cat; though we would give much to see her watching with wise eyes Penelope's unfinished web, or playing with the soft tangled wools in Helen's silver work-basket. And what fitter companion for Nausicaa than a white cat, beautiful, spotless and urbane? M. Henri Havard argues subtly that the very essence of Greek civilization, as it slowly flowered to perfection, was fatal to the domestication of the cat. "What place could she fill," he asks, "amid this restless glory? What hold could she hope to gain over a people enamoured of art, of language, of eloquence; over men who were at once actors, athletes, and poets; and who—alternating perpetually between physical and mental activity—had elevated beauty of

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form to the height of a great moral principle? This race so admirably endowed, with ambitions ever unsatisfied, modeling, in insatiable pride, its gods after its own likeness, and forcing Olympos to bear a part in its quarrels—this superb race was far too arrogant to permit the cat to participate in its apotheosis. Therefore the prudent animal avoided a society unable to appreciate or to understand her. What she required was a people, gentle, submissive, prompt to obey, and accustomed, as were the Egyptians, to the inexorable demands of tyranny."

IT IS ALWAYS PAINFUL to disagree with M. Havard; but he forgets that the cat, although she doubtless prefers being worshiped as a divinity, has yet consented to live with many nations on easier terms; that, notwithstanding her gentle imperiousness, she is, as a rule, willing to accord to humanity the freedom she demands for herself; and that the beauty of well-ordered life—as that fair life of Athens—has ever appealed to her exquisite sense of smoothness and moderation. Sparta, with its rigorous study of discomforts, might have repelled her sadly; but in Athens her every instinct would have been satisfied. It was her home of homes, and the fates barred her way.

When at last the cat entered Greece, the glory of Greece had waned. Artemis remembered that, in Egypt, Pussy had vaguely symbolized both moon and sun, and took the small night-roaming creature—furry as her old Arcadian emblem, the bear—under her protection; but Artemis was no longer the goddess "excellently bright." Her lustre was dimming fast; and the old myth, imported hazily from the East, which represented the cat-moon devouring the gray mice of twilight, had faded from the minds of men. As a plaything, as a pretty household toy, Pussy was carried from Africa to Europe a few hundred years before the Christian era. Diodorus tells a strange story of a mountain in Numidia which was inhabited by a commonwealth of cats, so that no bird ever ventured to nest in its woods; and from this mysterious region, it was said, adventurous hunters carried away a few little captives to be enslaved by decadent Greece. A more probable and a more romantic tale has been adapted from the Greek by that graceful versifier, and true lover of cats, Graham Tomson. It gives a motive, at once cogent and reasonable, for the importation of Pasht's pussies.

Arsinoë the fair, the amber-tressed,
  Is mine no more;
Cold as the unsunned snows are is her breast,
  And closed her door.
No more her ivory feet and tresses braided
  Make glad mine eyes;
Snapt are my viol strings, my flowers are faded,
  My love-lamp dies.

Yet, once, for dewy myrtle-buds and roses,
  All summer long,
We searched the twilight-haunted garden closes
  With jest and song.
Ay, all is over now—my heart hath changéd
  Its heaven for hell;
And that ill chance which all our love estrangéd
  In this wise fell:

A little lion, small and dainty sweet,
  (For such there be!)
With sea-gray eyes and softly stepping feet,
  She prayed of me.
For this, through lands Egyptian far away,
  She bade me pass:

But, in an evil hour, I said her nay;
  And now, alas!
Far-traveled Nicias hath wooed and won
  Arsinoë,
With gifts of furry creatures, white and dun,
  From over sea.

It is a melancholy truth that after the "little lion" had been domesticated in Greece, we hear nothing to her credit. Theocritus flouts her with a careless word,

Cats love to sleep softly;

and decadent poets, in place of singing her beauty and her grace, as Homer sang of Helen on the battlements of Troy, grow ethical and positively evangelical over her too manifest shortcomings. There was a cat of spirit belonging to the epigrammatist, Agathias, who, when the occasion offered, ate her master's tame partridge, for which deed she has been handed down to posterity as an unnatural and infuriate monster. Agathias solaced himself by writing two poems on the tragedy, one of which has been very charmingly—if very freely—translated by Mr. Richard Garnett.

O cat in semblance, but in heart akin
To canine raveners, whose ways are sin;
Still at my hearth a guest thou dar'st to be?
Unwhipped of Justice, hast no dread of me?
Or deem'st the sly allurements shall avail
Of purring throat and undulating tail?

No! as to pacify Patroclus dead,
Twelve Trojans by Pelides' sentence bled,
So shall thy blood appease the feathery shade,
And for one guiltless life shall nine be paid.

Poor Pussy! wasting thy soft purrs and delicate blandishments on the destroyer. And, as if the wrath of Agathias were not enough to damn thee forever, Damocharis, a friend and disciple, must needs pour forth *his* eloquent denunciations, likening thee to one of Aktæon's hounds that tore its master—no such guilt was thine—and reproaching thee for long neglected duties. "And thou, base cat, thinkest only of partridges, while the mice dance and play, regaling themselves upon the dainty food that thou disdainest."

The episode is worthy of Hogarth's pencil—idleness leading the way, the straight, smooth way to murder and the gallows. Alas! for Egypt's little god in that bleak atmosphere of morality.

Rome honoured, if she did not cherish the cat. The conquerors of the world recognized and respected the indomitable love of liberty which won then, as it wins now, for this small weak animal an independence lost wholly and forever by beasts of many times her strength. The dog serves, the horse, the camel, the elephant serve, and are slaves of man. The cat has never served, save briefly and capriciously, casting aside her allegiance when it pleased her to do so, and

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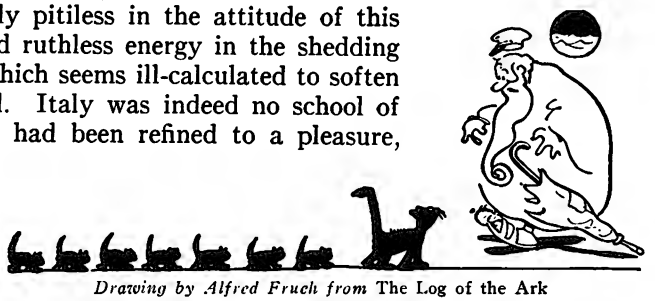
turning back to that half savage freedom which she held always in reserve. *Libertas sine Labore* is, and has ever been, her motto. The cat of Agathias had wearied of civilization and well-doing when she forsook her duties in the pantry, and decided to eat her master's bird. It is true that Pliny, whose admirable imagination deserts him strangely now and then, leaving him stranded on the driest of facts, sees in Pussy little but her usefulness. "She keeps well-filled barns free from mice." He even adds in the same breath that weasels do the work better. Palladius echoes this stupid sentiment, but Romans of more heroic mould valued more heroic traits. Tiberius Gracchus placed an image of the cat within his Temple of Liberty; and, if we may trust that pleasant old book, *La Vraye et Parfaite Science des Armoiries,* published by Palliot in 1664, more than one Roman legion marched to battle with Pussy blazoned on their banners. The *Ordines Augustei* carried a sea-green cat, courant; the *Felices Seniores* a cat, rampant, on a buckler gules; and the *Alpini* a cat with one eye and one ear, evidently a veteran warrior of the wall.

Coming late to Rome, and winning distinction first as a lover of liberty, half tamed and wholly brave, it was long before Pussy's sweeter qualities were duly exhibited, or valued at their worth. That she was known in pleasure-loving Pompeii is proven by the spirited mosaics in the Museum of Naples, one of which represents her springing upon a partridge, like the "base cat" reproached by Damocharis. There is something indefinably pitiless in the attitude of this animal, a savage and ruthless energy in the shedding of innocent blood, which seems ill-calculated to soften the prejudiced mind. Italy was indeed no school of gentleness. Cruelty had been refined to a pleasure, and mercy had been austerely banished from philosophy. Marcus Aurelius could sit for hours in the ampitheatre, bored and distrait, it is true, but with unmoved serenity. The slaughter of a hundred lions afforded him no recreation; but, as he had generously given the animals to be killed for the diversion of simpler souls, he found no fault with their enjoyment of the spectacle. A creature, beautiful and weak, might well be cherished one hour for its beauty, and destroyed the next as a penalty for its weakness. In *Marius the Epicurean,* there is a pretty description of a white cat purring its way gracefully among the wine cups at a feast given in honour of Apuleius—"coaxed onward from place to place by those at table, as they reclined easily on their cushions of German eiderdown, spread over the long-legged carved couches." This dainty and somewhat supercilious guest has been brought to the supper by a young Roman; and, surfeited with cajolery, she sinks unconcernedly to sleep, until disturbed by the rude antics of the young Commodus.

"It was then that the host's son bethought him of his own favourite animal, which had offended somehow, and had been forbidden the banquet—'I mean to shut you in the oven a while, little soft, white thing!' he had said, catching sight, as he passed an open doorway, of the great fire in the kitchen, itself festally adorned, where the feast was preparing; and had so finally forgotten it. And it was with a really natural laugh, for once, that, on opening the oven, he caught sight of the animal's grotesque appearance, as it lay there, half-burnt, just within the red-hot iron door."



Drawing by Alfred Fruch from The Log of the Ark

That light, cruel, natural laugh echoes through the centuries, and follows the cat along her pathway of pain. Mr. Pater, fretted to pity, eliminated from later editions of *Marius* the heart-rending episode he could so ill endure. Would that it were as easy to banish from Pussy's history the sad records of sorcery and persecution.

The First Cat

The Ark on the dark, multitudinous waters
Was tossing; the rain in a cataract poured;
But Noah, his Lady, their sons and their daughters
And all the wild live stock were safely aboard.

They weren't much seasick in spite of the weather
And rather cramped quarters; they'd food to suffice,
And all things were lovely, when, squeaking together,
There rushed from the galley a rabble of mice!

They multiplied—yes, like a warren of rabbits!
They plundered the pantry, devoured the grain;
And such were their simply unspeakable habits
That poor Mrs. Noah was well-nigh insane!

She said so in language untrammeled and forceful!
And what might have happened, the Lord only
When Noah, the kindly and ever resourceful, [knows!
Went up to the Lion and tickled his nose.

Then thrice sneezed the Lion!—and forth from the feature
His Majesty sneezed with, there leaped in a trice
A silky-haired, dagger-clawed, brisk little Creature—
And woe to the ravaging legions of mice!

In twenties, in thirties, in fifties she slew them
Before Mrs. Noah had time to say "scat!" [them:
"Aha!" laughed the Skipper, who watched her pursue
"I don't know Its name, Dear; let's call It—A Cat!"

So, born of a sneeze in the Rain of All Ages
That deluged the mountain, the valley, and plain,
The Cat on your hearthstone to this day presages,
By solemnly sneezing, the coming of rain!

Arthur Guiterman.

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Translated from the Hungarian by Paul Vajda

The First Spear

By FREDERICK KARINTHY

F. Karinthy

THE SUN DISAPPEARED in a flame of yellow behind the basalt mountains, and gigantic blue shadows stretched beneath the slim tree trunks. Down in the valley thick, sluggish vapours rolled. Above all bent the sky, a deep, greenish blue, dazzling as a sapphire.

This was the evening which saw the final disappearance of the Four-handers in the direction of the Double River.

Adam had already lived apart from them for the last two days. When the Beakmouth bit him, he had pulled himself up on the branch of a tree, and from there into the Oxydian Cave, where he now cowered. He encircled his knees with his arms, and motionless, with eyes wild and blurred, watched the road, which from this point of vantage, could be seen right down to the river.

For many months past, Adam had had differences with the Four-handers. Adam at this time was about twenty years of age, and not at all like the rest of his generation. His long, hairy arms were leaner; his chest, which was covered with red hair, narrower, and his forehead wider and deeper than the ordinary. The reason for this was that at his birth Adam had met with an accident. His mother, the fragile, strange and hesitant-eyed female, had dropped him from a tree and he had fallen on his head. For seven years he had lain impotently in a nook, while the Four-handers rushed to and fro on the banks of the river. And as a consequence of his fall his head developed somewhat grotesquely; it bent forward and bulged. In his early youth he picked up everything he could lay hands on, hid it and made heaps of such things as round stones and straight bones.

Two days ago the Beakmouth had come over from the opposite side of the Double River; one could notice him from afar as he held his long, narrow head above the water. When he reached shore, he climbed up the stones clumsily and then rushed at the Four-handers.

The Four-handers immediately scattered: only Adam remained behind, crouching before a heap of bananas, and gazing curiously at the Beakmouth. When the intruder finally reached him, he too jumped up—but the Beakmouth had already snatched at him, biting him on the shoulder.

Adam uttered a terrifying and lengthy moan, then fled.

He hid in the forest for two days, but on the third day he crossed the brook, and climbed up to the Oxydian Cave.

Now he sat there: left to himself and lonely, with misty eyes scanning the shore from which the Four-handers had disappeared forever. They had crossed the Double River, abandoning this region, never again to return. The Beakmouth meanwhile wandered in the forest, intimidating all that lived. He it was who caused the flock of the Four-handers to run away never to return.

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And Adam remained alone.

He encircled his knees with his long, hairy arms.

Sad, wrinkled, and worried was his black forehead. He was infinitely miserable and helpless.

When the last rays of the sun had sunk to rest behind the fantastic peaks of the basalt mountain, Adam glanced up, suddenly startled.

Scarcely twenty yards away, on a projecting root of licorice, stood Eva, balancing herself gracefully.

He recognized her immediately. She, too, looked worried and sad. Formerly, when Adam had been one with the Four-handers, Eva had been the only one who cared for him. She had willingly embraced him, cuddling up to his side when chilly winds blew from the Double River.

Now, for some time they looked at each other, flabbergasted and frightened. Eva did not dare to approach, and shrank timidly as she waited. . . .

Then Adam whimpered plaintively and low, touching his shoulder, for it hurt him. His eyes livened up for a second despite the pain, for, behold, he was not alone. Eva still remained near him.

By the time darkness had fallen, the female kneeled at his side; her blond, flexible arms encircling his neck as she pressed her body to his. Thus they crouched, motionless through the long night now illumined by mysterious phosphorescent lights. Alone on the bosom of dreaming nature.

Below them the river glistened, peacefully, murmuring to the darkness. The horizon was lit by long rows of volcanoes gleaming at white heat. Underneath, in the forest, a long whisper was audible. And now and again the doleful trumpeting of the plesiosaurus could be heard, dying away slowly in the distance.

The next day Adam and Eva brought moss from the banks of the ditch, and spread it over the mouth of the cave. Eva picked bananas and gave them to Adam. Then together they wandered about in the nearby region, climbing the knotty branches of the Red Tree and eating its fruit. Never once did they leave each other.

But at last the misery of solitude and helplessness began to weigh on them heavily. One morning the Beakmouth reached up to the Oxydian Cave and threw down the moss they had laid there. This happened in the third month of their common life together.

Adam did not go inside the cave. He sat for half an hour opposite the Beakmouth on the licorice root, and thus they watched each other. The eyes of the Beakmouth turned lazily, till the whites became visible. Adam bent his head forward, and his stupid, bulging eyes became suffused with a reddish mist.

Half an hour later something suddenly gripped his chest; he swung himself rapidly across the licorice root and threw himself on the Beakmouth. But the other had an easy time with him. He shot out his short, muscular feet, whirled Adam around once and then flung him high up into the air. Adam rolled head over heels down the steep rock-wall, landing in a ditch.

THIS WAS THE SHARE given to his weak, naked body, which unfair nature had not even covered with sufficient hair. The Beakmouth possessed excellent muscles, and terrifying claws. Its dully gleaming teeth clattered like iron hammers in its powerful jaws.

Adam dragged himself to the river bank and sat beside the water. The sky above was an infinite, violet-coloured ocean—the horizon surrounded by rugged, smoking rock chains with black, hard outlines. On the opposite shore mastodons were sunning themselves, occasionally splashing about in the water with their trunks. Suddenly, from out the forest, a flying lizard whizzed by, zig-zagging through the air with a whistling swish, and momentarily darkened the sun with its outspread wings as it beat past him. Its long, pointed tail glittered like so many dazzling precious stones.

Adam looked after it stupidly as it vanished in the orange-coloured mist of the Double River. He remained thus, all knotted up on the heap of sand. Suddenly, Eva's face appeared before him, on the surface of the water, and he heard her timid whimpering from the Oxydian Cave. Then he was overcome by a strange, cramped convulsion in the region of his lungs. It was as if a hand had reached out and gripped his throat. His back and chest still hurt from the recent fall, and his poor, dimmed eyes became more and more damp and heavy with misery. Suddenly water splashed down from beneath his eyelids, trickling into his wrinkled, black mouth.

He stood up, sighing, and climbed to the top of the bank again. The sun was about to set, and its rays lit up the foliage of the forest redly. As he ascended the slope, he stumbled

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unexpectedly, and bending down he picked up a lithe, straight pole, which had evidently broken off from some dry tree branch.

He stopped and straightened up to his full height.

In one hand he gripped the beech pole tightly, holding it out stiffly before him, while he lifted his other hand, with a strange, slow gesture, to his head.

First he felt it in his chest, similar to a bladder in the act of becoming inflated, and slowly it advanced toward his head. Then he felt it in his head, in that bulge, which had formed itself at his birth when his mother dropped him from the tree.

This lasted several minutes, as he stood motionless, his mouth agape, still holding the pole rigidly before him. His helpless, stupid, animal eyes began suddenly to widen as he gazed questioningly at the stick, a strangely terrible expression in them, a mixture of wild terror and expectation from this horrible, torturing exertion. His matted, black hair hung loosely about his forehead, and his jaw-bones swelled. Dazedly, undecidedly, still hypnotized, he gazed and gazed at the pole now stripped of its bark. Then as suddenly he held it closer to his eyes. His jaws played a clattering tattoo—and the dreadful torture vanished.

Thus was the first Thought born.

ADAM THEN BENT DOWN quickly and began to rub the end of the stick, with great speed, on a glittering bit of quartz. The end of the pole became narrower and more pointed as he worked. This done, he snatched it up and rushed wildly down the forest path. His eyes gleamed with a red and phosphorescent light in the gathering dusk.

The Beakmouth still sat before the Cave where Adam had left him; his head was bent, and he was evidently dozing. The interior of the Cave was already in darkness, save for one last blood-coloured ray falling from above.

When Adam gripped the stone step of the aperture the Beakmouth quickly jerked its head up and glared at him. The whole incident lasted but a second. Then the Beakmouth lifted itself with long, sonorous movements, stretching out its limbs. . . . Adam stood proudly erect, his lean, black arms held straight as he lifted the beech-spear high and tensed his muscles.

He brought it down twice, three times. The spear quivered in the black mass smoothly; then stuck deeper into the body. The Beakmouth pulled itself up to its full length, and fell forward with a heavy thud. Its death-rattle was heard for a few, fleeting minutes; then it began to eject thick, black blood in a convulsive manner.

HALF AN HOUR later the moon rose, and the world turned a dream-like silver, lonely, infinitely desolate. In the western sky, Venus glowed luminously, trembling and glittering fancifully in the hushed vastness of night.

Then Adam looked up at the moon. He was kneeling before the cold body of the Beakmouth, and Eva cuddled closer to him, all atremble. Now they were totally alone here in the protecting silence of this Cave, which they had fought for with blood.

Adam gripped the beech-spear tightly in his hand, and looked out over the forest. Vales and woods became thronged with cold, wicked secrets; the night also secreted horrors—the night which enveloped them mutely yet threateningly. From vale and night dumb and threatening fingers protruded, clenching with hatred. Infuriated nature surrounded them with the stifled wrath which they had whipped into warfare with a mere beech-spear.

And the cold corpse of the defeated animal lay with a foreboding stillness at Adam's feet. It was black and motionless. At midnight the storm broke; fiery feet kicked at the tallest peaks of the mountains. The whipped region sobbed and wailed; wails and shouts broke out from the bowels of the earth.

Woe to thee, Valley! Woe to thee, Forest! Peaceful night, peaceful nights, woe to us! Eyes are watching us from the depths of caves. Greedy, jealous Eyes. The destroying god walks in the forest and hammers and thumps the tree-crowns with a beechwood stick.

In the light of the moon Adam still stood before the echoing Cave, spear in hand, gazing into the night, which now doomed and disowned him.

"And the evening and the morning were: the sixth day."

Woodcut by Mabel Pugh

Recompense

SURELY the time will come when we shall know
The passing of the dream that men call youth,
When blooms we nurtured in the long ago
Shall yield at length the sombre fruits of truth.
When that day comes our hearts will leap no more
At the bright call of youth, as breakers run
To greet the challenge of the shining shore,—
Our days with light and laughter will be done.

But ours shall be the wisdom of old trees
Dreaming of countless summers come and gone,
Glory of westward ships on westward seas,
Beauty of shadow lace upon a lawn,
The sum of love beside a friendly fire,
And peace that is the end of all desire.

ANDERSON M. SCRUGGS

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Hors-d'oeuvres from the Newest Books

Aubrey Beardsley

"No Air! No Air!"

A cry from the tender: "Emergency signal from Bailey! Take him up!"

Eight bluejackets seized Bailey's line. With frozen fingers as the cold water dripped from the wet lines, they heaved in, hand over hand, at top speed. Bailey had been down only a few minutes, there was no need for decompression; no need for anything but haste. The stage was swung over the side, two men on it, lowered till they stood waist deep in icy water. The tenders hauled, Bailey appeared at the surface, limp, his suit clinging to his body. The men in the water dragged his weighted form onto the stage, the winchman threw in his clutch, jerked the stage and its occupants in on deck. The dressers ripped off Bailey's helmet; his usually light face was blue and distorted, he was nearly unconscious. He murmured weakly:

"No air, no air!"

Bailey was carried into "the iron doctor" (the decompression chamber), given a little pressure, wrapped in hot blankets.

We tried his airhose. Nothing blew through. We increased the pressure. A block of ice blew through, then others, cylindrically shaped to suit the inside of his hose. The cold air going down to Bailey had been further chilled in its passage through the long lead of airhose submerged in ice-cold water, the moisture in the air had condensed out, frozen solid, plugged his airhose.

For the moment, the sea had won. We dared not risk further diving. With but few men left and the winter storms upon us, our chance to work was gone. Sadly we pulled up our mooring buoys and anchors, planted a buoy heavily anchored against the bow of the submarine (the *S-51*) as a marker, and dragged the whistling buoy a little closer to the stern to serve as an additional mark.

Then the expedition disbanded. The *Vestal,* the *Falcon,* and the *S-50* went south to join the fleet. The other vessels returned to New York.

On the Bottom. Lieut.-Com. Edward Ellsberg.

"Fantasio"—Otherwise Alfred De Musset

Paris—Saturday midnight.

I have just come from the opera. I was bored to death. I have been depressed all day. Boucoiran read me something from M. de Maistre. Of all he read to me I only remember these three lines: "There are provinces in India where people often pledge themselves to commit suicide in return for favourable answers to their prayers. Those who have made this pledge throw themselves from a rock called ——."

Oh, God, God, if you would give me back a single day of the happiness you have taken from me, I would willingly fulfill this pledge; but I shall die without recapturing my lost happiness!

Decidedly music is bad for me and the theatre bores me. People who go to the theatre look so stupid. They appear tranquil but indifferent. Some of them seem happy. While I who sit beside them feel a viper eating at my heart. There I sit alone, wearing my *bousingot,* distressed at finding myself in the midst of all those men in black. I also am in mourning. My hair is cut off, there are dark circles under my eyes, my cheeks have grown hollow. I look dull and old. Above me are all those blonde women, white and pink, decked out with jewels and feathers, wearing their hair in luxuriant curls, carrying bouquets, displaying naked shoulders. And I, what am I, poor George?

Yes, there above me is the field where Fantasio will go to select his next flower. Wretched man, why is it that you cannot love me? According to logic, according to man's justice, no doubt this is right. But you, my God, my God, you know whether any of those women will ever love him as I am loving him now!

Madman, you are leaving me in the most beautiful mood of my life, in the phase of my love that is most real, most passionate, and most replete with suffering!

The Intimate Journal of George Sand.
Edited and translated by Marie Jenney Howe.

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Andrew Jackson and the "Quality of Mercy" Were Strangers

The moment of seven having arrived, Overton called out:

"Are you ready?"

"I am ready," answered Dickinson.

"I am ready," echoed Jackson.

"F-i-r-e!" shouted the General. There was but one shot. It came from the pistol of Dickinson. Jackson had deliberately held his fire. He had been hit—that was plain—but stood steadily on his feet, with his left arm drawn tightly across his chest. Slowly he raised his right arm and with it his weapon. Dickinson, startled, slipped back a pace or two and faltered: "Great God! Have I missed him?"

Overton ordered him back to the mark. The doomed man stepped forward. He stood erect, but turned his eyes away from the cold gaze of his antagonist. Jackson pulled his trigger, but there was no response from the charge. It had stopped at half-cock. A merciful man would have tossed it aside and thanked God that he had no need to redden his hands. There was no mercy in Andrew Jackson's soul. He examined the pistol, ascertained the cause of its balkiness, and recocked it. Then he took a new and deliberate aim, and fired. This time there was no misfire. Dickinson swayed backwards, but before he fell, his friends had him in their arms and lowered him gently to the ground. Red stains appeared on his clothing. This was stripped off. The surgeon found a bullet bulging in the skin that had passed through his body below the ribs. The wound bled freely. That it was fatal there could be no doubt.

Famous American Duels. Don C. Seitz.

The Fruits of Freedom

We have come to see that Huxley was right when he said that "a man's worst difficulties begin when he is able to do as he likes."

The evidences of these greater difficulties lie all about us: in the brave and brilliant atheists who have defied the Methodist God, and have become very nervous; in the women who have emancipated themselves from the tyranny of fathers, husbands, and homes, and with the intermittent but expensive help of a psychoanalyst are now enduring liberty as interior decorators; in the young men and women who are world-weary at twenty-two; in the multitudes who drug themselves with pleasure; in the crowds enfranchised by the blood of heroes, who cannot be persuaded to take an interest in their destiny; in the millions, at last free to think without fear of priest or policeman, who have made the motion pictures and the popular newspapers what they are.

These are the prisoners who have been released.

A Preface to Morals. Walter Lippmann.

Merry King Hal Begins to Emerge

At the glorious sight of Henry, the people surged with hope and pleasure. He had begun his reign by arresting the cruel bloodsuckers that his father had employed, and yet out of the chrysalis of his father's thrift he was opening golden wings. The people could not but rejoice at this profusion of treasure, this money to spend and to spare. They had come through hard times. They wanted to be able to count on their king, to have security, to have safe roads to travel by, a chance to sleep sound and breathe easy, to reach his ear, to gain his heart, to gallivant with him and love him. Long was the story of skinflint monarchs—the seared memory of Louis XI. in his old felt hat with eleven apostles outside and the financier within; of Cosimo de' Medici with his pawnbroker's three balls; the flitting shadow of Maximilian with hardly a shirt to his back; of Ferdinand sardonically stroking his doublet and boasting that it could still outlast three pair of sleeves. It was not in this mean and narrow direction that Henry was facing, but toward magnanimity, toward the sun. He was joining the renaissance, catching the rhythm of the new Europe, hailed by the courtiers as a model, by the intellectuals as an ally, by the merchants as a patron.

Henry the Eighth. Francis Hackett.

The Cultivated Negro

Organizations like the Hampton singers are at their worst when they think they are at their best. They are good, surely. But when you have heard negro singing, as I have, in lonely places in the far south——

Negroes on lumber rafts in the turpentine forest or on the lower Mississippi.

There is a quality to negro singing going out fast. Music is the most primitive of all the arts. The negro, in coming into the more cultivated arts, the singing and creation of classic and semi-classic music, and the other arts, has a long trail ahead. In spite of his native voice quality, a thing also that will go from the educated negro—the white man will beat him a thousand miles at all of the sophisticated arts.

The Hampton Singers still sing well. They do not sing beautifully as do some of the negroes of the fields and rivers who have not tried yet to swing into the white man's world. I can soon forget the admittedly fine singing of the trained negro singers. I will never forget some of the negro singing I have heard from the lips of so-called ignorant negro workers.

In the arts you have to lose all before you begin to gain anything. The arts are like religion in that.

Hello Towns! Sherwood Anderson.

[The Golden Book *Editorial Department, as a service to readers, will be glad to furnish information as to publisher, price, etc., of any volume mentioned here.*]

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Drawing by
Lyman Anderson

Translated and Adapted
by Beatrice B. Beebe

The House by the Side of the Road

By AUGUST VON KOTZEBUE

CHARACTERS

MR. VON LORCH.
NETTCHEN, *a maidservant.*
BALTHASAR, *a manservant.*

SCENE—*A highway. On one side, a country house with a front walk. On the other, a garden gate. Other houses in the distance.* BALTHASAR *is on the stage when the curtain rises.*

BALTHASAR—So this is the famous country house, and it's sold! Just yesterday—two hours before I got here. My poor master! What am I to do now? There's Nettchen. Perhaps she can give me some advice. (NETTCHEN *enters through the garden gate.*)

NETTCHEN—Balthasar! Where did you come from?

BALTHASAR—Straight from my master. A few days ago we received a command from your mistress to buy this house. Business duties prevented my master from coming, so he sent me with money and power-of-attorney.

NETTCHEN—And you got here too late!

BALTHASAR—Just two hours. Tell me, is old Mr. Prahm still determined to marry his daughter only to the possessor of this house?

NETTCHEN—We told you that long ago. His own country house is his hobby. He has extended his possessions to the north, south, and east. A meadow and the half of a vineyard in the west are all that he needs to complete his grounds. The heirs declared they would sell this house at public sale. Mr. Prahm has only debts and a beautiful daughter. Therefore, he decided to wait and see whether some fine young fellow would buy the house and perhaps fall in love with his neighbour, my mistress. The son-in-law could not then refuse him anything. So, for the present, he will repulse your master, for *he* would take my mistress away and rob her father of the last hope of acquiring his park to the west. We therefore wrote that you might buy the house if you wished to get the bride.

BALTHASAR—Two hours too late!

NETTCHEN—Shall I help you?

BALTHASAR—But isn't everything lost? Isn't the new owner a bachelor?

NETTCHEN—A bachelor, but certainly not a fine one. A fat man, whose fifty years don't seem to bother him at all. Mr. von Lorch dined with us last evening. In some unfortunate way a spoonful of whatever he was eating tasted so good to him, that when he heard my mistress had prepared it, he at once began to flirt with her. And I am really afraid that when he dines with us again he will ask for her hand.

BALTHASAR—Then my master will thrash me!

NETTCHEN—And it will serve you right.

BALTHASAR—Has Mr. von Lorch no fancy for money?

NETTCHEN—So far as I have noticed he loves his ease, and since one can't have that without money——

BALTHASAR—Well then, take courage. He bought the house for nine thousand thaler. My master will give him ten thousand.

NETTCHEN—But what if he scorns the profit?

BALTHASAR—Then I'll strangle him!

NETTCHEN—There goes Mr. von Lorch down the walk. He said he liked best of all the large porch here by the road. See if you can't talk him out of the house. If you don't succeed, you'll find me in the garden house. Meanwhile, I'll try to complete my plans. The game is not yet lost. He's coming. (*Exits through the gate.* MR. VON LORCH *enters and waddles toward the porch. A servant follows with six bottles of wine and six filled pipes.*)

LORCH—Here, Kaspar, here! Now you may go. You know, I smoke each pipe for a quarter of an hour. Six pipes, an hour and a half—then come back. (*The servant leaves, and Lorch proceeds to make himself*

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comfortable.) Yes, this is a lovely spot. Quiet, shade, a frequented street where something new is constantly taking place. (BALTHASAR *enters and bows deferentially.*)

BALTHASAR—I beg your pardon. Have I the honour of addressing Mr. von Lorch?

LORCH—I'm Mr. von Lorch, but I don't care to have anyone speak to me.

BALTHASAR—Just for a quarter of an hour.

LORCH—O woe! That will cost me a whole pipe!

BALTHASAR—I'm told you bought this house for nine thousand thaler.

LORCH—Yes.

BALTHASAR—Well, you've been cheated.

LORCH—How so?

BALTHASAR—I'm an architect.

LORCH—You can be, for all I care.

BALTHASAR—The house is damp.

LORCH—I haven't found it so.

BALTHASAR—Fungus is growing out of the walls.

LORCH—Fungus is everywhere nowadays.

BALTHASAR—Yes, one has to endure it among men; but in a house . . . I am a doctor, sir, and I predict gout and rheumatism for you.

LORCH—I have them sometimes, anyway.

BALTHASAR—The ground isn't fertile—I'm a gardener—the weeds have got the upper hand.

LORCH—The weeds, eh?

BALTHASAR—In the spring the whole region is covered by the floods.

LORCH—Then one can go about in a boat.

BALTHASAR—There are spooks in the garden. Just between ourselves, a few years ago a woman threw her child in the well.

LORCH—I don't drink water.

BALTHASAR—I'm sorry for you, sir. You have such a noble face—your very look wins the heart. It would give me genuine pleasure to relieve you of the house.

LORCH—But I don't want to be relieved of it.

BALTHASAR—I offer you ten thousand thaler.

LORCH—No.

BALTHASAR—A thousand thaler is a good profit.

LORCH—Yes.

BALTHASAR—One doesn't find it on the street.

LORCH—No.

BALTHASAR—Yet one might almost say you had found the thousand thaler here by the highway.

LORCH—Yes.

BALTHASAR—So you certainly will——

LORCH—No. I will not!

BALTHASAR—What! You refuse——

LORCH—Yes, I do!

BALTHASAR—In possession scarcely twenty-four hours, and already so in love with a house overgrown with fungus!

LORCH—How does it come then, Mr. Architect-Doctor-Gardener, that you are so anxious to buy the house?

BALTHASAR—Just fancy, caprice.

LORCH—I can offer that reason, too. I won't sell it.

BALTHASAR—Not at any price?

LORCH—No. This place where I'm sitting and smoking is worth as much to me as the whole profit. So leave me in peace.

BALTHASAR—I would gladly bestow on you every peace, if it were only the last one. (*Exits through gate.*)

LORCH—No, I don't want to sell. Undoubtedly it isn't worth much, but it's located on the highway. Comfort cannot be bought. I can sit here the livelong day and beguile the time. People pass, riding and walking; everything is just for my amusement. Heretofore I have lacked only one thing—such a spot as this. (*Enter* NETTCHEN *with beauty patches pasted on her face, wearing a large straw hat, and carrying a parasol.*)

NETTCHEN—Ah, you're surely our new neighbour, Mr. von Lorch! Permit me to sit down by you. I wander about as I please every morning, and then I usually rest here. I've chatted many an hour with the former owner of this house. And I'll do likewise with you in the future, and if you should die—I would have to betake myself to your successor. For I just *must* talk with someone. With your permission! (*She drains a glass of wine. Vexed,* VON LORCH *fills it again.*) Oh, I'll help you pass many hours. And don't fear that I leave the house only in good weather. I wade through thick and thin, whether it be snowing or raining. I put on a pair of stout boots and paddle through the mire to see my dear neighbour.

LORCH—Very obliging. But you won't find me here in bad weather.

NETTCHEN—Oh, then I'll come into the house. I know your house within and without. At the right is a little green room, where the former owner always used to sit. Many a time have we sat far into the night and talked of this and that, of war, of politics and religion, of philosophy and factories.

LORCH—For heaven's sake, madame, my ears—your lungs——

NETTCHEN—My lungs are entirely at your service. With your permission! (*Drinks another glass of wine.*)

LORCH—But I, madame—don't be offended—I must make you acquainted with my weakness—I talk but little——

NETTCHEN—That doesn't make any difference, I'll talk all the more. All you have to do is listen.

LORCH—Since I have not the pleasure of your acquaintance——

NETTCHEN—Oh, heavens! Haven't I told you yet who I am? I beg a thousand pardons. My name is Leopoldine Gertrude Rosamond Victoria Alphonsine von Lumpenfeld. The family is undoubtedly known to you, for there are Lumpenfelds everywhere. With your permission! (*Drinks a third glass of wine.*) I hear, neighbour, that you are a bachelor?

LORCH—Yes, madame.

NETTCHEN—I can stay with you only a few minutes today. In confidence, I will tell you I have a factory. I must look after the business a bit. So, if you will allow me——

LORCH—Oh, gladly, from the bottom of my heart!

NETTCHEN—Tomorrow I shall have the honour of visiting you again, and the day after tomorrow, and every day thereafter. (*Makes a low bow and exits.*)

LORCH—The devil take you! How am I ever going to get rid of that woman in the future? (*Enter* BALTHASAR *dressed as a beggar.*)

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BALTHASAR—I beg Your Excellency for an alms.

LORCH—I am no excellency.

BALTHASAR—That is just a customary term employed by beggars. For us beggars there are none in the world but excellencies. The high lords must hear such words, else they will not give us anything.

LORCH—Go, friend, I have nothing with me.

BALTHASAR—That is a customary speech, too. If Your Excellency will only reach through his heart into his pocket, he will surely find something there.

LORCH—It seems to me you are an impudent visitor.

BALTHASAR—I am only begging. There are different kinds of visitors: for instance, those who demand and take. To such as they one gives all and is courteous about it.

LORCH—Who gave you the right to beg here?

BALTHASAR—The right? Oho, sir, I am a native, and natives have the right to beg.

LORCH—Aren't you ashamed of yourself? You, a young, healthy fellow. Can't you work?

BALTHASAR—Oh, my dear sir, there are very few people in the world who work. In the main we are all beggars: one kind begs from kings and ministers, another from masters and mistresses, a third upon the street; it all amounts to the same thing.

LORCH—I will give nothing.

BALTHASAR—I am glad.

LORCH—Why?

BALTHASAR—Because Your Excellency does not promise anything. The lords often put off the poor people with all sorts of fine sounding words. So I praise the man who says, once and for all, "I will give nothing, and there's an end of it." (*Sits on the ground near the porch.*)

LORCH—Well? Why are you sitting down?

BALTHASAR—This is my old place. I sit here the whole day and sing and beg.

LORCH—Here? So near my porch?

BALTHASAR—Yes.

LORCH—I won't allow it. Get out of here!

BALTHASAR—No, sir. You can't make me get out. You didn't buy the highway. Here I have been singing my song year in and year out. Of course, my singing isn't particularly good just now, but tomorrow I'll bring my five children with me. They all have lovely voices.

LORCH—Listen, my friend, what must I give you to go away and find another place to beg?

BALTHASAR—A gulden a day, for I earn that much here, and there is no better place along the whole highway.

LORCH—There's a gulden; now go to the devil!

BALTHASAR—May God reward you! I'll come again tomorrow and will bring my five little worms with me. (*Exits.*)

LORCH—I begin to see that this house has its disadvantages.

(*Enter* NETTCHEN, *dressed as a washerwoman. Draws clothes-lines about porch and hangs up clothes.*)

LORCH—Well! What does this mean?

NETTCHEN—What?

LORCH—I asked you what this meant.

NETTCHEN—It doesn't mean anything. I want to dry my washing.

LORCH—Right here, under my nose?

NETTCHEN—Why should I ask about the gentleman's nose? This is the drying place. Let the gentleman take his nose away if the washing bothers him.

LORCH—But, young lady, I won't allow that on my porch.

NETTCHEN—Who gave you, or anyone, permission to build here? My grandmother always dried her clothes here, and, God willing, my grandchildren will do so too.

LORCH—But I can't see three feet beyond the wash!

NETTCHEN—Well, and what will you miss by that? It is good when one cannot see farther than three feet into the world. Then one is aware of nothing discordant.

LORCH—If I dared let myself get angry, I would talk to you very differently.

NETTCHEN—So? And how would you talk to me? Oh, I'm not afraid of anyone. I wash for all kinds of people, and if you go too far, I'll hang my washing in front of your door, and no one can stop me.

LORCH—Now, now, I didn't mean anything. You will surely do me the favour, when I give you a gulden, of drying your washing in some other place.

NETTCHEN—Now you are talking like a sensible man. (*Takes the gulden.*) Thank you. (*Gathers her wash together.*) Well, I'll go now. Of course, there's no other drying spot in the neighbourhood, but tomorrow is also a day.

LORCH—You are coming back tomorrow?

NETTCHEN—Every day, sir. I wash for the entire neighbourhood. Whenever the sun shines, I shall be here. But when it rains, I won't come. (*Exits.*)

LORCH—So! When it rains, I can breathe the fresh air unmolested! Cheerful prospect! My neighbour will come again tomorrow; the beggar will bring his children tomorrow; the young washerwoman will dry her washing here tomorrow—oh, dear, oh, dear! (*Enter* BALTHASAR, *attired as a recruit, and weeping.*)

LORCH—Another unpleasant noise. Why are you crying, fellow?

BALTHASAR—They have enlisted me as a drummer.

LORCH—Then you must march courageously and drum for your fatherland.

BALTHASAR—I don't know how to beat the drum. I've got to learn first.

LORCH—Then learn. Just remember what a splendid calling that of drummer is. It brings honour, profit, health, and so forth.

BALTHASAR—You don't say so!

LORCH—Whenever one wants to honour a prince, what does he do? He has the drum beat. So it must follow that every person who beats the drum becomes himself a nobleman. Whenever one wants to put out a fire, what does he do? He has the drum beat. So it follows that the drummer is a very useful man in the state.

BALTHASAR—Sir, you have renewed my courage. Now I'll start drumming immediately, and practise beating the roll from early morning till late at night.

LORCH—Fine! Only—if I may request it—a little distance from my house.

BALTHASAR—The sergeant commanded me to drum upon this spot.

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LORCH—My friend, you will certainly do me the favour of selecting another place.

BALTHASAR—I dare not. The sergeant would thrash me.

LORCH—I'll have to get away from here.

BALTHASAR—You needn't fear, I won't do you any harm.

LORCH—But how long——

BALTHASAR—How long will it last? A couple of months at most.

LORCH—Then you can drum over my grave.

BALTHASAR—I'll gladly do so, sir. I'll show you that last honour.

LORCH—Go to the devil! I won't allow any drum-beating here.

BALTHASAR—Ah, but the sergeant didn't ask your pleasure in the matter.

LORCH—I tell you, drumming is a very difficult sort of occupation. I imagine you would like to get out of it.

BALTHASAR—Yes, if I only had the money I would go to America.

LORCH—Here, take these ducats, and be on your way. The boundary isn't far from here.

BALTHASAR—Heaven bless Your Honour! If your house should ever burn, send for me, and I'll gratefully beat the drum as long as a rafter is still smoking. (*Exits.*)

LORCH—Thank goodness, I've got rid of him. That would have been a devilish noise. (*Enter* BALTHASAR *again, dressed as a sergeant and wearing a beard.*)

BALTHASAR—The devil! What have you dared to do, sir? To persuade my recruit to desert! Don't you know, sir, that is a prison offense? It's a good thing I caught him in the nick of time. He's confessed you gave him a ducat so he could get away. I shall go to the magistrate on the spot and inform against you.

LORCH—My dear sergeant, that wasn't my intention.

BALTHASAR—We'll hear what the magistrate will have to say to that.

LORCH—I only wanted to send the fellow a little farther away with his drum. I have such sensitive nerves——

BALTHASAR—Who the devil is asking about your nerves when the welfare of the state is at stake? Yes, sir, the welfare of the state. Whoever bribes a recruit to run away is an enemy spy and must be hanged.

LORCH—My dear sergeant, one can always look at things from two sides. For example, this piece of money. Just look at it.

BALTHASAR (*takes it*)—Yes, indeed, that *is* worth considering. I can see you meant nothing dishonourable toward the king, or you wouldn't carry his picture in your pocket. So we'll let the matter drop for this time. The fellow shall not beat his drum here today. (*Drinks a glass of wine.*)

LORCH—And, if I may ask it, not tomorrow either, nor any time.

BALTHASAR—That cannot be. I have my orders. He must start drumming tomorrow, and if he is industrious he can progress far enough in six weeks, so that by autumn he will have to drum only a couple of hours a day. (*Pours out another glass of wine and drinks it.*)

LORCH—Oh, my dear sergeant! Can't the recruit do his drumming in front of his quarters?

BALTHASAR—Why certainly. His quarters are right here.

LORCH—Here! Where?

BALTHASAR—Your house. Here is the order for quarters. One officer, one sergeant, twenty men, and a drummer.

LORCH—They are to live here—in my house?

BALTHASAR—Yes, until the order comes to march.

LORCH—And when will that come?

BALTHASAR—Fortunately, we are at peace, so it's not to be expected before next spring. (*Drinks again.*)

LORCH—That's a fine piece of news!

BALTHASAR—But we will cause you as little annoyance as possible. At noon and at night the officer takes only four kinds of meat and a bottle of wine. The sergeant will pick up what he can here and there. (*Drinks again.*)

LORCH—I have observed that already.

BALTHASAR—The soldiers have their own provisions. Only I must ask to take charge of all the poultry and the like, and to place a guard, for these fellows are sometimes rather careless about fire.

LORCH—Good God! These are fine prospects for a pleasant winter!

BALTHASAR—We'll enter tomorrow. See that everything is in order. The best room in the house for the lieutenant. I'll help all I can. (*Exits.*)

LORCH—Poor me! Tomorrow will be the day of my death. Madame—five singing beggar children—a screeching washerwoman—a cursed officer with twenty men—a fellow who is learning to drum. Oh, you cursed house by the side of the road! . . . (*Enter* BALTHASAR, *dressed as a hunter.*)

BALTHASAR—His Highness the Prince of Plundersweil, and His Excellency the Count of Eichelmast—but I beg a thousand pardons—I want to speak to the owner of this house.

LORCH—I am he.

BALTHASAR—You're joking. For many summers and autumns I have come here with my lords, and am well acquainted with the master of the house.

LORCH—But he died a short time ago. I have bought the house.

BALTHASAR—So, so? That makes it different.

LORCH—If you have any message to deliver to him, you'll have to go to the churchyard.

BALTHASAR—Oh, no. Since he is dead and you are his successor, my message can be delivered to you.

LORCH—Well, make it short.

BALTHASAR—His Highness the Prince and His Excellency the Count present their compliments, and want you to know they will arrive tomorrow as usual for the hunt.

LORCH—What concern is that of mine?

BALTHASAR—Ah, then you do not know. Their lordships are accustomed to spend four weeks at this house every year at this time.

LORCH—So?

BALTHASAR—Yes, because of the fine hunting and the number of hares.

LORCH—So?

BALTHASAR—They bring only a small retinue with

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them: four hunters, one valet, three grooms, two coachmen, twenty horses, forty dogs, and two caretakers for the hounds.

LORCH—No one else?

BALTHASAR—Not another soul. The count has not quite half as many in his party.

LORCH—Really?

BALTHASAR—You needn't be worried. Of course, we won't bring anything with us, but we're not too particular. Just whatever you have, whatever your kitchen and cellar contain. Only, His Highness likes a good glass of champagne. He must have that. Oh, we have drunk as many as four hundred bottles here in four weeks.

LORCH—That's a mere trifle.

BALTHASAR—Your predecessor gave us all we wanted, for he knew how to appreciate the honour bestowed upon him.

LORCH—But I don't know how to appreciate the honour. You may tell His Highness and His Excellency that the hares hereabout are at their service, but my house will remain closed to them.

BALTHASAR—You're joking!

LORCH—No! No!

BALTHASAR—Oh, but you must be. What are you thinking of! You can't refuse such distinguished gentlemen. You know, people of distinction are overcome with joy when they can entertain a prince.

LORCH—But I don't want to entertain anybody.

BALTHASAR—When you come to the palace you will be entertained. What more could you wish?

LORCH—But I don't want any guests.

BALTHASAR—I wouldn't dare take such an answer back to my masters. Next year they might do as you wish, but this year the plan cannot be changed. The pack wagons are already on the way. The cook will be here in two hours. Toward evening the dogs will arrive and will howl their concert for you. Tomorrow the whole retinue will march in. (*Exits.*)

LORCH—I'll run away! The devil must have driven me to buy this cursed house! (*Enter* NETTCHEN, *dressed this time as a lady's maid.*)

NETTCHEN—Thank heaven, the accident happened in the vicinity of such a reputable house. Monsieur, tell me where I can find the owner of this house.

LORCH—I really don't know whether I am he or not.

NETTCHEN—Aha! Then it is yourself? Listen, till I tell you what's happened. The Polish Countess Wrbzinska, on her way to Paris, has had the misfortune to break a wheel of her carriage. It will take till tomorrow before repairs can be made. Therefore, the countess asks permission to pass the night here. She won't incommode you. She will bring no one with her but three servants.

LORCH—But I don't run an inn, I tell you.

NETTCHEN—Three rooms would be sufficient.

LORCH—I haven't more than that many furnished rooms in the whole house. And I'm using them myself.

NETTCHEN—I don't doubt but that such a courteous gentleman will find lodging for himself in some other house.

LORCH—Of all the presumption!

NETTCHEN—But, Monsieur, you may eat with us. Only, I must request that you always change your clothes, for my mistress cannot endure tobacco smoke.

LORCH—No? Then she would do better to seek another location, for my house smells of tobacco.

NETTCHEN—We can fumigate it. I'll hurry and announce to the countess that everything here is ready for her arrival. (*Exits.*)

LORCH—Hey, there! The devil! Now I am to be thrown out of my own house! I'll just go, leave them all in the lurch, and save my poor life. Tomorrow I would certainly be dead. The beggar children will sing—the hounds will howl—the drummer will drum—the neighbour will chatter—the washerwoman will scold—the officers will curse—I can't stand it! (*Enter* BALTHASAR *in his ordinary clothes.*)

LORCH—Hey! Pst! Pst!

BALTHASAR—What do you want?

LORCH—Wasn't it you, sir, that expressed a desire to purchase this house?

BALTHASAR—Yes, but I have reconsidered.

LORCH—I have reconsidered, too. A thousand thaler profit is not to be sneezed at. You can have it.

BALTHASAR—I'll have to confess, sir, that in the meantime I've heard so many damaging reports——

LORCH—Well, I'll tell you what. I'll let you have it for the purchase price.

BALTHASAR—Nine thousand thaler is too much. You've been cheated. Eight thousand is the highest I can offer you.

LORCH—Will you really give me eight thousand?

BALTHASAR—Yes, I might be able to do that.

LORCH—The house is yours. Come on in and I'll turn over the key to you at once. (*Aside, as he leaves the stage*) Ha! Ha! Ha! He's fooled! Now he can receive the distinguished guests!

BALTHASAR—Nettchen! Nettchen! We have won! (*Enter* NETTCHEN.)

NETTCHEN—We? What could you have accomplished without me?

BALTHASAR—I'll confess that you are my master, and, if you will, my mistress for life, too. You're a rogue, I'm a rascal; you're sly, I'm tricky; you're pretty, I'm forbearing. What does it matter? In ten years we can buy such a house for ourselves.

CURTAIN

Two Rivers

Says Tweed to Till—
"What gars ye rin sae still?"
Says Till to Tweed—
"Though ye rin with speed
And I rin slaw,
For ae man that ye droon
I droon twa." ANONYMOUS.

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Courtesy Harlow, McDonald & Co. *Alfred Hutly*

Aftermath

James Lane Allen

I WAS HAPPILY AT WORK this morning among my butterbeans—a vegetable of solid merit and of a far greater suitableness to my palate than such bovine watery growths as the squash and the beet. Georgiana came to her garden window and stood watching me.

"You work those butterbeans as though you loved *them*," she said, scornfully.

"I do love them. I love all vines."

"Are you cultivating them as vines or as vegetables?"

"It makes no difference to nature."

"Do you expect me to be a vine when we are married?"

"I hope you'll not turn out a mere vegetable. How should you like to be my Virginia-creeper?"

"And what would you be?"

"Well, what would you like? A sort of honeysuckle frame?"

"Oh, anything! Only support me and give me plenty of room to bloom."

I do not always reply to Georgiana, though I always could if I chose. Whenever I remain silent about anything she changes the subject.

"Did you know that Sylvia once wrote a poem on a vegetable?"

"I did not."

"You don't speak as though you cared."

"You must know how deeply interested I am."

"Then why don't you ask to see the poem?"

"Was it on butterbeans?"

"The idea! Sylvia has better taste."

"I suppose I'd better look into this poem."

"You are not to laugh at it!"

"I shall weep."

"No; you are not to weep. Promise."

"What am I to promise?"

"That you will read it unmoved."

"I do promise—solemnly, cheerfully."

"Then come and get it."

I went over and stood under the window. Georgiana soon returned and dropped down to me a piece of writing-paper.

"Sylvia wrote it before she began to think about the boys."

"It must be a very early poem."

"It is; and this is the only copy; please don't lose it."

"Then I think you ought to take it back at once. Let me beg of you not to risk it—" But she was gone; and I turned to my arbour and sat down to read Sylvia's poem, which I found to be inscribed to "The Potato," and to run as follows:

What on this wide earth
  That is made or does by nature grow
Is more homely yet more beautiful
  Than the useful Potato?

True, 'tis homely to look on,
  Nothing pretty even in its blow,
But it will bear acquaintance,
  This useful Potato.

For when it is cooked and opened
  It's so white and mellow,
You forget it ever was homely,
  This useful Potato.

On the whole it is a very plain plant,
  Makes no conspicuous show,
But the Internal appearance is lovely
  Of the unostentatious Potato.

On the land or on the sea,
  Wherever we may go,
We are always glad to welcome
  The sound Potato.*

* The elder Miss Cobb was wrong in thinking this poem Sylvia's. It was extant at the time over the signature of another writer, whose authorship is not known to have been questioned. Miss Sylvia perhaps copied it out of admiration, or as a model for her own use.

J. L. A.

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By

JAMES LANE ALLEN

The First of Three Parts

Courtesy Schwartz Galleries *M. Coughlin*

IN THE AFTERNOON I was cutting stakes at the woodpile for my butterbeans, and a bright idea struck me. During my engagement to Georgiana I cannot always be darting in and out of Mrs. Cobb's front door like a swallow through a barn. Neither can I talk freely to Georgiana—with her up at the window and me down on the ground—when I wish to breathe into her ear the things that I must utter or die. Besides, the sewing-girl whom Georgiana has engaged is nearly always there. So that as I was in the act of trimming a long slender stick, it occurred to me that I might make use of this to elevate any little notes that I might wish to write over the garden fence up to Georgiana's window.

I was greatly taken with the thought, and, dropping my hand-axe, hurried into the house and wrote a note to her at once, which I thereupon tied to the end of the pole by a short string. But as I started for the garden this arrangement looked too much like catching Georgiana with a bait. Therefore, happening to remember, I stopped at my tool-house, where I keep a little of everything, and took from a peg a fine old specimen of a goldfinch's nest. This I fastened to the end of the pole, and hiding my note in it, now felt better satisfied. No one but Georgiana herself would ever be able to tell what it was that I might wish to lift up to her at any time; and in case of its being not a note, but a plum—a berry—a peach—it would be as safe as it was unseen. This old house of a pair of goldfinches would thus become the home of our fledging hopes: every day a new brood of vows would take flight across its rim into our bosoms.

Watching my chance during the afternoon, when the sewing-girl was not there, I rushed over and pushed the stick up to the window.

"Georgiana," I called out, "feel in the nest!"

She hurried to the window with her sewing in her arms. The nest swayed to and fro on a level with her nose.

"What is it?" she cried, drawing back with extreme distaste.

"You feel in it!" I repeated.

"I don't wish to feel in it," she said. "Take it away!"

"There's a young dove in it," I persisted—"a young cooer."

"I don't wish any young cooers," she said, with a grimace.

Seeing that she was not of my mind, I added, pleadingly: "It's a note from me, Georgiana! This is going to be our little private post-office!" Georgiana sank back into her chair. She reappeared with the flush of apple-blossoms and her lashes wet with tears of laughter. But I do not think that she looked at me unkindly. "Our little private post-office," I persisted, confidingly.

"How many more little private things are we going to have?" she inquired, plaintively.

"I can't wait here forever," I said. "This is growing weather; I might sprout."

"A dry stick will not," said Georgiana, simply, and went back to her sewing.

I took the hint, and propped the pole against the house under the window. Later, when I took it down, my note was gone.

I have set the pole under Georgiana's window several times within the last two or three days. It looks like a little dip-net, high and dry in the air; but so far as I can see with my unaided eye, it has caught nothing so large as a gnat. It has attracted no end of attention from the birds of the neighborhood, however, who never saw a goldfinch's nest swung to the end of a leafless pole and placed where it could be so exactly reached by the human hand. In particular it has fallen under the notice of a pair of wrens, which are like women, in that they usually have some secret business behind their curiosity. The business in this

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case is the matter of their own nest, which they have located in a broken horse-collar in my saddle-house. At such seasons they are alert for appropriating building materials that may have been fetched to hand by other birds; and they have already abstracted a piece of candle-wick from the bottom of my post-office.

Georgiana has been chilly towards me for two days, and I think is doing her best not to freeze up altogether. I have racked my brain to know why; but I fear that my brain is not of the sort to discover what is the matter with a woman when nothing really is the matter. Moreover, as I am now engaged to Georgiana, I have thought it better that she should begin to bring her explanations to me—the steady sun that will melt all her uncertain icicles.

AT LAST THIS MORNING she remarked, but very carelessly, "You didn't answer my note."

"What note, Georgiana?" I asked, thunderstruck.

She gave me such a look.

"Didn't you get the note I put into that— into that—" He face grew pink with vexation and disgust.

"Did you put a note into the—into the—" I could not have spoken the word just then.

I retired to my arbour, where I sat for half an hour with my head in my hands. What could have become of Georgiana's note? A hand might have filched it; unlikely. A gust of wind have whisked it out; impossible. I debated and rejected every hypothesis to the last one. Acting upon this, I walked straight to the saddle-house, and in a dark corner peered at the nest of the wrens. A speck of white paper was visible among the sticks and shavings. I tore the nest out and shook it to pieces. How those wrens did rage! The note was so torn and mudded that I could not read it. But suppose a jay had carried it to the high crotch of some locust! I ran joyfully back to the window.

"I've found it, Georgiana!" I called out.

She appeared, looking relieved, but not exactly forgiving.

"Where?"

My tongue froze to the roof of my mouth.

"Where did you find it?" she repeated, imperiously.

"What do you want to know for?" I said, savagely.

"Let me see it!" she demanded.

My clasp on it suddenly tightened.

"Let me see it!" she repeated, with genuine fire.

"What do you want to see it for?" I said.

She turned away.

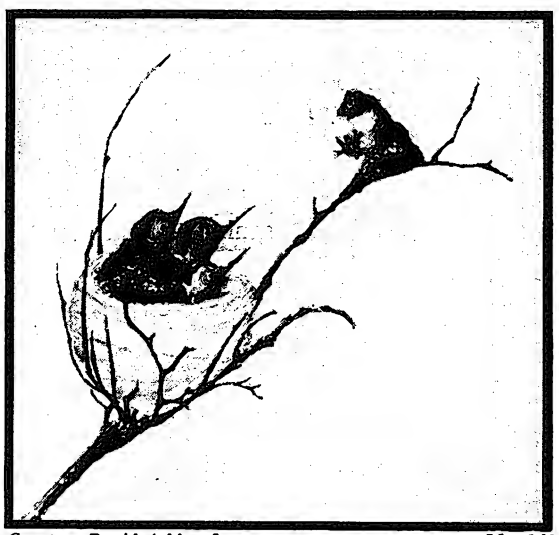
"Here it is," I said, and held it up.

She looked at it a long time, and her brows arched.

"Did the pigs get it?"

"The wrens. It merely had a change of post-office."

"I'd as well write the next one to them," she said, "since they get the letters."



Courtesy David Ashley, Inc. *Maydell*

Georgiana was well aware that she slipped the note into the nest when they were looking and I was not; but women—*all* women—now and then hold a man responsible for what they have done themselves. Sylvia, for instance. She grew peevish with me the other day because my garden failed to furnish the particular flowers that would have assuaged her whim. And yet for days Sylvia has been helping herself with such lack of stint that the poor clipped and mangled bushes look at me as I pass sympathetically by them, and say, "If you don't keep her away, we'd as well be weeds!"

The truth is that Sylvia's rampant session in school, involving the passage of the Greatest Common Divisor—far more dreadful than the passage of the Beresina—her blue rosettes at the recent Commencement, and the prospect of a long vacation, together with further miscellany appertaining to her age and sex, have strung the chords of her sentimental being up to the highest pitch. Feeling herself to be naturally a good instrument and now perfectly in tune, Sylvia requires that she shall be continually played upon—if not by one person, then by another. Nature overloads a tendency in order to make it carry straight along its course against the interference of other tendencies; and she will sometimes provide a girl with a great many young men at the start, in order that she may be sure of one husband in the end. The precautionary swarm in Sylvia's case seems multitudinous enough to supply her with successive husbands to the end of her days and in the teeth of all known estimates of mortality. How unlike Georgiana!

I THINK of Georgiana as the single peach on a tree in a season when they are rarest. Not a very large peach, and scarcely yet yielding a blush to the sun, although its long summer heat is on the wane: growing high in the air at the end of a bough and clustered about by its shining leaves. But what beauty, purity, freshness! You must hunt to find it and climb to reach it; but when you get it, you get it all—there is not a trace left for another. But Sylvia! I am afraid Sylvia is like a big bunch of grapes that hangs low above a public pathway: each passer-by is free to reach up and take a grape.

I caught some one taking a grape the other evening—a sort of green grape. Sylvia has been sending bouquets to the gosling who was her escort on the evening of her Commencement—him of the duck trousers and webbed feet. On one occasion I have observed her walking along the borders of my garden in his company and have overheard her telling him that *he* could come in and get flowers whenever he wished. I wish I might catch him once.

To cap the climax, after twilight on the evening in

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question, I strolled out to my arbour for a quiet hour with thoughts of Georgiana. Whom should I surprise in there but Sylvia and the gosling! deep in the shadow of the vines. He had his arm around her and was kissing her.

"Upon my honour!" I said; and striding over to him I thrust my hand under his coattails, gripped him by the seat of his ducks, dragged him head downward to the front fence and dropped him out into the street.

"Let me catch *you* in here kissing anybody again!" I said.

He had bit me viciously on one of my calves—which are sizable—as I had dragged him along; so that I had been forced to stoop down and twist him loose by screwing the end of his spongy nose. I met him on the street early the next morning, and it wore the hue of a wild plum in its ripeness. I tapped it.

"Only three persons know of your misbehaviour last night," I said. "If you ever breathe it to a soul that you soiled that child by your touch, the next time I get hold of you it will not be your nose; it will be your neck!"

Courtesy David Ashley, Inc. *Maydell*

My mortification at Sylvia's laxness was so keen that I should have forborne returning to the arbour had I not felt assured that she must have escaped to the house through modesty and sheer shame. But she had not budged.

"I blush for you, Sylvia!" I exclaimed. "I know all about that fellow! He shouldn't kiss—my old cat!"

"I don't see what *you* have to do with it!" said Sylvia, placidly. "And I have waited to tell you that I hope you will never interrupt me again when I am engaged in entertaining a young gentleman."

"Sylvia, my dear child!" I said, gravely, sitting down beside her. "How old are you?"

"I am of the proper age to manage my own affairs," said Sylvia, "with the assistance of my immediate family."

"Well, I don't think you are," I replied. "And since your brother is at West Point, there is one thing that I am going to take the liberty of telling you, which the other members of your family may not fully understand. If you were younger, Sylvia, you might do a good deal of this and not be hurt by it; or you might not be hurt by it if you were a good deal older; but at your age it is terrible; in time it will affect your character."

"How old must I be?" said Sylvia, wickedly.

"Well, in your case," I replied warmly, a little nettled by her tone, "you'd better abstain altogether."

"And in your case?" said Sylvia.

"You never mind my case!" I retorted.

"But I do mind it when I suffer by it," said Sylvia. "I do mind it if it's going to affect my character!"

"You know very well, Sylvia," I replied, "that I never kissed you but three times, and then as a brother."

"I do not wish anyone but my brother to kiss me in that way," said Sylvia, with a pout of contempt.

It seemed to me that this was a fitting time to guide Sylvia's powers of discrimination as to the way she should act with indifferent men—and as to the way that different men would try to act with her.

I had been talking to her in a low tone I do not know how long. Her ill-nature had quickly vanished; she was, in her way, provoking, charming. I was sitting close to her. The moonlight played upon her daring, wilful face through the leaves of the grapevines. It was unpremeditated; my nature was, most probably, unstrung at the instant by ungratified longings for Georgiana; but suddenly I bent down and kissed her.

Instantly both Sylvia and I started from the seat. How long Georgiana had been standing in the entrance to the arbour I do not know. She may that instant have come. But there she was, dressed in white—pure, majestic, with the moon shining behind her, and shedding about her the radiance of a heavenly veil.

"Come Sylvia," she said, with perfect sweetness; and, bidding me good-night with the same gentlewoman's calm, she placed her arm about the child's waist, and the two sisters passed slowly and silently out of my garden.

At that moment, if I could have squeezed myself into the little screech-owl perched in a corner of the arbour, I would gladly have crept into the hollow of an oak and closed my eyes. Still, how was I to foresee what I should do? A man's conversation may be his own; his conduct may vibrate with the extinct movements of his ancestors.

GEORGIANA'S BEHAVIOUR then was merely the forerunner of larger marvels. For next morning I wrote a futile drastic treatise on Woman's inability to understand Man and Man's inability to understand Himself, and set it under her window. It made such a roll of paper that the goldfinch's nest looked as though it were distent with a sort of misshapen ostrich egg. All day I waited with a heart as silent as a great clock run down; my system of philosophy swung dead in the air. To my tortured vision as I eyed it secretly from my porch, it took on the semblance of one of Sylvia's poetical potatoes, and I found myself urging in its behalf Sylvia's fondest epithets: "how homely, yet

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how beautiful," "little thought of, but very necessary," "unostentatious, but of lovely internal appearance."

Towards sunset I took it sadly down. On top of the nest lay Georgiana's old scarlet emery-bag stuck full of her needles! She had divined what all the writing meant and would not have it. Instead she sent me this emblem not only of her forgiveness but of her surrender. When a man expects a woman to scold him and she does not, he either gets to be a little afraid of her morally or he wants to take her in his arms. Henceforth, if Georgiana were removed to another planet, I would rather worship her there simply as my evening or morning star than coexist with any earthly woman. One thought besets me: did she realize that perhaps she herself was the cause of my misdemeanours with Sylvia? Has she the penetration to discover that when a woman is engaged to a man she cannot deny him all things except at her own peril?

THIS PROOF of her high-mindedness and the enchanting glimpses of her face that she has vouchsafed me since, goaded me yesterday morning to despatch a reckless note: "Will you come to the arbour for a little while tonight? I have never dared ask this before, but you know how I have desired it. It is so much more private there. Write on the back of this paper one word, 'Yes.' There is a pencil in the nest."

The shutters were nearly closed, but I caught sight of the curve of a shoulder and the movement of a busy hand. As I pushed the note up I said:

"Read it at once. I am waiting."

A hand came out and took in the note, then the pencil; then note and pencil were put back. On the former was written, "Yes."

I think I must have done a dozen things in five minutes, and then I started aimlessly off to the town. On the way I met Georgiana.

"Good God, Georgiana!" I exclaimed. "You *here?*"

"Where else?" she said. "And why not?"

"I thought I just saw you at the window—H-sh-sh! Not a word of this to a human being!"

After supper last night I called old Jack and Dilsy into the garden, and led them around it, giving orders; thence to the arbour, where I bade them sit down.

In the year of 1805 Mr. Jefferson, as president of the Philosophical Society, ordered excavations to be made at Big Bone Lick in Kentucky for the skeletons of extinct animals. My father, who was interested in antiquities, had had much correspondence with Mr. Jefferson in regard to earlier discoveries at that spot; and when this expedition was undertaken he formed one of the explorers. Jack his servant, at that time a strapping young fellow, had been taken along as one of the negroes who were to do the digging.

The wonders then unearthed have always been the greenest spot in old Jack's memory; so that they have been growing larger ever since. Whenever I wish to hear him discourse with the dogmatic bluster of a sage who had original information as to geological times, I set Jack to talking about the bones of the *Mastodon-Maximus,* the name of which he gets from me, with a puzzled shake of his head, about regularly once a year. It is my private opinion that old Jack believes Big Bone Lick to have been the place where the Ark settled, and these to have been the bones of animals that had been swept out by Noah on landing.

Last night I had merely to ask him whether he credited the story of an old traveler that he had once used some ribs found there for his tentpoles and a tooth for his hominy beater; whereupon Dilsy, foreseeing what was coming, excused herself on the plea of sudden rheumatism and went to bed, as I wished she should.

The hinges on the little private gate under Georgiana's window I keep rusty; this enables me to note when anyone enters my garden. By-and-by I heard the hinges softly creak, whereupon I feigned not to believe what Jack was telling me; whereupon he fell into an harangue of such affectionate and sustained vehemence that when the hinges creaked again I was never able to determine. Was ever such usage made before of an antediluvian monster?

Today the sewing-girl thrust out spiteful faces at me several times.

She is the one that helped Georgiana last year when she was making her wedding-clothes to marry the West Point cousin. God keep him safely in the distance, or guide him firmly to the van of war! How does a woman feel when she is making her wedding-clothes for the second time and for another man? I know very well how the other man feels. Upon my urging Georgiana to marry me at once—nature does not recognize engagements; they are a device of civilization—she protested:

"But I must get ready! Think of the sewing!"

"Oh, bother!" I grumbled. "Where are all those clothes that you made last year?"

How was I to suppose that Georgiana must have everything made over as part of her feeling for me? I would not decree it otherwise; yet I question whether this delicacy may not impose reciprocal obligations, and remove from my life certain elements of abiding comfort. What if it should engender a prejudice against my own time-worn acquaintances—the familiars of my fireside? It might be justifiable sagacity in me to keep them locked up from the first year or so after Georgiana and I became a diune being; and, upon the whole, she should never know what may have been the premarital shortcomings of my wardrobe as respects things unseen. No matter how well a bachelor may appear dressed, there is no telling what he conceals upon his person. I feel sure that the retrospective discovery of a raveling would somehow displease Georgiana as a feature of our courtship. Nature is very stringent here, very guarded, truly universal. Invariably the young men of my day grow lavish in the use of unguents when they are preparing for natural selection; and I flatter myself that even my own garments—in their superficial aspects at least, and during my long pursuit of Georgiana—have not been very far from somewhat slightly ingratiating.

This pursuit is now drawing to a close. It is nearly the last of June. She has given me her word that she will marry me early in September. Two months for her to get the bridal feathers ready, two for me to prepare the nest.

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I have not yet breathed our engagement to Mrs. Walters. To tell her and not expect her to tell would be like giving a thump to the dry head of a thistle on a breezy day and not expecting the seed to go flying off in a hundred directions.

II

I HAVE FORGOTTEN nature. I barely know that July, now nearly gone, has passed, sifted with sweetness and ablaze with light. Time has swept on, the world run round; but I have stood motionless, abiding the hour of my marriage as a tree the season of its leaves. For all that it looks so calm, within goes on a tremendous surging of sap against its moments of efflorescence.

After which I pray that, not as a tree, but as a man, I may have a little peace. When Georgiana confessed her love, I had supposed this confession to mark the end of her elusiveness. When later on she presented to me the symbol of a heart pierced with needles, I had taken it for granted that thenceforth she would settle down into something like a state of prenuptial domestication, growing less like a swift and more like a hen. But there is nothing gallinaceous about my Georgiana. I took possession of her vow and the emery-ball, not of her; the privilege was merely given to plant my flag-staff on the uncertain edge of an unknown land. In war it sometimes becomes necessary to devastate a whole country in order to control a single point: I should be pleased to learn what portion of the earth's surface I am required to subdue ere I shall hold one little citadel.

As for me, Georgiana requires that I shall be a good deal like an old rock jutting out of the quiet earth: never ruffled, never changing either on the surface or at heart, bearing whatever falls upon me, be it frost or sun, and warranted to waste away only by a sort of impersonal disintegration at the rate of half an inch to the thousand years. Meantime she exacts for herself the privilege of dwelling near as the delighted cave of the winds. The part of wisdom in me, then, is not to heed each sallying gust, but to capture the cave and drive the winds away.

For I know in whom I have believed; I know that this myriad caprice is but the deepening of excitement on the verge of captivity; I know that on ahead lie the regions of perpetual calm —my Islands of the Blest.

Georgiana does not play upon the pianoforte; or, as Mrs. Walters would declare, she does not perform upon the instrument. Sylvia does; she performs, she executes. There are times when she will execute a piece called "The Last Hope" until the neighbours are filled with despair and ready to stretch their heads on the block to any more merciful executioner. Nor does Georgiana sing to company in the parlour. That is Sylvia's gift; and upon the whole it was this unmitigated practice in the bosom—and in the ears—of her family that enabled Sylvia to shine with such vocal effulgence in the procession on the last Fourth of July and devote a pair of unflagging lungs to the service of her country.

But Georgiana I have never known to sing except at her sewing and alone, as the way of women often is. During a walk across the summer fields my foot has sometimes paused at the brink of a silvery runlet, and I have followed it backward in search of the spring. It may lead to the edge of a dark wood; thence inward deeper and deeper; disappearing at last in a nook of coolness and shadow, green leaves, and mystery. The overheard rill of Georgiana's voice issues from inner depths of being that no human soul has ever visited, or perhaps will ever visit. What would I not give to thread my way, bidden and alone, to that far region of uncaptured loveliness?

Of late some of the overhead lullabies have touched me inexpressibly. They beat upon my ear like the musical reveries of future motherhood—they betoken in Georgiana's maidenhood the dreaming unrest of the maternal.

One morning not long ago, with a sort of pitiful gaiety, her song ran in the wise of saying how we should gather our rosebuds while we may. The warning could not have been addressed to me; I shall gather mine while I may —the unrifled rose of Georgiana's life, body and spirit.

Naturally, she and I have avoided the subject of the Cardinal. But to the tragedy of his death was joined one circumstance of such coarse and brutal unconcern that it had left me not only remorseful but resentful. As we sat together the other evening, after one of those silences that fall unregarded between us, I could no longer forbear to face an understanding.

"Georgiana," I said, "do you know what became of the redbird?"

Unwittingly the colour of reproach must have lain upon my words, for she answered quickly with yet more in hers:

"I had it buried!"

It was my turn to be surprised.

"Are you sure?"

"I am sure. I told them where to bury it; I showed them the very spot—under the cedar. They told me they had. Why?"

I thought it better that she should learn the truth.

"You know we can't trust our negroes. They disobeyed you. They lied to you; they never buried it. They threw it on the ash-pile. The pigs tore it to pieces; I saw them; they were rooting at it and tearing it to pieces."

She had clasped her hands, and

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turned towards me in acute distress. After a while, with her face aside, she said, slowly:

"And you have believed that I knew of this—that I permitted it?"

"I have believed nothing. I have waited to understand."

A few minutes later she said, as if to herself:

"Many a person would have been only too glad to believe it, and to blame me." Then folding her hands over one of mine, she said, with tears in her eyes:

"Promise me—promise me, Adam, until we are married, and—yes, *after* we are married—as long as I live, that you will never believe anything of me until you *know* that it is true!"

"I do promise, dear, dear, dearest one!" I cried, trying to draw her to me; but she would not permit it. "And you?"

"I shall never misunderstand," she replied, as with a flash of white inward light. "I *know* that you can never do anything that will make me think the less of you."

SINCE THE SAD, sad day on which I caused the death of the Cardinal, I have paid little heed to the birds. The subject has been a sore one. Besides, my whole life is gradually changing under the influence of Georgiana, who draws me farther and farther away from nature, and nearer and nearer to my own kind.

When, two years ago, she moved into this part of the state, I dwelt on the outskirts of the town and of humanity. On the side of them lay the sour land of my prose; the country, nature, rolled away on the other as the sweet deep ocean of my poetry. I called my neighbours my manifestations of prose; my doings with the townspeople, prose passages. The manifestations and passages scarce made a scrimp volume. There was Jacob, who lived on his symptoms and died without any; there was and there is Mrs. Walters—may she last to the age of the eagle. In town, a couple of prose items of cheap quality: an old preacher who was willing to save my soul while my strawberries were ripe, and an old doctor who cared to save my body so long as he could eat my pears—with others interested severally in my asparagus, my rhubarb, my lilies, and sweet-peas. Always not forgetting a few inestimably wholesome, cheery, noble souls, who sought me out on the edge of human life rather than succeeded in drawing me over the edge towards the centre.

But this Georgiana has been doing—long without my knowing it. I have become less a woodsman, more a civilian. Unless she relents, it may end in my ceasing to be a lover of birds, and running for the Legislature. Seeing me so much on the streets, one of my fellow-

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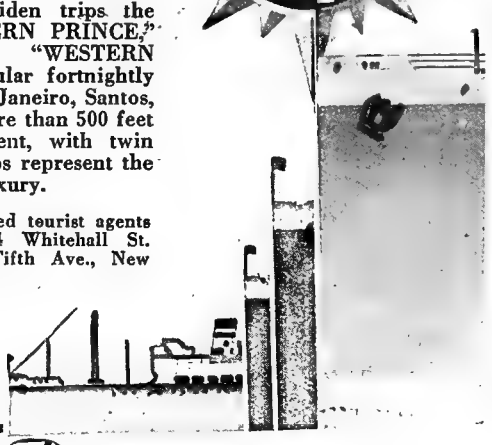

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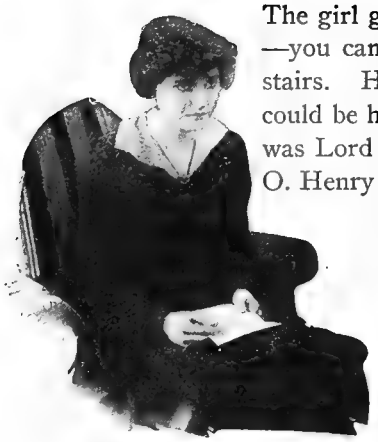

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townsmen declared the other day that if I would consent to come out of the canebrakes for good they would make me postmaster.

It has fallen awkwardly for me that this enforced transformation in my tastes and habits should coincide with the season of my love-making; and it is well that Georgiana does not demand in me the capering or strutting manners of those young men of my day who likewise are exerting themselves to marry. I am more like a badger than like one of them; and indeed I find the image of my fate and my condition in a badger-like creature close at hand.

For the carpenter who is at work upon bridal repairs in my house has the fancy not uncommon among a class hereabouts to keep a tamed raccoon. He brings it with him daily, and fastens it by its chain to a tree in my front yard: a rough, burly, knowing fellow, loving wild nature, but forced to acquire the tediousness of civilization; meantime leading a desperately hampered life; wondering at his own teeth and claws, and sorely put to it to invent a decent occupation. So am I; and as the raccoon paces everywhere after the carpenter, so do I in spirit pace everywhere after Georgiana; only his chain seems longer and more easily to be broken. The restless beast enlivens his captivity by the keenest scrutiny of every object within his range; I too have busied myself with the few people that have come this way.

First, early in the month Georgiana's brother—down from West Point, very stately, and with his brow stern, as if for gory war. When I called promptly to pay my respects, as his brother-in-law-to-be, he was sitting on the front porch surrounded by a subdued family, Georgiana alone remaining unawed. He looked me over indifferently, as though I were a species of ancient earthworks not worth any more special reconnoissance, and continued his most superior remarks to his mother on the approaching visit of three generals.

Upon leaving I invited him to join me on the morrow in a squirrel hunt with smooth-bores, whereupon he manifested surprise that I was acquainted with the use of firearms. Whereupon I remarked that I would sometimes hit big game if it were so close that I could not miss it, and further urged him to have breakfast with me at a very early hour in order that we might reach the woods while the squirrels were at theirs.

Going home, I knocked at the cabin where Jack and Dilsy lay snoring side by side with the velocity of rival sawmills, and begged Dilsy to give me a bite about daybreak—coffee and cornbatter cakes—saying that I could get breakfast when I returned. I shared this scant bite with my young soldier—to Dilsy's abject mortification, I not having told her of his coming. Then

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we set off at a brisk pace towards a great forest south of the town some five miles away, where the squirrels had appeared and were doing great damage, being the last of a plague of them that overran Kentucky a year ago.

On the way I dragged him through several canebrakes, a thicket of blackberry; kept him out all day; said not a word about dinner; avoided every spot where he could have gotten a swallow of water; not once sat down to rest; towards the middle of the afternoon told him I desired to take enough squirrels home to make Jack a squirrel-skin overcoat, and asked him to carry while I killed; loaded him with squirrels, neck, shoulders, breast, back, and loins, till as he moved he tottered and swayed like a squirrel pyramid; about sundown challenged him to what he had not yet had, some crack shooting, which in that light requires young eyesight, and barked the squirrel four times; later still snuffed the candle for him, having brought one along for the purpose; and then, led him swiftly home.

He has the blood of Georgiana in him, and stood it like a man. But he was nearly dead. He has saluted me since as though I were a murderous garrison on the Heights of Abraham.

Then the three generals of the United States army descended in a body—or in three bodies; and the truth is that their three bodies scarce held them, they were in such a state of flesh when they reached Kentucky, and of being perpetually overfed while they remained. The object of their joint visit under a recent act of Congress was to locate a military asylum for disabled soldiers; and had they stayed much longer they must have had themselves admitted to their own institution as foremost of the disabled. Having spent some time at the Lower Blue Lick Springs, the proposed site—where this summer are over five hundred guests of our finest Southern society—they afterwards were drawn around with immense solidity towards Louisville, Frankfort, Maysville, Paris, and Lexington, being everywhere received with such honours and provisions that these great guns were in danger of becoming spiked forever in both barrel and tube.

Upon reaching this town one of them detached himself from the heated rolling mass and accepted the invitation of young Cobb—who had formed the acquaintance at West Point—to make a visit in his home. He had not been there many days before he maneuvered to establish a private military retreat for himself in the affections of Mrs. Cobb. So that his presence became a profanation to Georgiana, whose reverence for her heroic father burns like an altar of sacred fire, and whose nature became rent in twain between her mother's suitor and her brother's guest.

(*To be continued*)

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Travel News

By Roger Shaw

Seven Million Scenic Acres

Few Americans east of the Mississippi River realize that in the vast expanse of the United States west of the Father of Waters they hold, in common with the rest of their fellow-citizens, title to almost 7,581,440 acres of land. They are not merely acres; they contain some of the most beautiful scenic spots in this country. They are the National Parks.

Were one asked to name them, Grand Canyon and the Yellowstone would spring to mind, but rather as great natural phenomena than as extensive public parks, set aside by the Federal Government and maintained for all its citizens. Yet the fact is that there are now twenty units in the national park system, linked for the most part by a great chain of government highways. All within the borders of the United States, save one, lie in the western states. The exception is one in Maine. There are two others in the system, one in Alaska and one in Hawaii.

Choosing Denver as the starting point of a survey of these park areas, the nearest at hand, fifty miles to the northwest, is Rocky Mountain National Park. Here are 241,739 acres of the Front Range of the Rockies, situated in north central Colorado. To Easterners it is the most accessible of the national parks, and for years it has attracted mountain lovers. Eight thousand feet above sea level, the stupendous vista of peaks is unsurpassed. Long's Peak rises 14,255 feet; about it tower other masses of upflung rock. The whole area is a primer in glacial geology, studied last year by 235,057 visitors.

Southwestward, in the corner of Colorado, is the Mesa Verde National Park, a plateau of 49,126 acres set aside for the sole purpose of preserving the many remarkable ruins of prehistoric cliff dwellings. These antiquities in the Mancos Canyon were discovered in 1874, and students since have traced the development of the Indian inhabitants from the comparatively crude post-"basketmaker culture" to the high "cliff house culture." There are other attractions. It has been described as a land of weird beauty, with canyon replicas of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. Some 16,760 tourists viewed it last year.

The Grand Canyon park encloses one of the world's most marvelous spectacles. In form, size, and glowing colour it is the greatest example of stream erosion. Lying in northern Arizona, the boundaries of the park hug the rims of the canyon closely, containing little more than the 1009 square miles of the huge sculptured depression. Mule-back trips into the canyon over the celebrated Bright Angel Trail is one of the favourite jaunts of travelers.

Due north, linked by a United States highway, is the newest national park, created only last year by act of Congress. It is the Bryce Canyon Park, in Utah, covering twenty-two square miles. Owing to its close proximity to Zion National Park, to the southwest in the same state, it is under the same administration. Their attractions are similar. Zion has been called a "Yosemite Valley done in oils." Indeed, the valley is of the same dimensions, and its sandstone forms of extraordinary colours are one of its amazing features. Another is the magnificent gorge, the Zion Canyon, which drops precipitately as much as 2500 feet. Its visitors numbered 30,016 last year.

Sequoia National Park is in eastern central California, covering 604 square miles. A few miles away is the General Grant park, only four square miles in area. As the name indicates, the feature of the former is its giant forest, a Brobdingnagian grove. The oldest and largest living thing is found here, the General Sherman tree, 37.3 feet at its greatest diameter and 273.9 feet high. General Grant park also contains a magnificent grove of big trees, including the famous General Grant tree, dedicated several years ago as the Nation's Christmas tree.

In abundance of sheer beauty the Yosemite, further to the north, outranks most of the national parks. It comprises 719,622 acres of variegated scenic grandeur. John Muir described it as containing, "innumerable lakes and waterfalls, the noblest forests, the loftiest granite domes, the deepest ice-sculptured canyons, and snowy mountains soaring into the sky twelve and thirteen thousand feet." It draws half a million visitors a year to bask in its mild climate, warm by day and cool by night.

California contains still a fourth of the public pleasure areas, Lassen Volcanic Park, in the northeast. Lassen Peak, at the southern end of the Cascades, where this range joins the Sierra Nevadas, is the only active volcano in the United States exclusive of Alaska and the Hawaiian Islands. Impressive canyons and alpine lakes also are among the beauties that draw some 26,000 to view them each year.

Crater Lake National Park is in the heart of the Cascade Range in southern Oregon. While the whole area covers 159,360 acres, Crater Lake itself is a body of water six miles in diameter, occupying the crater of an extinct volcano. The amazing blue of its water and the lava-sculptured edges are among the attractions for sightseers.

Still within the Cascade region is Mount Rainier, which gives its name to the national park in western Washington. In the area of 208,000 acres, the great peak itself is the chief feature. It is colossally proportioned; another great extinct volcano. It bears a vast glacial mantle, estimated to cover 48 square miles, and has been compared to the Alps in grandeur and mass. The huge cone rises nearly three miles above sea level and covers 100 square miles of territory, nearly one-third of the park area.

Turning eastward, the traveler discovers Glacier National Park in northwestern Montana, 981,681 acres of the most impressive mountain scenery in America. Its name is derived from sixty glaciers, their cold beauty setting this parkland apart from the warmer charms of more southern reservations.

Proceeding southward, we come to the well-known Yellowstone in northwestern Wyoming, covering 2,142,720 acres, which encroach slightly on Montana and Idaho. The whole region is volcanic, a fact which gives rise to Yellowstone's chief attraction, its geysers. There are six geyser basins, producing streams of great variety in character and action.

This completes the chain of national parks about a great hollow square in the Rocky Mountain and Pacific Coast states. It must be remembered that all are connected with an enormous chain of government-built inter-park highways. In addition there are United States highways weaving throughout the whole area.

The government is continuing to develop facilities for tourist travel. Improved roads bring more motorists each year, and public automobile camps have been established. Camp grounds have been bettered and the facilities extended. For example, Yellowstone Park has been "motorized" to facilitate travel from one scenic point to another; the trail system has been extended, ranger naturalists serve as guides, and lecture series are given without charge.

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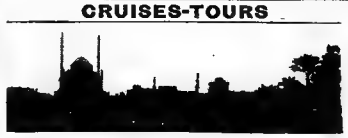

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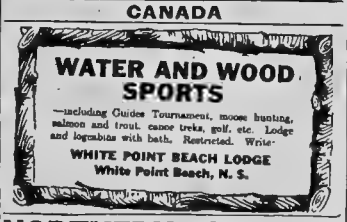

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Women as Investors

THE NUMBER OF INVESTORS, large and small, in this country has been estimated variously at from 15,000,000 to 20,000,000. More recently the report of President Hoover's committee on recent economic changes has placed the figure at 17,000,000.

So, when we think in terms of women investors and meditate over Lawrence Stern & Company's recent estimate after survey that they "constitute from thirty-five to forty per cent. of investment house customers," the increasing importance of women's financial interests is at once evident.

This New York and Chicago house has delved into the woman question quite thoroughly, and a short time ago reported its findings. They "indicate the necessity, on the part of financial houses, of gaining the confidence and good-will of the potential feminine client if they expect to divert her very considerable funds into their offerings." Here are some of the results of the survey as announced, in addition to the bond house customer-estimate quoted above:

Women are beneficiaries of eighty per cent. of the $95,000,000,000 of life insurance policies in force in the United States.

Women pay taxes on more than $3,-250,000,000 of individual income annually (not including their portion of taxes on joint incomes of husband and wife, totaling $13,555,920,041).

Women are investing by the thousands in stocks and bonds, collecting dividends, and voting proxies.

Women comprise the actual majority of stockholders in our largest corporations—for example, over fifty per cent. in U. S. Steel, and 50.48 per cent. in Pennsylvania Railroad. They also predominate in many other corporations such as Westinghouse Air Brake Company and the National Biscuit Company.

Women millionaires, as indicated by individual income tax returns, are as numerous as men.

And so it goes, with this financial house adding the comment:

"Were women to maintain their present rate of financial ascendancy, one statistician has calculated that all the wealth of the country would be in feminine hands by 2025. Of course, no one believes that such a financial matriarchy is coming, but this calculation strikingly illustrates the rapidity of the present trend."

LOOKING AT IT from another angle, we are reminded of Ray Vance's question in the chapter on his philosophy of investment given in his recent book, *Investment Policies That Pay*—

"How shall we say that a year of travel does not leave an equivalent for the

bonds and stocks whose price it represents?"

Travel—and particularly steamship travel—goes hand in hand with financial wealth. The latter is "perhaps the most expensive luxury in the world."

The International Mercantile Marine Company is one of the largest steamship lines in the world. Three years ago it made a survey to determine where its business was coming from. And in a recent address in New York City, Thomas M. Keresey called attention to its finding: of all the passengers carried on its ships, over sixty-five per cent. are women. Of all tickets sold, about eighty-five per cent. are sold to women. Adding humorously that they have easy access to their husbands' checkbooks, he pointed out that women select the trip they are going to take and make the reservations themselves. Verily, the sun of woman's independence has risen high in the heavens.

These figures are convincing. Moreover, they look to the future. But we do not need figures to tell us that women are in business as executives as well as stenographers and clerical assistants, that they are bondholders, and now that they are "in the market" in vast numbers.

In spite of all these things, Elsie McCormick points out in the New York *World* that "this age of feminism has not, after all, taught women a great deal about money." And Jean Arnot Reid, assistant treasurer of the Bankers' Trust Company of New York, emphasizes that "women are remarkable business builders, but at the same time there are surprisingly few of them who have any real working knowledge of a bank's requirements for giving credit, or of the relation of this to their own business."

If women in the workaday world need a clearer knowledge of things financial, what of that vast majority whose wealth and incomes have come to them through inheritance?

Reverting again to the Lawrence Stern & Company survey, these conclusions were offered:

"Women in every walk of life are taking seriously the problem of intelligently administering the funds left to them or earned by them. They are no longer content to rely upon the advice of some masculine friend or relative, nor do they allow the family lawyer or executor to handle their investments for them.

"Women are quick to investigate opportunities of widening the scope of their knowledge, and take advantage of the investment education offered by banking institutions. The extent of this response is demonstrated by the fact that a

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Investment Suggestions

Below you will see summaries of booklets issued by reputable banking houses, trust companies, savings banks, brokers and other financial institutions. Strict rules of eligibility are made concerning companies advertising in this magazine. In writing to them please mention the Golden Book.

The following list of booklets may be of interest to you. Choose by number the ones you wish to see, fill out the coupon below and we will be glad to have them sent to you without charge, or you can write the Bankers themselves. Please enclose ten cents if the material of more than one company is desired.

19. A VALUABLE AID TO BANKS AND INVESTORS, a booklet describing how the Department of Economics and Survey serves investors by furnishing investment counsel, free, to individuals and institutions. Offered by A. C. Allyn & Company, 67 W. Monroe Street, Chicago, Ill.

4. COMMONWEALTH YEAR BOOK: An illustrated detailed statement of the operations of the Commonwealth Edison Company, of much interest to investors. Offered by Commonwealth Edison Company, 72 W. Adams St., Chicago, Ill.

5. SERVING A NATION, an illustrated booklet telling about the Cities Service Organization and its fiscal agents. Offered by Henry L. Doherty & Company, 60 Wall Street, New York City.

6. HOW TO SELECT SAFE BONDS, a pamphlet outlining some sound investment principles, offered by George M. Forman & Co., 112 West Adams Street, Chicago, Ill.

7. INVESTORS' GUIDE, a detailed statement of sound investments, is offered by Greenebaum Sons Investment Company, La Salle and Madison Streets, Chicago, Ill.

9. SECURITY BONDS, a name applied to 6% real estate bonds which are guaranteed as to principal and interest by the Maryland Casualty Company, a $40,000,000 corporation, are described in an illustrated booklet. Offered by J. A. W. Iglehart & Co., 102 St. Paul St., Baltimore, Md.

10. FOREIGN DOLLAR BONDS, a booklet containing valuable suggestions for bond buyers and presenting the record of foreign loans in American markets. Offered by National City Company, 55 Wall Street, New York City.

16. STOCK AND BOND REGISTER. A record showing the important features of each security which is held by investors. Offered by Otis & Company, 216 Superior Street, N. E., Cleveland, Ohio.

14. "INVESTMENTS THAT ENDURE" is the slogan of the Utility Securities Company, 230 So. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill., and is applied to the various securities which are offered by the great public utility interests which the Utility Securities Company serves. Detailed circulars will be mailed upon request.

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Detroit bank recently formed an investment class, and found itself literally besieged by more prospective women students than it could handle."

Alert to this trend, stock and bond houses and banks and trust companies in increasing numbers are cultivating women clients through special departments and extended financial services. The fashionable 57th Street shopping district of New York houses many of these offices. Detroit, Cleveland, Chicago, San Francisco, Los Angeles, and other cities provide similar examples.

This age of feminism *will*, after all, teach women a great deal about money! And, "Investigate before you invest" and "Ask your banker" are two mottoes that will go with the teaching.

THE NORTHERN TRUST CO. of Chicago a few weeks ago prepared an investment plan for banks. William Russell White, able financial writer, commented upon it in the New York *Evening Post* as a program that is useful for all security buyers, actual or potential, interested in bonds.

Three divisions of reserve resources were suggested, divided on the basis of forty per cent. in deposits, cash, commercial paper, Government bonds, etc.; thirty-five to forty-five per cent. in loans; and fifteen to twenty-five per cent. in bonds. The suggested division in bonds included forty per cent. in utility issues, twenty-five per cent. in rails, fifteen per cent. in industrials, and ten per cent. each in municipals and foreign bonds. For marketability: forty per cent. very active, thirty-five per cent. active, and twenty-five per cent. fairly active.

"The bonds of public utility companies supplying basic necessities—water, gas, electricity, and telephone service—rank high among investment securities," the bank commented. "State supervision, cash business, small inventories, employment of little unskilled labour, and steady growth in demand for services rendered, are big factors in accounting for the stability of earnings and the small investment risk shown among public utility companies over a period of years.

"Other important considerations are: competency of company management, duration of franchises, and the territory served as regards industrial position and progress. At the present time higher yields with satisfactory security and marketability are more readily available in the public utility field than among railroad bonds."

Referring also to the broad market for railroad bonds and their choice position in the eyes of the investing public, the trust company added:

"Like water, gas and electric companies, railroads perform an essential public service, and therefore are assured of a comparatively stable income: moreover, both the public and private interests are protected by the close supervision of the Interstate Commerce Commission."

Insurance Trusts

PUBLIC FAVOUR for life insurance trusts, practically unknown six years ago, has increased so rapidly that it is estimated that more than $1,000,000,000 is now in force in this form of trust service.

Trust company officials familiar with the movement in eleven large cities were recently asked the amounts of insurance deposited under trust agreements in their cities during 1928. As reported by Francis H. Sisson, vice-president of the Guaranty Trust Company of New York, in the American Bankers' Assn. *Journal*, the figures showed: New York City, $90,000,000; Chicago, $75,000,000; Detroit, $70,000,000; Cleveland, $55,000,000; Philadelphia, $35,000,000; Pittsburgh, $32,000,000; St. Louis, $29,000,000; Newark, $12,000,000; Boston, $12,000,000; Los Angeles, $10,000,000; and San Francisco, $7,500,000.

Hors-d'œuvres *from the* Newest Books

(*Continued from page* 88)

ADMIRAL TOM COCHRANE—"EL DIABLO"

For a moment El Diablo's voice held them, his calm assurance bringing instant response to his first sharply snapped orders. Yet panic is a hard thing to down. . . . The carpenter was bent double above the pumps, applying a wrench here, tapping futilely with a hammer there.

"A carpenter? God save the mark! Stand aside, man! Here, boy, take my coat! And hold me a light, someone! Sink me, are ye all dead upon your feet? Ah—Miller—one man among you—*you* hold the lamp!"

For an hour and more that ship's company—shamed now out of its terror—crowded in a great circle of light and shadow about their Admiral, kneeling at the centre beside the pumps. His shirt sleeves rolled to the elbow, his hands plunged into black grease and filth, his voice calling now for one tool, now for another, he laboured on steadily.

"Now," he cried, rising to his feet as eight bells made it midnight, "try that!"

"It sucks, my lord, it sucks!"

"Good. And the other? Better still! So! Tell off the watches to pumping—and God save the man who lies down at the work!"

Cochrane, the Unconquerable.
ARCHIBALD D. TURNBULL and
NORMAN VAN DER VERE.

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Music and Radio

By ALFRED V. FRANKENSTEIN

THE MUSICAL QUARTERLY, the larger and more important of America's two journals devoted to musical scholarship (*Modern Music* is the other), occasionally presents an article on music in one of its popular phases. When it does so the result is usually worthy of considerable notice. The popular article on popular music is as evanescent as the tunes it discusses. The scholar ofttimes reveals values in the purely commercial and apparently unimportant.

The current issue of *The Musical Quarterly* contains an article on motion picture music that should, but alas! will not, be widely read. I wish the publishers would reprint it in pamphlet form and mail a copy to each member of the American Federation of Musicians and to every producer of motion pictures in or out of Hollywood. A few copies (offhand, I should estimate about a hundred million as the correct amount) might well be distributed to the public. But since the publishers of *The Musical Quarterly* probably have other ideas in mind than a program of universal salvation such as this, I take it upon myself to distribute some of the pearls of the author, whose name is Harry Alan Potamkin, and whose residence is in Philadelphia.

In this I have an ulterior purpose. I am quite convinced that music has no place whatever in the motion picture theatre. Mr. Potamkin presents no such thesis, but he indicates in lively manner the desirability if not the necessity of soft-pedaling the present symphonic hurly-burly. If his ideas could gain acceptance and be put into practice, no great number of years would pass before we should have silent theatres that would be proud of their silence.

Mr. Potamkin begins by tracing the rise of "Roxy" (Samuel L. Rothafel) from the antedeluvian year of 1913 to the present. In the beginning there were musical sandwiches between films. Now there are film sandwiches between musical selections. Today, in Roxy's movie theatre in New York, movies are an incidental of the day's business. Mr. Potamkin calls for a drastic change. He asks for a spectatorium instead of an auditorium. But he gives music a place therein. And the importance of that position he delimits by stating that movies have a definite cinematographic rhythm, and he would have his music beat in time thereto.

This music should not, in the words of Charles Henry Meltzer, "help the audience to sympathize with the dramatist." This kind of "commentary, interpretation, augmentation" of the film by music is disservice to the cinema. If the dramatist does not attract the sympathy of his audience by means of his drama, his audience had better spend the evening playing casino. Adding no amount or quality of music to movie productions will improve or add interest to the movies, for "if there is to be any transcending of medium it must be done by virtue of the characteristics of the medium itself." And music may retard the progress of the motion picture, for if musical acts and an assault of sound can put a picture over with the public, what incentive is there for commercial producers to improve their product?

> IF I WERE a director of a national theatre I should boldly proclaim my contempt for the present taste of the public. I should have in bold plain letters upon every bill, poster, and advertisement:
>
> TO THE MULTITUDE!
> THIS IS TOO GOOD FOR YOU!
> DON'T COME!
>
> That is the only possible policy for a real artist—and what a magnificent policy to have to live up to! Everything would have to be really too good. It would strain every nerve, every capacity of yourself and your fellow-artists to stay at that level. And how the public would pour in their masses upon you! There are few men whose spirit is so dead that they would not respond to such a challenge. But you would have to make them believe that your contempt for them was real. It would have to be real to be successful. As a mere stunt such a policy would be an abject failure. . . . The influence of its excellence would spread as the influence of the Christian ideal spread, in spite of the constant backsliding of the average man.—W. J. TURNER.

Mr. Potamkin gives some amusing results of this craze to "interpret" pictures by means of music. He quotes Erno Rapée, the conductor, to the effect that a separate piece of music can be found appropriate to the cinematographic portraits of all the presidents of the United States. Not only are melodies and fragments of melodies chosen to "interpret" every conceivable situation and emotion, but tone-qualities, even, are called into play. One stop of the enormously complicated organs of the movie palaces is considered more appropriate to a given set of emotions or to a given situation, than another. The result is that the modern theatre organ is a highly complicated engine, ideally constructed to give any tone-quality but that of an organ.

Mr. Potamkin feels that "the movie house will henceforth take two tendencies: one toward the enormous theatre, and the other toward the intimate Little Cinema which appeals to the author," for, as he says, "there is extant in the Little Cinema a bug which bites the owner until he goes *Ufa*-mad and will take anything, good or bad, that the German film company sends. It is the Little Cinema's expression of the American sycophancy."

The Little Cinemas in France have had the sense to play native African music along with pictures of Africa. The French and the Germans have experimented with filmed "Ballets Mecaniques" and "Kino Opern," cubist painters, and expressionist poets, with the "bad boy" of music, George Antheil, collaborating. Mr. Potamkin does not grow enthusiastic over the results; still, he sees the "possibility of a legitimate form in which music and film will be conceived and realized simultaneously and in interrelationship." The sound-film may play its part here. The ideal toward which he looks is "a sound-sight compound working in an interrelated sound-sight pattern," in which "silence should be stressed. . . . The music is to be subdued." The medium is to be the small orchestra.

Such, in brief, is Mr. Potamkin's idea. In my judgment the plea is not so much for new form as for the exercise of taste, skill, and imagination in the old form.

The author wants movie *entrepreneurs* who will hang out Mr. Turner's sign. And then we shall have an interesting development. We shall have cinema operas by the dozen, cinema ballets by the score, and sound-sight poems by the gross and the long ton. These will inevitably call forth magazine articles in which curbstone æstheticians will expound what is what, and why, in the new art. Mr. Potamkin's own article gives us a foretaste of these when he speaks of his ideal cinema as "a ramified and rhythmic graph, a rhythmic cine-graph. The music accompanying it should be the *mean* of the graph, not the mood of the interplay built upon it." And then some one will discover that a movie is simply something good to look at. The Little Cinema will go back to Bach. And I shall snicker in my grave.

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SINCE the advent of Ethyl Gasoline, the compression of automobile engines has been steadily raised, with consequent increase in efficiency.

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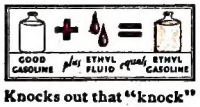

Knocks out that "knock"

ETHYL GASOLINE

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